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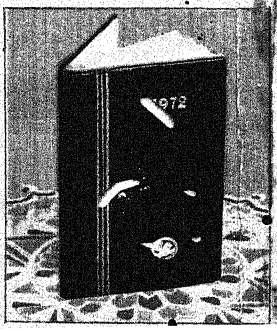
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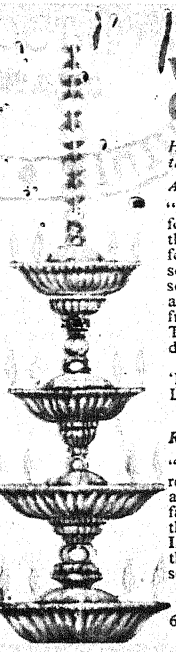
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The Reader's Digest

VOL. 99 NO. 593 SEPTEMBER 1971

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Quotable Quotes

THE man who says he's too old to learn new tricks probably always was. —A. Marshall

CONTRARY to the old belief, oil seems to be one of the principal causes of troubled waters.
—Clyde Moore

BELIEVING that some good can be derived from every event is a better proposition than that everything happens for the best, which it assuredly does not.
—James Feibleman, *The Way of a Man*

IT ALWAYS looks as if the best way to solve a problem is to spend somebody else's money.
—Milton Friedman

ASK ANY decent person what he thinks matters most in human conduct: five to one his answer will be "kindness."—Sir Kenneth Clark, *Civilisation* (John Murray)

MANY a man with no family tree has succeeded because he branched out for himself.—Howard Tamplin

THIS MONTH'S COVER

"Pack Train"

(Painted for Reader's Digest by Frank McCarthy)

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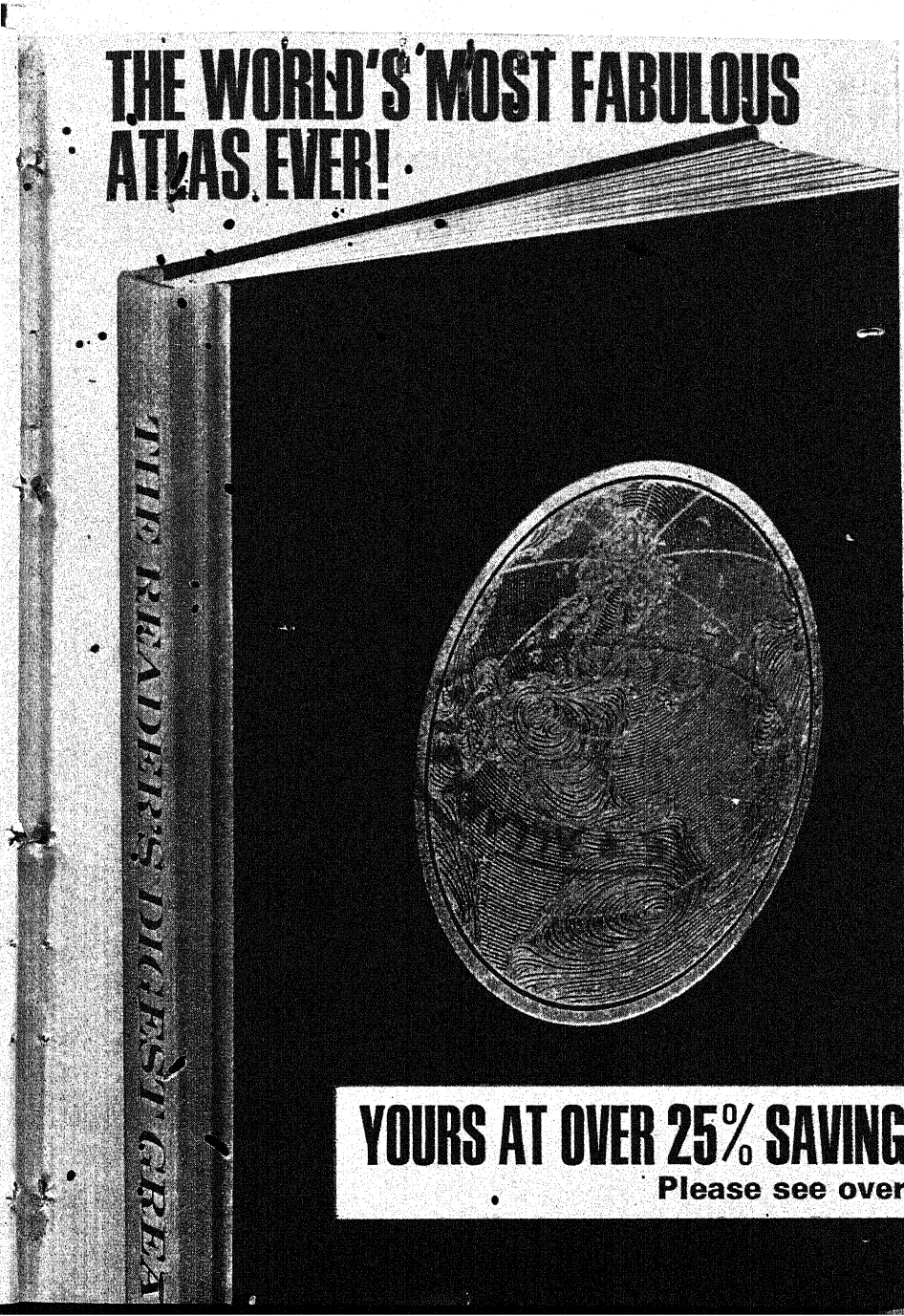
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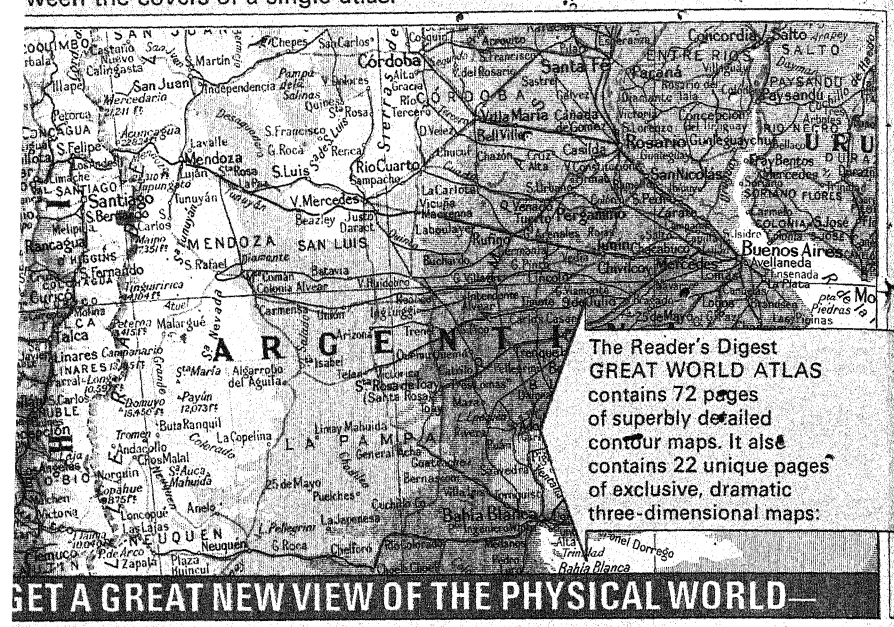


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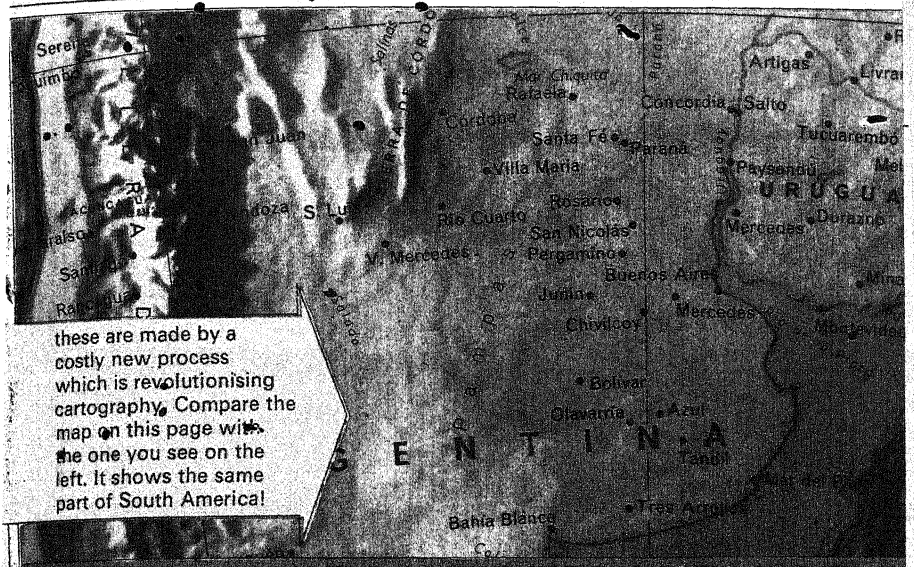
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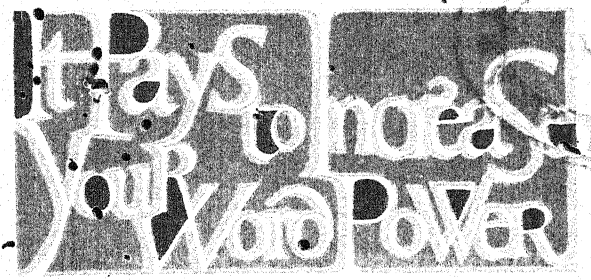


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NIRLON SYNTHETIC FIBRES & CHEMI



By Peter Funk

In the list below, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

(1) **conversant** (kon'ver sant)—A: familiar. B: talkative. C: well-mannered. D: argumentative.

(2) **equivocal** (e kwiv' o kal)—A: fair-minded. B: witty. C: corresponding in value. D: ambiguous.

(3) **embargo** (em barg' oh)—A: alliance. B: confiscation. C: prohibition. D: duty.

(4) **inversion** (in ver' shn)—A: dipping. B: reversal. C: limited invasion. D: deflection.

(5) **recycle** (ree' sye k'l)—A: to reprocess. B: substitute. C: change. D: regulate.

(6) **decibel** (de' si bel)—A: musical scale. B: fraction. C: measure of sound. D: metric unit of length.

(7) **soporific** (sop o rif' ik)—A: soapy. B: taste-producing. C: full of wisdom. D: sleep-inducing.

(8) **subversive** (sub vers' iv)—A: destructive. B: misleading. C: furtive. D: indirect.

(9) **exorbitant** (eg zorb' i tant)—A: foolish. B: excessive. C: wild. D: withdrawn.

(10) **organic** (or gan' ik)—A: cellular. B: solid. C: harmonic. D: relating to living organisms.

(11) **sanctuary** (sank' tu er ee)—A: religious statue. B: clemency. C: refuge. D: place of meditation.

(12) **cataclysmic** (kat' a kliz mik)—A: abysmal. B: overwhelming. C: final. D: explicit.

(13) **pivotal** (piv' ot al)—A: crucial. B: steep. C: axiomatic. D: reciprocal.

(14) **evangelical** (ee van jel' i kal)—A: demonic. B: zealous. C: pure. D: ecumenical.

(15) **intransigent** (in tran' zi jent)—A: irrational. B: helpless. C: impractical. D: uncompromising.

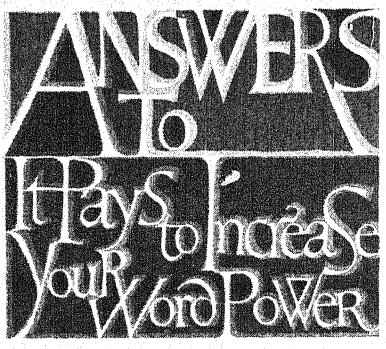
(16) **carcinogenic** (kar sin' o jen ik)—A: cancer-producing. B: crablike. C: relating to heart disease. D: saw-toothed.

(17) **defoliant** (de foll' ee ant)—A: plant nutrient. B: fungicide. C: leaf-stripping agent. D: herbicide.

(18) **corporate** (korp' o rat)—A: obese. B: authoritative. C: actual. D: aggregate.

(19) **intervene** (in ter veen')—A: to undermine. B: to come between. C: delay. D: negotiate.

(20) **apocryphal** (a pok' ri fal)—A: ancient. B: sacred. C: false. D: earth-shattering.



(1) **conversant**—A: Familiar or acquainted with; as, to be *conversant* with the tax law. Latin *conversari*, "to converse."

(2) **equivocal**—D: Ambiguous; of uncertain or questionable meaning or intent; as, an *equivocal* answer. Latin *aequus*, "equal," and *vocare*, "to call."

(3) **embargo**—C: Official prohibition; a suspension of shipping or commerce; as, a news *embargo*. Spanish *embargar*, "to impede, restrain."

(4) **inversion**—B: Reversal, turn upside down; as, an *inversion* of a mathematical ratio. Latin *invertere*, "to invert."

(5) **recycle**—A: To reprocess solid waste materials for subsequent reuse; as, to *recycle* glass, paper, metals.

(6) **decibel**—C: Unit for measuring the relative loudness of sounds. Latin *deci-*, "tenth part," and *bel*, unit of electric power, after Alexander Graham *Bell*.

(7) **soporific**—D: Sleep-inducing; as, a *soporific* drug. Latin *sopor*, "sleep."

(8) **subversive**—A: Destructive; tending to undermine, upset or overthrow a government or social system; as, *subversive* propaganda. Latin *subvertere*, "to turn upside down."

(9) **exorbitant**—B: Excessive; more than is normal, customary or fair; as, *exorbitant* prices. Latin *ex-*, "out of," and *orbita*, "wheel-track."

(10) **organic**—D: Relating to or derived from living organisms; containing matter of plant or animal origin; inherent; co-ordinated; as, *organic* fertilizer. Greek *organikos*.

(11) **sanctuary**—C: Refuge; place of protection and presentation of birds and animals; as, a wildlife *sanctuary*. Latin *sanctus*, "holy."

(12) **cataclysmic**—B: Overwhelming; pertaining to a deluge or a political or social upheaval; as, a *cataclysmic* revolution. Greek *kataklusmos*, "flood."

(13) **pivotal**—A: Crucial; central in importance or effect; key; as, a *pivotal* job. Old French *pivot*, "pin."

(14) **evangelical**—B: Zealous; pertaining to the Gospel or the Christian religion; as, an *evangelical* mission. Eccl. Greek *euaggelikos*.

(15) **intransigent**—D: Uncompromising; refusing to abandon a position; as, an *intransigent* juror. Latin *in-*, "not," and *transigere*, "to settle."

(16) **carcinogenic**—A: Producing or inciting cancerous or tumorous growth; as, a *carcinogenic* suspect in food. Greek *karkinos*, "crab, cancer."

(17) **defoliant**—C: Chemical sprayed or dusted on plants to cause the leaves to fall prematurely. Latin *de-*, "from, down, away," and *folium*, "leaf."

(18) **corporate**—D: Aggregate; combined or united into one body; as, a *corporate* society; *corporate* effort. Latin *corporare*, "to make into a body."

(19) **intervene**—B: To come between; occur in meantime; step in to hinder, modify or mediate; as, to *intervene* in a dispute. Latin *intervenire*.

(20) **apocryphal**—C: false; of doubtful authenticity; as, an *apocryphal* story. Greek *apokryphos*, "hidden."

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16 or more correct.....excellent
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11–9 correct .....fair

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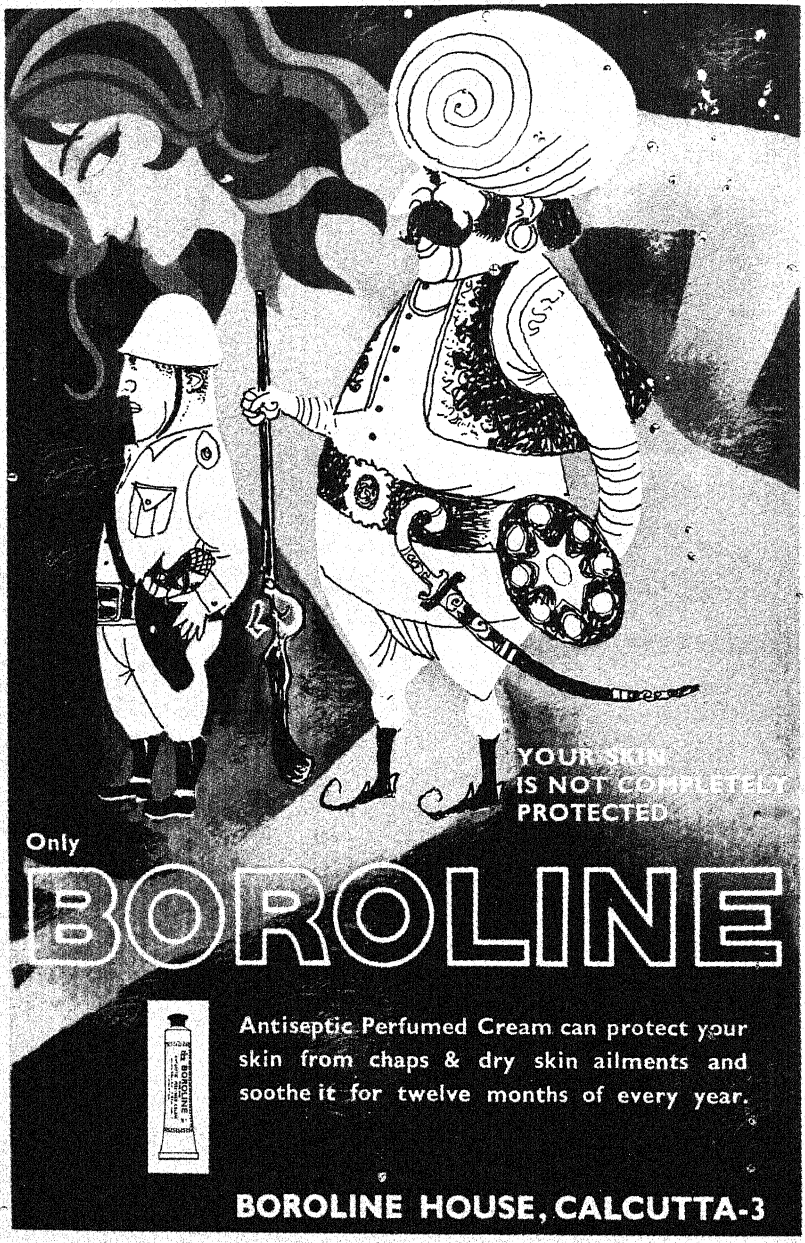
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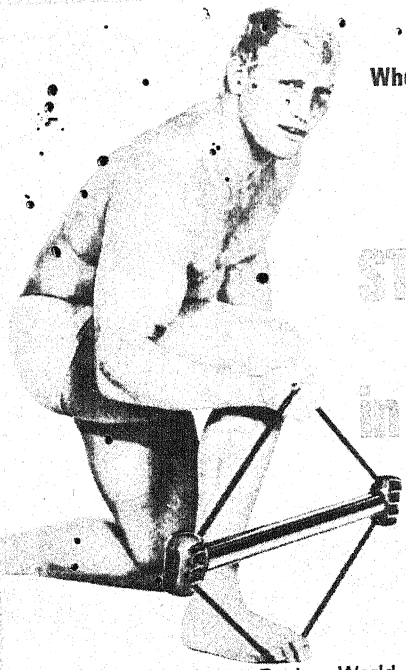
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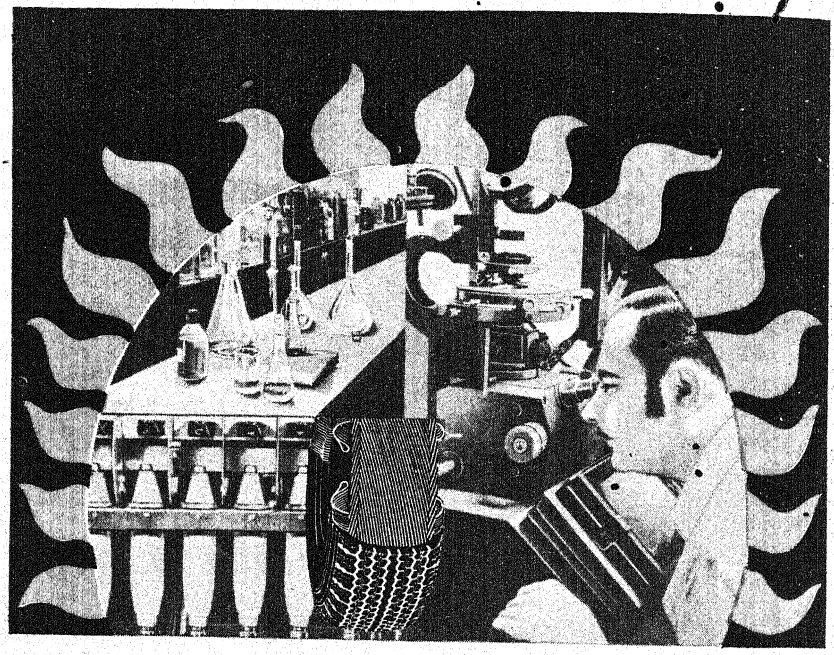
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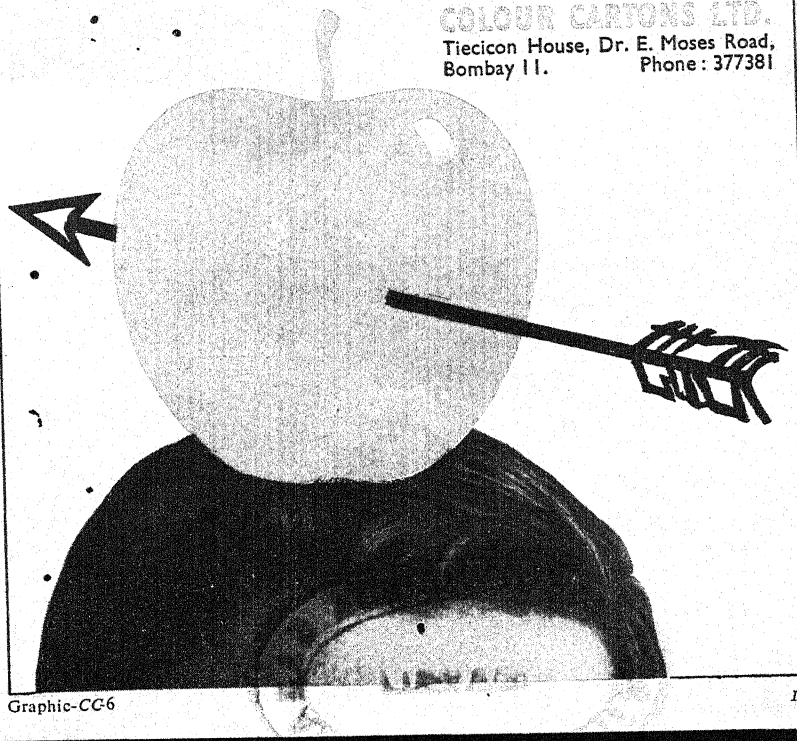
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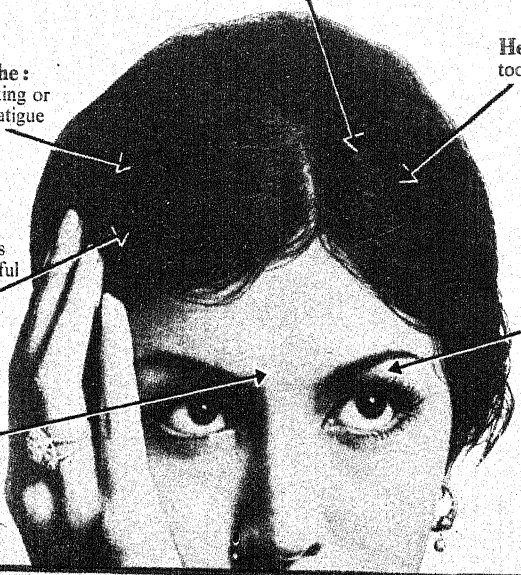
Headache: too much sun

Headache: overworking or general fatigue

Headache: one of those days when you're tearful and depressed

Headache: eyestrain; cramming for exams

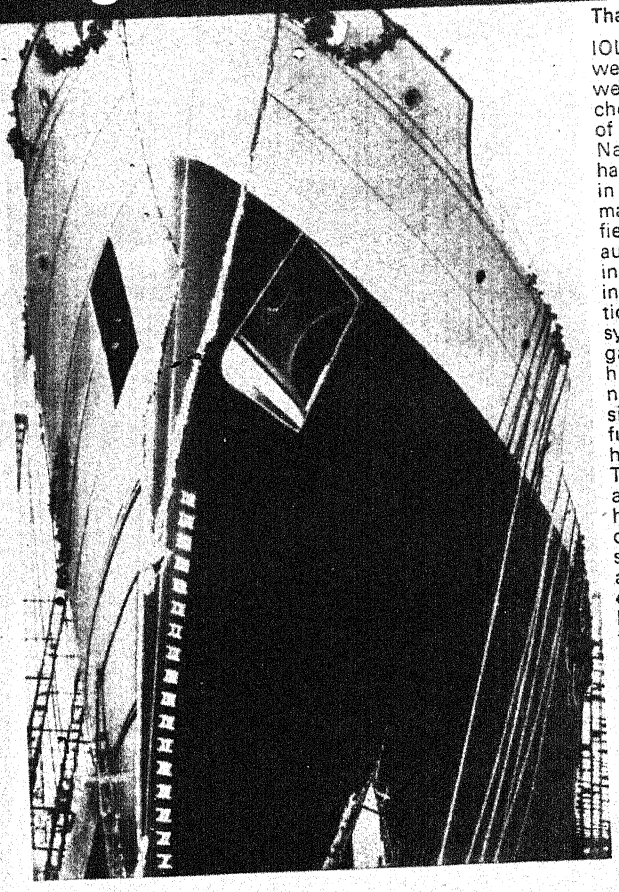
Headache: nose blocked, severe cold



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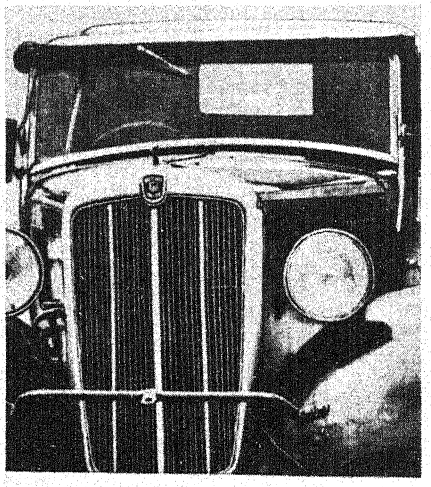
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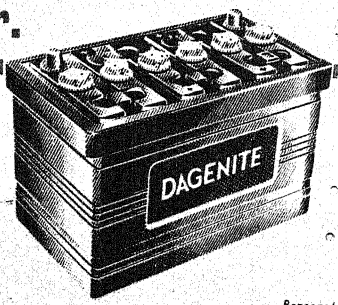
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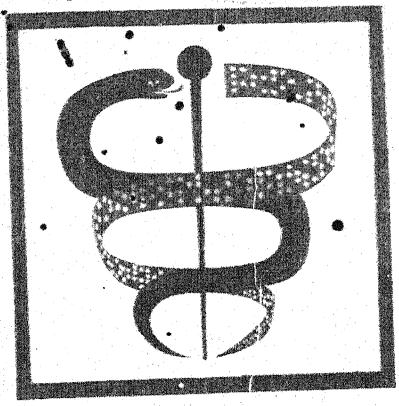
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A Roche Product

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SARABA

20



News from the World of Medicine

Mini *v.* Backache

DR. SYDNEY DAVIES, writing in the *British Medical Journal,* says that the revelatory properties of the mini-skirt encourage young women to squat rather than bend when they have to pick something up, and that this is good for their backs.

That will do as the second-best reason the mini-skirt should not be allowed to go out of style.

—Omaha *World-Herald*

Xerox the Patient

FOR A doctor who has to make quick decisions in an emergency, the waiting time for X-rays may seem interminable. But, in the not-too-distant future, doctors may be able to use a speedier process—radiography by Xerox.

Two prototypes of the xero-radiographic machine are being perfected in the United States. No dark room is needed, and the picture, ready in a minute, can be viewed by ordinary room light.

But simplicity is not the principal virtue, says Dr. John Wolfe, chief of radiology at Detroit's Hutzel Hospital, who for four years has been working to make xero-radiography a practical tool. "There's more information on a xero-radiograph," he says.

Officially, the research effort is aimed only at mammography—the technique of diagnosing breast cancer. "Xero-radiographs of the breast are much more easily interpreted than conventional X-rays," Wolfe says. "We'll see a cancer there that we can't see on a film. Reading time is less; so, too, are the concentration and strain."

Wolfe is also using the procedure to visualize bones and joints of the extremities. "It's tremendous," he comments. "You just put the exposed plate in its cassette into the machine, and a minute later a picture drops out."

—*Medical World News*

Why Weight Gain?

THE OVERWHELMING majority of obesity cases involve over-eating—but not necessarily gluttony. In fact, according to Dr. Martin Hoffman of New York's Methodist Hospital, it can be a challenge even to doctors to identify the reasons, often subtle, for positive caloric balance—more intake than outgo.

Dr. Hoffman observes that a person may begin to eat just an extra pat of butter per meal. With no increase in activity, the extra butter—4,500 calories a month—means a weight gain of about half a kilogram.

Equally subtle are small decreases in

calorific expenditure—as for example when a typist, 160 centimetres tall and weighing about 50 kilograms, is provided with an electric typewriter after years of using a manual machine. On the manual, she expended 87·7 calories an hour, on the electric only 72·9. If she does nothing to compensate for this decreased expenditure, and eats as before, in only eight weeks she'll gain nearly half a kilogram.

Dr. Hoffman observed that through a search for such changes, and for ways to eliminate or compensate for them, many overweight people may be helped.

—Lawrence Galton in *Family Circle*

New Speaking Device

PEOPLE who undergo a laryngectomy (removal of the voice box) have two ways to re-establish verbal communication. They may undertake the task of mastering oesophageal speech, produced by a series of controlled burps or belches; or they may use an electronic larynx.

Now, a prosthetic larynx is being perfected which is powered only by the patient's breathing. The new device produces a close facsimile of natural speech without training.

Developed by Dr. Stanley Taub of New York Medical College, with project engineer Elliot Eckhaus, the U-shaped, plastic-housed device contains a varying-frequency, flapper-type reed for phonation, and a one-way air valve. Part of the unit is worn externally, resting flat against the neck below the collar level.

This is attached at one end by a tube to the surgical opening into the trachea which was created by the original laryngectomy, and at the other, to a small opening created above the oesophagus, leading to the pharynx. It can be set in position by the user unaided and needs no manual assistance later.

During normal breathing, inhaled air enters the trachea via a one-way valve; exhaled air is shunted against the reed (designed in such a way that ordinary breathing will not cause vibrations) and out of the mouth. To produce speech, extra pressure is exerted during exhalation. Increasing the pressure produces inflexion of the voice over a one-octave range.

—*Roche Medical Image*

Sleep Easy

SWEET music has been used experimentally to replace sleeping pills for 32 elderly patients. Doctors at Glasgow's Cowglen Hospital have found that with background music playing on tape recorders, only five patients needed sedatives, whereas before the tests started 24 needed some kind of sleeping pill. —*Daily Sketch*, London

Monoxide, Alcohol and Rats

RATS, exposed to carbon-monoxide levels comparable to those on urban roads, develop a preference for alcohol over other beverages. The rats were offered a normal diet and a choice of four fluids: water, glucose solution, saccharine solution and alcohol. A control group breathing ordinary room air preferred water, but the group breathing carbon monoxide preferred the alcohol.

Studies also reveal that exposure of young rats to 200 parts per million of carbon monoxide slowed growth and spontaneous activity. —*Science News*

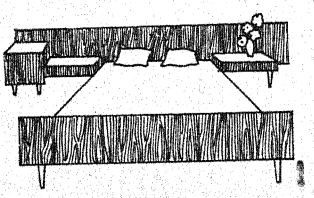
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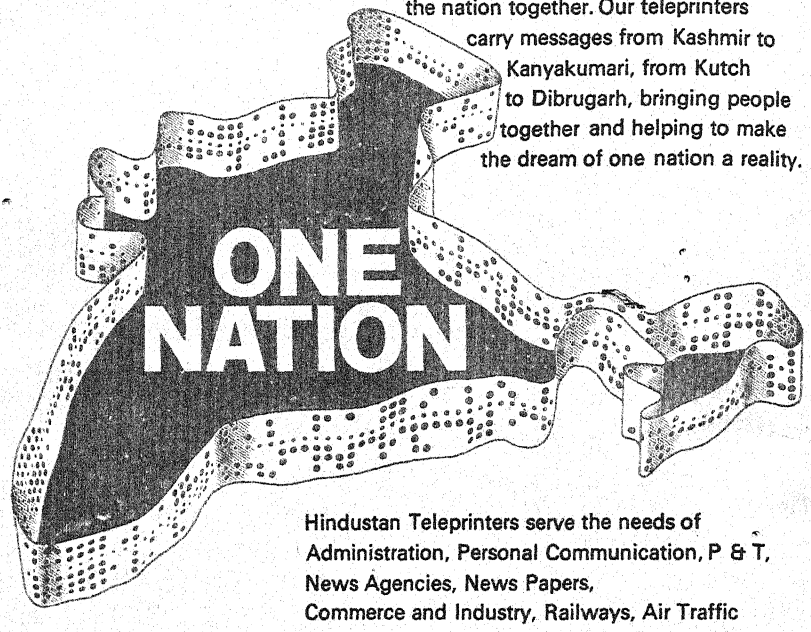
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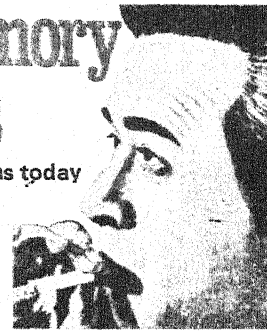
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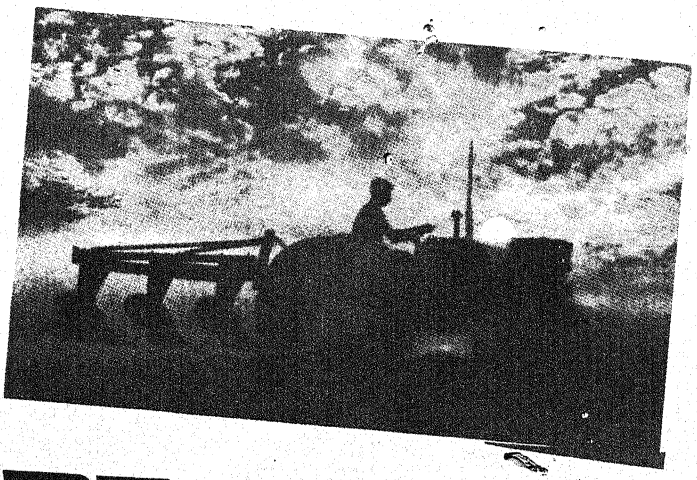
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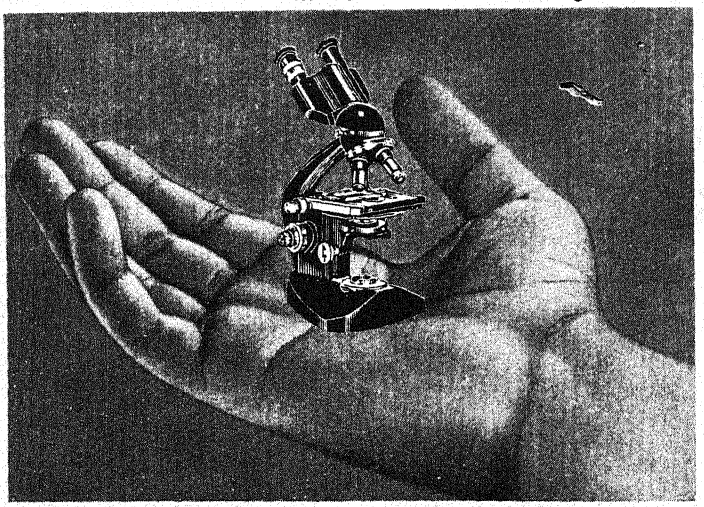
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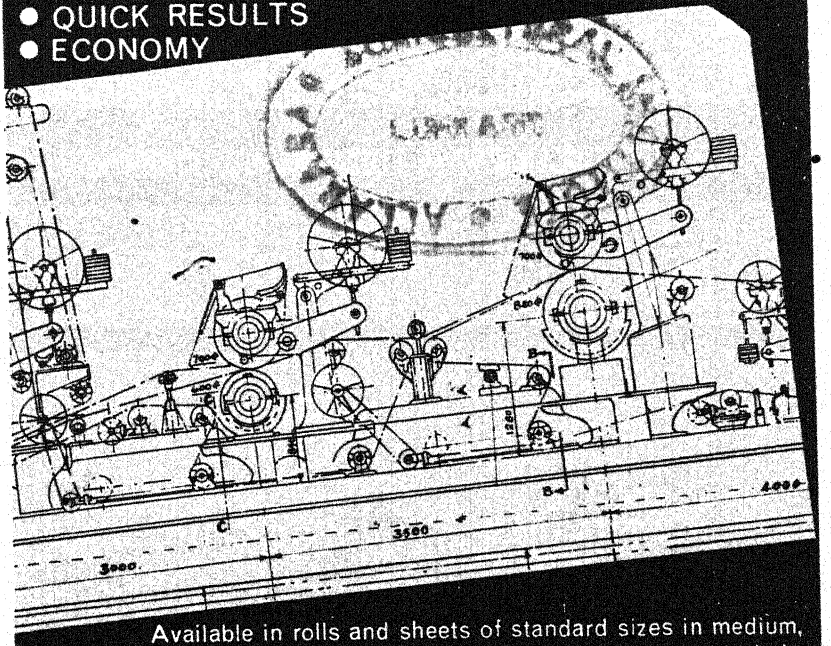
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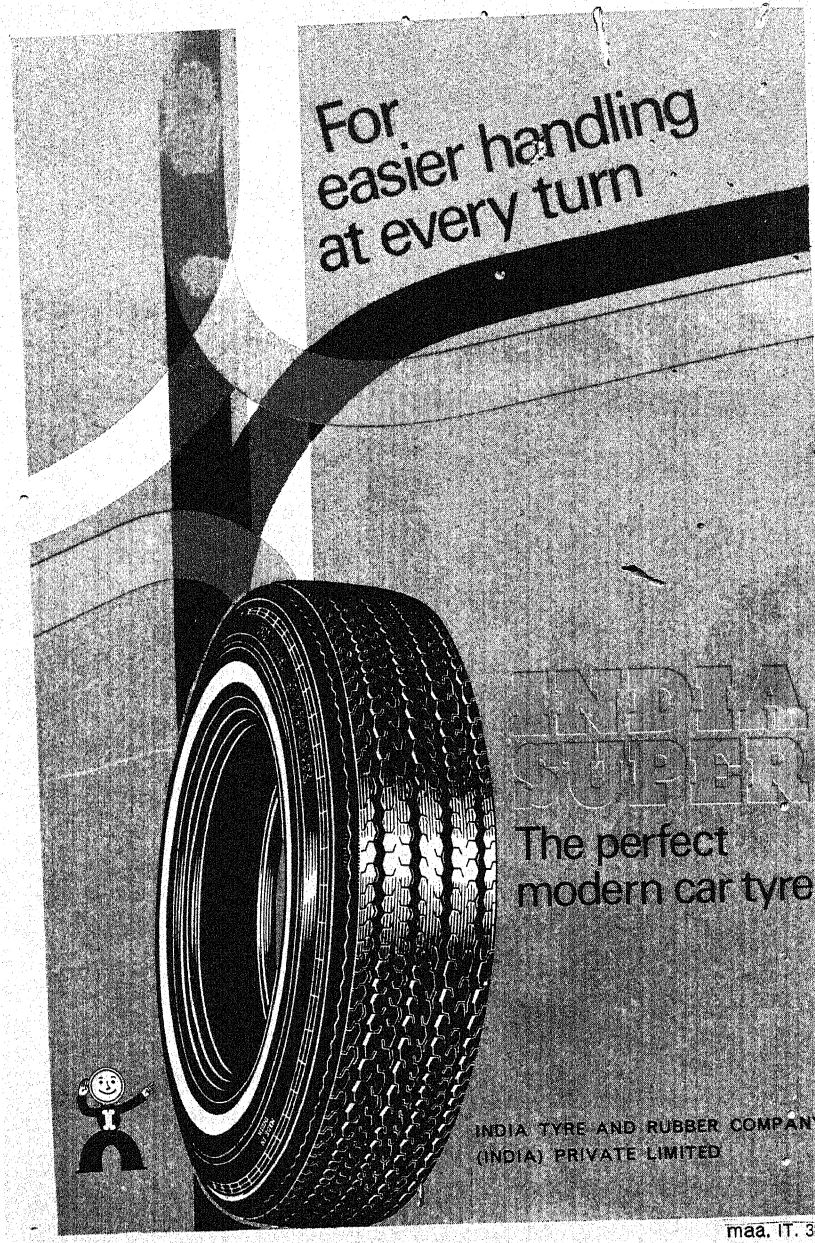
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Hotline for Troubled Teenagers



In dozens of American cities, youngsters with problems can get help fast by calling on a burgeoning new service

By Joseph Bell

THE FRANTIC 16-year-old girl was calling from a phone booth. She had hitch-hiked 50 kilometres to reach a place where she could dial 666-1015—the Los Angeles area number—without paying a long-distance charge. On the other end of the line, a secretary and mother in her late twenties named Kathleen picked up the telephone.

The words spilled out of the girl with a terrible urgency: "I'm taking LSD and pills. I want to get off, but I don't know how. My boy friend got arrested, and I'm scared."

Through careful questioning, Kathleen learned that the caller's name was Sandy, and that she lived in a middle-class suburb. She had been an honours student, but was now getting failing grades and in danger of being expelled from school. She felt that her parents were ignorant of her desperate inner turmoil and would be angry if she told them.

Almost imperceptibly, Kathleen turned the conversation from the

CONDENSED FROM SEVENTEEN (AUGUST 1970), © 1970 BY TRIANGLE PUBLICATIONS, INC., 320 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

girl's problems to possible solutions. "Do you have any close girl friends? . . . Do any of them want to quit taking drugs, too? . . . Couldn't you draw strength from one another? . . . Tell me about some of your interests . . . You sound intelligent, as if you have the ability to leave drugs and get involved in other things . . . Why don't you think over what we've talked about and call us back? We'll talk some more."

In dozens of American cities, telephone centres like this have been established to provide emotional release valves and, hopefully, some solid guidelines for teenagers in need of both.

Successful Pioneers. The Los Angeles centre was started in 1968 by psychologist Gerald Bissiri and Doctor Dale Garell, director of the Division of Adolescent Medicine at Children's Hospital, with the help of a committee that represented a number of concerned local agencies. Now, after more than 17,000 calls for help, it has become a model for other similar services. Representatives of youth agencies from all over the world attended a conference in Los Angeles last April to share the centre's knowledge and experience.

Recently, I observed this model hotline for several evenings in its tiny, cluttered office on the second floor of the Adolescent Unit of Children's Hospital. Coffee burbled on a hot plate, and the walls were garnished with notes for listeners on duty other nights to return calls.

In addition to Kathleen, a husband-and-wife team was manning the phones this night: Chuck, 24, who teaches the sixth year of primary school in a suburban Los Angeles school, and his wife, Frida. Even though I could hear only one end of each conversation, I was able to sense the anxiety pouring in over the phone.

Frida was saying: "You're only 14; do you feel you have to settle down with him *now?* . . . What do *you* think should be done? . . . That sounds good to me; how does it suit *you?* . . . Okay, so what are the alternatives to the way things are now?"

At another telephone, Chuck reassured a caller: "She can't get pregnant in the manner you described. Tell her not to worry." He replaced the receiver, compressed his lips. "That was a 16-year-old girl," he said, "who was calling for a 'friend.' She got into a hot petting session with her boy friend, and she's frightened that she's pregnant."

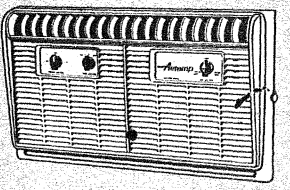
The several dozen people who man the Los Angeles Hotline phones are concerned, emphatic adults; five times as many persons apply for the jobs as are finally accepted. Two-thirds are teachers in their twenties, or graduate students in sociology, psychology or medicine.

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with members of the Hotline Advisory Board, also a pair of three-hour training sessions conducted by Bissiri, and several weeks of tandem phone duty with an experienced "buddy." Pay is the equivalent of Rs. 113 a night. Generally, a listener is on duty one night a week, for six to eight hours. A directory of community agencies is at hand.

"We've discovered," says Bissiri, "that adolescents will use the emergency phone service to discuss personal problems because it allows anonymity and it is available to them immediately when a crisis occurs. We have only three fixed policies: information is held in strict confidence; there can be no medical or legal advice from non-professionals; no face-to-face contact later between caller and listener."

Hotline telephones are open from 6 p.m. to midnight on weekdays, until 2 a.m. on weekends. Calls during off hours are either relayed to an appropriate agency or held as messages until the listeners report for duty. Emergencies are dealt with directly.

For this purpose, volunteer professional specialists in fields relevant to youth (legal, medical, mental, religious, community resources) are available for consultation by means of a specially connected telephone system which can connect the specialist with the listener, the caller or both.

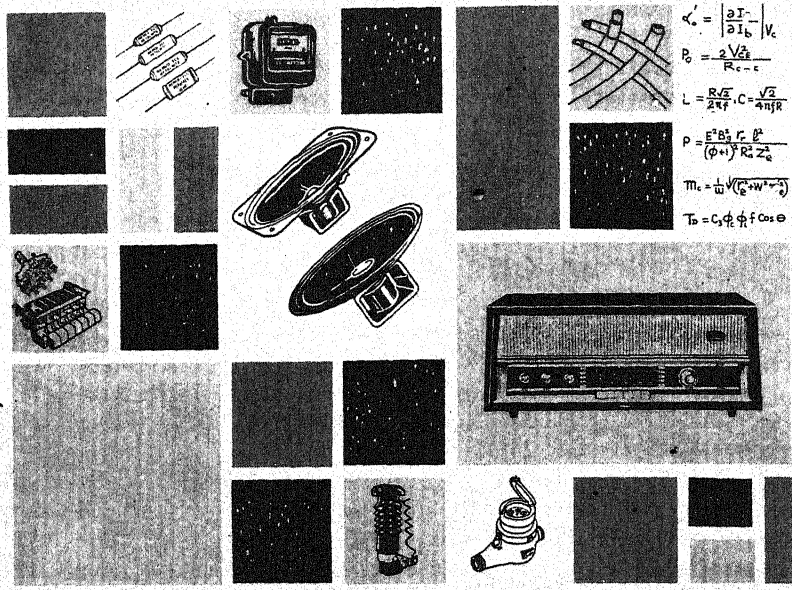
Sometimes an emergency call requires the listener to deal with it alone. I overheard two such calls. One came from a 17-year-old girl barricaded in her own room, and near hysteria. When Chuck soothed her enough so that she was coherent, she told him she couldn't stand being repressed by her parents any longer, and planned to run away.

At this point an extension phone was lifted, and her angry father threatened both the girl and Chuck, who he thought was her boy friend. The girl screamed, "You can't run my life any longer!" Her father shouted, "I'm going to get the police."

Constructive Aid. While the girl sobbed convulsively, Chuck talked quietly, telling her there were things that could be done. He described social agencies that could find her a foster home until she was of legal age if her present home situation was beyond saving. He suggested various consultants with whom she could talk, and they explored circumstances under which she might persevere at home. Calm now, she agreed to think over the alternatives and call back.

Another night, a listener named Russ had a call from an 18-year-old girl who was locked in the bedroom of her home in the midst of a bad drug trip. She had begun to hallucinate, and for half an hour she projected her trip across the telephone wire. When Russ realized the girl was alone, he proceeded to "talk her down." He made her

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acknowledge the presence of stable things in her room, made her touch them, feel them, grip them. Slowly the caller began to come down, to relax. Several nights later, she called Hotline to thank them—and to talk about getting away from the drug scene.

Few of the approximately 25 calls a day are this exotic. The largest number (about one-third) involve boy-girl relationships (generally excluding the physical aspect); almost as many are caused by family conflicts. Drugs and school problems each account for about one-tenth of the calls, while the rest divided rather evenly between social isolation and inhibitions, suspected pregnancies, fear of unknown physical symptoms, sexual relations and birth-control techniques, delinquency, sexual deviation and religion.

Why do teenagers so desperately need this sort of help?

Says Bissiri: "It has always been tough to make the change from adolescent to adult, because that's when a lot of comfortable values and traditions are challenged. Today there's a general diluting of the family unit and a fuzzing of the guidelines. Young people haven't yet developed their own means of replacing these diluted guidelines, and many of them feel lost.

When a youngster needs help, two things are essential: first, the help must be available at the time he feels the need; second, he will go only to someone he's confident will hear him out without dismissing him with some critical remark. Hotline is as close as the telephone, and troubled kids discover very quickly that we don't put them down."

Hotline's objective lies well beyond the resolution of the immediate crisis. Says Bissiri: "We want these young people to learn to resolve their own crises. That won't happen if *we* tell them what to do. Nor will they call again. What we want is to reason with them without directing them, to help them think over and resolve their problems. We try to get across to every caller that life goes on, and working out its problems is a sort of ever-present task for every human being."

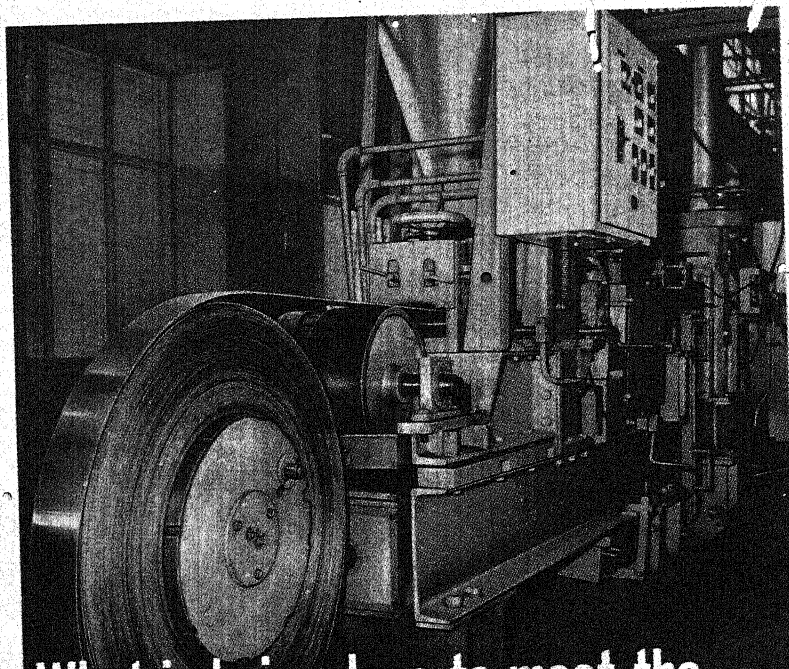
What Was That Again?

FROM the *New York Times:* "Mrs. Eleanor S gave birth to four boys today at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. The devilery began at 4.40 a.m."

CLASSIFIED ad in the Worcester, Massachusetts, *Telegram:* "Due to a recent male campaign, we have an opening for a woman representative."

FROM the *New York Times:* "Mr. G resigned from his job after his grief appearance before the grand jury."

—Editor and Publisher



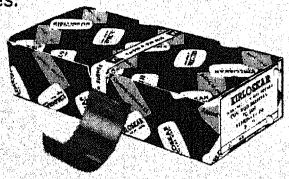
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Another Love Story

This dog had a good life

By Loudon Wainwright

In the middle of a long winter's week-end full of bright weather on lovely snow, our dog died. Or to put it more accurately, we had his life stopped by a veterinary surgeon who agreed that it was the right thing to do for such a painfully and fatally ill old animal. I don't think I have ever been more aware of the fine line between here and gone than I was when I held John Henry close on the vet's table.

Slightly undone by my sentiment, and for some wild reason remembering not *Lassie* but *Love Story,* I will risk a version of the opening question in Erich Segal's novel-film: What can you say about an eleven-and-a-half-year-old dog that died? That he was at least as beautiful as Ali MacGraw. And dumber. And a messier eater. That he ran shining and marvellously fast through fields and rolled snorting in snow and floated, a burnt-auburn blur, over stone walls. That he didn't much mind Mozart and Bach but that violin solos and harmonicas made him howl. That he could destroy six glasses with one sweep of his tail. That, when I would ask him how he ranked me among the people he liked, he would thump his tail against the floor and grin.

There was a totally non-human quality in his loving. Virtually everyone was a suitable target for

CONDENSED FROM LIFE (JANUARY 22, 1971), © 1971 BY TIME INC., TIME & LIFE BUILDING ROCKEFELLER CENTRE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020

his affection and, unlike your one-man brute who will slobber over his master's hand and then dismember a neighbour's child, he menaced nothing.

Not that he was undiscriminating. He was half Irish setter and half golden retriever, and he was not a tramp. He did not follow strangers. His daily investigations, though wide-ranging, nearly always brought him home again at night. He liked to sleep on rugs, usually where we would stumble over him. He liked to travel in cars. Best, he liked to be invited on walks, and he worked like a roving scout around the walker—in front, behind, alongside, often at a dead run some distance away—and when he rested in winter during one of these wonderful dashes in all directions, he would break ice in a stream to cool his belly and his tongue.

In most moods but joy he was a model of understatement. Calm, open-eyed patience characterized his style. He was alert and forward with other dogs but not aggressive, and, though his hair bristled splendidly and he growled well when challenged, he had a distinct aptitude for avoiding fights and could walk away from one with a casualness that implied it wouldn't be worth his trouble.

In his late years he was treated roughly by a much younger and



stronger dog down the road, but he accepted this indignity as if it were somehow in the normal order of things that the puppy he had earlier taught to play was now bouncing him around quite badly. Even when he was very feeble and old, he always trotted out to defend his home station.

I hope he had a full and happy sex life, but I know of only one affair, from which he fathered a litter. We tell a story about this arranged match (I am no longer sure whether it is entirely true): John Henry was taken by car to the vet's for one supervised meeting. The vet said afterwards that he felt certain everything had gone well, but perhaps for insurance the two should be brought together again. So next day our dog was put in the car and driven to his appointment, which was once more declared a success.

The affair was pronounced consummated—and closed. The dog came home. The following morning he was found in the car, presumably awaiting another trip and another meeting.

Unlike Segal's doomed creature, this one wasn't perfect. Now and then his taste in food would turn to rubbish, and he upset many dustbins in search for the ripest morsels. He dug holes in lawns, and he liked to sprawl on young plants. He was a discoverer of mud. When he found something—often invisible and even non-existent—to bark at, he barked hard and he utterly ignored commands to stop and come home.

I am proud of one area of his ignorance. He knew no tricks at all, unless you count a sort of half-baked pawshake he employed as a last effort in his perpetual and undiscouraged search for affection.

In his last days he had great difficulty getting up. The pain, even muffled with pills, was leaving him stupid with exhaustion, and it became clear past all reluctance that what he needed most was a push out of life.

The night after it was done, I dreamt that my son kept calling him. The boy had a way of calling that dog. I woke. Life gets to be a series of dogs, I thought, and ticked off those I could remember. Ghosts in the house suddenly. Old dogs.

When I slept and woke again, it was cold half-light of early morning and I was almost sure I heard the dog's toenails against the hall floor and his single, discreet bark to go outside. I won't live with a lot more dogs, and I won't live with another dog like him.

Wealth of Advice

Two young and beautiful girls are chatting on the beach. A sumptuous yacht sails by. "I think," says one girl, "I'd like to marry a millionaire."

"Not me," says the other. "They have too many worries. I prefer men who live as *if* they were millionaires—they're more generous." —APP

The Promise of Educational Television

By Robert Lacey

How classroom TV in Britain is opening up bright new worlds for pupils of all ages

With Glasgow starting the school year more than a hundred teachers short, the city's Education Authority were saving—quite unwillingly—Rs. 18 lakhs in salaries. Despite countrywide efforts, they had failed to recruit more staff. How best then could they use that surplus money to take education into overcrowded classrooms?

They found their answer in television. Transmission cables were run along old tramway ducts, and a disused building was converted into a TV centre. Three hundred and fifty schools were linked into a closed-circuit system, and lessons were broadcast in Mathematics and French.

That was 1965—and Britain's first local educational television system was under way. Planned initially to meet a special crisis, it has developed into a stimulating new adventure in learning. Now children all over Britain are profiting from Glasgow's pioneering ETV work, and educational experts are enthusing over the results.

"Classroom television doubles teaching effectiveness," says Professor George Wedell, Director of Extra-Mural Studies at Manchester University. "It puts a whole treasury of techniques and material at the disposal of the teacher."

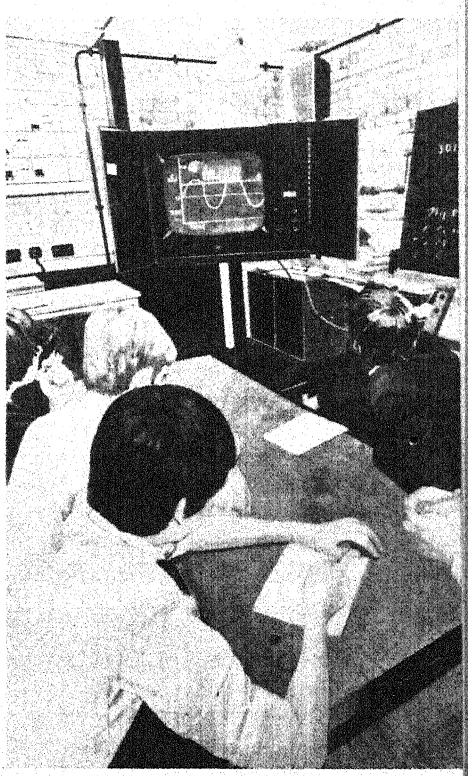
Graeme Kemelfield, Fellow of Leeds University's Centre for Television Research, believes that "Television is a dynamic classroom resource. Difficult ideas can be conveyed with the utmost clarity."

In the six years since it opened, Glasgow's ETV service has expanded to include Science, Local History, Local Geography, Commerce and Religious Education. A cable link with the city's Jordanhill College of Education provides refresher programmes to bring the latest training ideas to working teachers.

Glasgow's closed-circuit system

channels programmes exclusively to television sets linked by cable to the TV centre. The same method is employed by the Inner London Education Authority (ILEA), who now have one of the largest ETV systems in the world. Approximately half a million children in more than a thousand schools benefit from lessons in Creative Writing and Drama, Chemistry, Health, Commerce, History, Geography, and Careers Guidance. Smaller closed-circuit channels broadcast to schools in Hull and in Plymouth.

While local ETV is a comparatively new development, BBC and ITV, Britain's television companies, have been providing schools programmes as part of their country-wide services for 14 years. By co-operating in programme planning, they avoid overlaps, and so make the greatest possible use of their air time. Every week during the broadcasting term, they screen something like 80 educational programmes—an output unmatched by any other European country.



JULIAN ALLEN

Typical of ETV instruction was last year's "Creative Technology" series, devised by London ETV. At Sedgehill School, John Norton's first-year handicraft group of sixty eleven-year-olds gather round a large monitor screen in one of the school workshops.

On the screen, programme presenter Ron Golding is demonstrating electromagnetism. First he takes a small U-shaped piece of iron, round which he has wrapped electric wire, and connects the terminals to a torch battery. Instantly the iron becomes a magnet, lifting tiny scraps of metal in the air. When he cuts off the electric current, the scraps of metal drop to the ground.

Golding explains the principles behind this phenomenon, then invites his audience to think of practical uses. To jog their imagination, he attaches his magnet to

a toy crane. Next, pupils see an industrial electromagnetic crane in action, lifting metal when the current is switched on and depositing it when switched off. More snippets of film show other practical applications: electromagnets that separate ferrous materials from rubbish chutes, a telephone exchange that uses electromagnetic relays, and a chiming doorbell.

Now the camera switches to a set of door chimes which Golding is examining. He demonstrates how they work, concluding the lesson by suggesting that his viewers make simple electromagnets of their own and devise practical uses for them.

As Golding talks, John Norton sits with his pupils to observe their reactions and occasionally answer a whispered question. When the programme ends, he sends them to their workbenches, and moves among them as they wind wire round nails and work out simple gadgets to exploit their magnets. One boy constructs a railway signal. Another a toy swing. A third tries his hand at a small automatic hammer.

"A teaching series like this can stimulate pupils of all abilities," explains John Norton, "and everyone can work to his fullest intellectual capacity. All are encouraged to logical creative thought and activity on their own."

Like all the ETV programmes, "Creative Technology" was suggested and written by teachers. Ron Golding and director Brian Babs are themselves experienced teachers—Golding himself has recently returned to the classroom. The ILEA shows pilot programmes to teachers and inspectors, who react to and help plan future series. They screen previews of individual lessons during lunch hours and after school, and circulate booklets containing suggestions for preparation and follow-up work. Programmes are repeated, up to six times a week, to help schools fit broadcasts into their timetables.

To see how pupils react, the presenter and director of each series visit classes receiving the programmes. "We exist not to replace but simply to help classroom teachers," says James Wykes, Director of ILEA television. "We tailor our productions directly to their needs."

How successful is ETV, and what is its potential? Teachers certainly benefit. "Far from depersonalizing my relationship with my pupils, television lessons in Oral French give me a chance to get close to every child in the class," says George Chambers, a teacher at Pakeman School, Holloway. "Then I can listen to their pronunciation and pick out the ones who are going to need special attention afterwards."

Teachers themselves learn about teaching. "The logic and care with which TV lessons are constructed has made me very ashamed of the rambling way I used to conduct my

classes," frankly admits a Lancashire history teacher. "TV has shown me the value of preparing thoroughly and teaching in stages, one step at a time."

And what of the benefit to pupils? Besides bringing the very best instructors into *all* its schools, ETV opens up horizons. Children "meet" great men from every walk of life: Sir John Gielgud talking about significant scenes in English drama; Sir Bernard Lovell explaining his Jodrell Bank radio telescope; Sir Peter Medawar demonstrating the immunological research that has made transplant surgery possible.

The ILEA's "Looking at London" series brought into the classroom material that no teacher could hope to collect: the Lord Mayor's robes of office, a suit of armour from the Tower, a river diver's suit. "When we look at streets or railway stations or the changing London skyline we provide teachers and children with material they can use for history, geography, art, English or science," explains Mrs. Joyce Fowler, the teacher who directed the series.

Added Stimulus. ETV has put new subjects into the curriculum. For example, in Glasgow and London, primary school children can begin French—a subject their own teachers may not be able to provide. Whenever Glasgow ETV instructor Margaret McNiven goes shopping, small children run up to her and start speaking French. George Chambers' pupils at Pakeman Primary School gave an hour-long Christmas concert in French.

Local education authorities have been able to undertake enterprising projects. Glasgow's 60 secondary schools are now in the sixth year of the revolutionary "New Maths" syllabus. This would have been an impossible achievement without ETV to combat the chronic shortage of maths teachers trained in the new techniques. The ILEA have launched a determined assault on poor reading standards: a six-part ETV series for teachers has plugged gaps in the knowledge of those not trained to teach reading.

How good is such teaching? Statistics tell an interesting story. When teachers were asked for their opinions of the BBC "Look and Read" series for backward readers, 90 per cent of the replies expressed complete approval. When Scotland's Grampian TV surveyed reactions to their "Living and Growing" series, they found that 70 per cent of the classes watching would not otherwise have been taught these facts of human reproduction.

Furthermore, almost 50 per cent of teachers noted in their pupils a more responsible general approach to the subject. Parents confirmed this. One father wrote, "A closer relationship has been established between me and my son as a result of being able to discuss the programmes." All the teachers said

they would take the series again.

What of the cost? For a school taking BBC and ITV educational programmes, it need be no more than Rs. 540 a year—the rental of a TV set. A local closed-circuit system is far more expensive, but pays off in greater flexibility, since schedules can be tailored to local needs. Glasgow's ETV last year cost less than a quarter of a million pounds —Rs. 4·50 per child per week. In London, where the ETV centre has been converted at minimum cost from an old school building, expenditure runs at Rs. 1·26 crores a year—less than half of one per cent of the ILEA's annual budget.

Looking Ahead. For the future, television playback machines should provide a cheaper alternative to closed circuit systems. Costing Rs. 5,400 to Rs. 7,200 each, they play cassettes of video-recorded lessons through the TV set. Last year EVR Partnership—a consortium of British and American manufacturers—introduced the world's first tele-cartridges of educational programmes, and it will soon be possible to rent a half-hour cassette lesson for Rs. 36. Manufacturers are also developing machines on which teachers can record their own lessons on colour TV discs which would cost about the same as LP records.

While of enormous value in schools, television has still greater potential in higher education. The ILEA now use their ETV system to transmit programmes to more than 200 colleges and institutes. And last January, in one of Britain's most ambitious educational ventures ever, the Open University started transmitting through BBC television and radio (coupled with correspondence and holiday instruction) complete degree courses to 25,000 men and women who may never have had a chance of further education. [See Britain's 'University of the Second Chance,' RD, February 1971.] Television brings highly qualified tutors to them at home, outside their normal working day.

All this adds up to a bright and stimulating prospect. While television sets can never replace teachers, they can enormously enrich and extend education.

"ETV can put into every teacher's hands resources that no single classroom could ever be lucky enough to possess," says NUT President Bill Elliott. "It abounds with exciting possibilities for pupils and teachers of tomorrow."

ADAPTED FROM AN ARTICLE BY JOHN L. BURNS IN NATIONAL PARENT-TEACHER

For Best Results . . .

AN OVERSEAS visitor arriving in a London hotel decided to telephone a friend. Picking up the receiver, he noticed a printed sign on the centre disc: "To call operator, shout downstairs." —*International Herald Tribune*

Storm Warnings in the Philippines

By Carl Rowan

From America, a first-hand report on the deterioration in U.S.-Filipino relations

Late in January 1970, an ironic and violent drama was played out in the Philippines. Ferdinand Marcos, the only man ever re-elected president in the nation's 24 years of independence, arrived to deliver his State of the Nation address and received anything but a hero's welcome. Demonstrators hurled stones and bottles at the car in which he and his beautiful wife, Imelda, were riding. Some 200 students were injured in the accompanying melee.

Four days later, students and a growing band of sympathizers staged a riot at Malacañang Palace, the president's official residence. Four students and two by-standers died, and 50 people were injured.

The next day, a shaken Marcos went on television to describe the riot as "a premeditated act of rebellion and subversion" led by revolutionaries seeking to establish "a new regime of communism of the Maoist type."

About three weeks later, rampaging students, shouting, "Down with imperialists!" attacked the American embassy with stones and flaming objects. Although the embassy had requested police protection that morning, no police arrived there until 10 p.m., some 45 minutes after the assault began.

A month later, one person was killed and four were injured during day-long demonstrations led by the Maoist Kabataang Makabayan (Patriotic Youth), who attacked the Philippines' "double standard of justice—one for the rich and one for the poor."

The killing, burning and destruction subsided when the students went on vacation, but no one pretends that the crisis is over or that the worst has come. The Philippines are in serious trouble. This

1,850-kilometre-long archipelago of 7,100 islands and 37 million people could blow up politically at any time.

Such an explosion would rank with the communist take-overs in China and Cuba, for it would have a cataclysmic effect in the U.S. defence posture in Asia. Consider what is at stake:

- A political collapse in the Philippines, America's Number 1 protégé in Asia, would be a major blow to U.S. prestige the world over. It might inspire enough contempt in Asia and isolationism in America to spell the end to U.S. power and influence in the Far East.
- A vital defence line for the United States would virtually disappear, with shocking implications for the security of the U.S. mainland.
- Political upheaval, arising from electoral abuses and official corruption in the Philippines, would be a colossal black eye for democracy in a part of the world where democracy faces a very tough future.

What is irritating the Philippines these days?

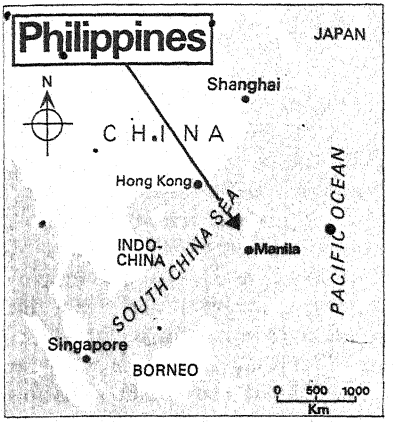
My talks with Filipinos lead me to conclude that one factor is the new *pride* that has emerged after 24 years of Philippine independence. During all those years it has been a rock in the craw of many Filipinos that other Asians have spoken of them as America's puppets—as second-class Americans rather than as Asians. They argue with eloquence that the Philippines can no longer afford to act like U.S. stooges.

"After two decades of sovereignty we have matured," says the Philippines' 70-year-old foreign minister, General Carlos Romulo, who was for years an eloquent spokesman for interests that paralleled those of the United States. "I could never be anti-American. But we have to change with the times."

Part of that change involves reaching out for trade, cultural relations and, eventually, full diplomatic relations with the communist countries. "Why should we close the Philippines to half the world?" Romulo asks. "The United States has not done that. It not only deals with socialist countries, but it supports Japan, which deals commercially with Communist China. Why should we be more papist than the Pope?"

Romulo acknowledges the vital role that the United States has played in Philippine security since 1946. "We were able over all these years to develop without any overt communist aggression," he says. "The United States was the deterrent that prevented the communists from making a domino of us. However, looking into the future, I believe that America's usefulness as a deterrent here is not in force-in-being—meaning bases—but in the commitment that she will come to our aid. We do not like foreign troops dotting our landscape."

Consider the problem of the



bases. The United States has three major bases in the Philippines: Clark Air Force Base, and the U.S. Navy's installations at Sangley Point and Subic Bay. Clark has served since 1965 as a major centre for the maintenance and dispatch of planes to Vietnam and Thailand. Sangley and Subic have been used by units of the Seventh Fleet, the anchor of U.S. military power in the Far East.

American officials view these bases as a partial guarantee of the Philippines' independence and a vital boost to her economic viability. The bases have indirectly pumped about Rs. 112 crores a year into the economy, in part through wages paid to almost 50,000 Filipino employees. After the Philippine Government, the U.S. Defence Department is the biggest employer in the Philippines.

Still, more and more Filipinos argue that the bases are a gross infringement upon Philippine sovereignty. Some derisively refer to Clark Air Force Base, which occupies about 52,500 hectares as "the 51st state."

But what about the argument that the bases serve as a protective umbrella for the Philippines? Filipino nationalists will tell you that the United States is in the Philippines only to ensure that any first attack occurs thousands of kilometres from the U.S. mainland. In fact, they argue, the bases actually guarantee a communist attack on the Philippines in the event of a large war, so they are more a liability to the Philippines than an asset.

And, to the argument that these bases have enriched the Philippine economy, the activist replies that Americans bleed the Philippines of far more raw materials and wealth than ever was infused into the economy by U.S. servicemen. Some Filipinos are also acutely envious of Japan, and like to argue that the Japanese economic miracle is due largely to the United States giving "more assistance to the former enemy than to allies that suffered greatly, like the Philippines."

The fact is that probably no country in the world, other than war-beset South Korea and South Vietnam, has received more help *per capita* from the United States since the Second World War than the Philippines.

There are other sore spots in Filipino-American relations. One

is a 15-year-old agreement which gave American businessmen special rights in the Philippines, including the ownership of land. Filipinos are clearly in a mood to stop such special privileges, and they will almost certainly do so when the agreement expires in 1974.

Another factor in the explosive Filipino-American relationship is a new *fear*—a Filipino fear that the United States is no longer a reliable ally. Both Marcos and Romulo leave no doubt that events in Vietnam have caused some damaging political erosion in the Philippines.

"When Philippine independence came," Romulo explains, "the world was polarized between the United States and aggressive communism, led by the Soviet Union. We had to seek a protective umbrella, so we chose the United States. But circumstances have changed. It now is obvious that three major powers—Communist China, the United States and Russia—must be reckoned with in the Far East. It seems to me that our ultimate security remains in the equilibrium of power of these three."

This sounds as if the Philippines are being frightened into neutralism. Romulo denies it. "I don't believe in neutralism," he says. "I believe in positive alignment. At the same time, we must begin studying questions which ten years from today may affect our future. We are realizing now a possible modification of America's foreign policy as a result of Vietnam. That is why we must reassess *our* position."

The third and most dangerous element in the Philippines' malaise is a matter of *rage*. The Philippine masses are enraged over the vast gap between the standards of living of the haves and have-nots. They are for the first time aware of the guilt of an oligarchy that has employed graft, corruption and even hired killers to maintain its privileges.

This may have little to do with the United States. But some guilty businessmen, in an effort to divert attention from their own wrongdoings, have seen to it that enough anti-U.S. comment appears in newspapers they control to make America appear the scapegoat for the islands' deep social, political and economic ailments.

President Marcos gives a most impressive lecture about how he is determined to halt corruption. But today nepotism, smuggling and graft go on at unprecedented levels. A tiny minority has a tight grip on the wealth and resources of the Philippines.

In fact, some Filipinos compare their situation to that in Cuba in the worst days of the Batista regime. This is a gross overstatement, but the early elements of a Cuba-type disaster exist: the insensitivity of the ruling class; the existence of guerrillas in the hills; increasingly disgruntled students and intellectuals in the cities.

A genuine communist menace

would exist in the Philippines if Russia or Communist China chose to run the risks and spend the money necessary to organize the dissident forces. The raw material is there: seven out of every ten Filipinos are landless farmers; a million Filipinos, most of them under 25, are unemployed and there is the added likelihood of a gigantic population explosion. Today's 37 million people will have grown to 74 million by 1985, placing mounting pressures on the limited resources of the country.

While the situation in the Philippines is grim, it is not hopeless. If the Philippines are to achieve the strength and stability that will make them a less tempting target for either Peking or the Kremlin, however, corrective measures are necessary—now.

• U.S. and Filipino officials must conclude that too much is at stake for them to let petty pride dissolve a friendship which must now be put on the basis of equality.

• The United States must surrender land and bases that are not vital to military security and extend to the Philippines all the courtesies and rights that belong to a truly sovereign country.

• The Philippine ruling class must awaken to the fact that if its rapacious appetite for wealth continues and the basic needs of the masses go unmet, upheaval from within will some day turn the Philippines into another Vietnam.

Such warnings are easy to ignore where pride, fear and rage are playing such active roles. But perhaps the revolutionary violence of the last several months has created enough fright to convince Filipinos and Americans alike that the danger is real, and that the need for wisdom and statesmanship is great.

Miss-nomer

MY NEIGHBOUR'S young daughter was excited to receive an invitation to her cousin's wedding reception.

"Have you ever been to a wedding reception?" I asked.

"I've been to the church part lots of times," she replied, "but this is the first time I've been invited to the conception!" —M. Merrill

WHEN we lived in Canada, we had a friend who named her cat's kittens after famous people. She gave our daughter Susan one called Vincent Massey after Canada's first native-born Governor-General.

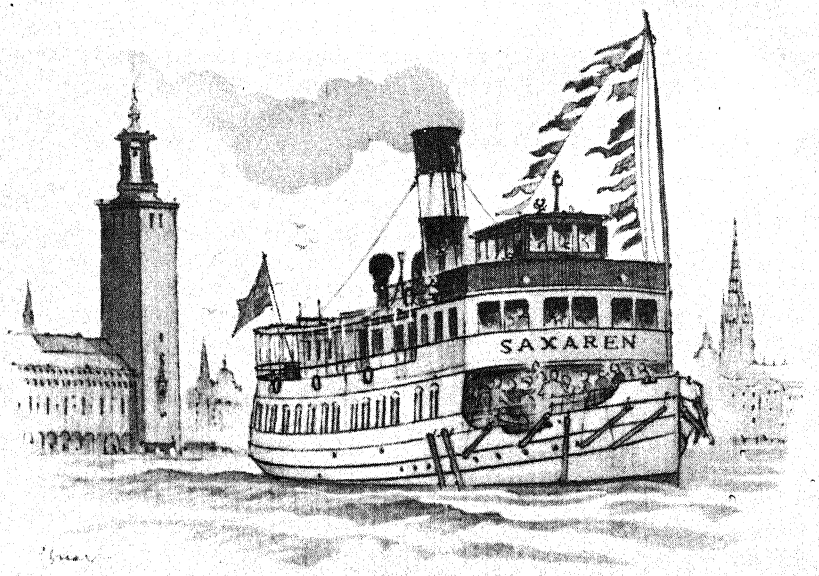
I took Susan to the cinema to see a newsreel showing the new Governor-General being sworn in. As we watched I heard quiet chuckles of scorn from my five-year-old daughter. "Imagine calling him that," she said. "Vincent Massey is a cat's name." —D. H.

All Aboard the Skärgårdsbåtar

By Gunnar Larson

When Staffan Lindhé, a 21-year-old economics student at Stockholm University, began his summer holiday in 1964, he had no idea that he was about to embark on an exciting maritime-salvage adventure that would absorb all his spare time for the next two and a half years. And if someone had told him that his exploit would trigger the revival of sea-going passenger traffic among the beautiful islands of the vast Stockholm archipelago, he would have been utterly astonished.

An expert aqualung diver, Staffan explored the ledges and reefs along the rocky shore near his father's farm at Vallentuna. One day he decided to have a look at the



Restored to Sweden's waterways by an enterprising student, these stately old steamers are now providing sailing enjoyment for thousands of holiday-makers

wreck of *Saxaren,* one of the few remaining coastal passenger steamers that had still been plying the island routes. Built in 1912 to carry 400 passengers, the 300-ton ship had gone aground that May and now lay partly submerged on her side just a couple of metres from the Storkrån landing in the waters of the Saxarfjärden.

Staffan explored the stately old ship inside and out. Despite the shoals of fish swimming about the sumptuous panelled main lounge, most of *Saxaren's* machinery and interior fittings seemed to be in good condition. He could find only a few holes, none larger than his fist, in the hull.

Suddenly, an idea dawned. Why not salvage *Saxaren* and put her back into service? Staffan knew virtually nothing about how to do it and had no funds to employ professionals. But with the confidence of youth he was convinced that it could be done. First, he must acquire ownership of the sunken hulk.

With his good friend Hans Johansson, whom he enlisted as a partner in the venture, Staffan went to see Captain Wilhelm Rosendahl, director of the shipping company which owned *Saxaren.* The boat was a problem for the company: the Coast Guard had declared her a menace to navigation, and was insisting that she be removed. Consequently, when the two young men offered to buy *Saxaren,* Rosendahl was relieved. Yet he felt that he owed it to the daring youths to tell them that trying to handle such a job on their own would be sheer folly. No one with any knowledge of the difficulties of marine salvage would bet a brass farthing on their chances of success.

Undaunted, the boys insisted that they wanted to give it a try. Finally Rosendahl told them that he would sell the ship for 1,200 kronor (about Rs. 1,730). The following day they returned with the money, scraped together from their dubious families and loans, and signed a document assuming all responsibility for the wreck. Rosendahl wished them luck, and they departed rejoicing.

Although both of them were too young to remember the heyday of the island steamers, they had heard a great deal about the glory of these proud little ships—beloved by generations of Swedes but now rapidly becoming only a sweet, nostalgic

memory. The love affair had its beginning a century and a half earlier when British inventor Samuel Owen designed and constructed Sweden's first steamboat, *Amphitrite*.

When she was launched in 1818, Sweden's capital city, Stockholm, was an unpleasant and sometimes unhealthy spot during the summer months—there were no sewers except open ditches in the streets. As a result, Stockholmers who could afford to do so built summer homes along Lake Mälaren, and later began to penetrate the then sparsely inhabited islands of the archipelago, or Skärgård. In a few years, the Skärgård became a paradise for holiday-makers, and a growing fleet of small steamers called *Skärgårdsbåtar* (shair' gords baw' ter), carrying passengers and light freight, was serving the islands.

Show Boat. As the steamers proliferated, they also grew larger, faster and more elegant. They were daytime ships, with comfortable lounges, excellent dining facilities and even tables on the quarterdeck for punch parties. When the weather was good, ladies in their summer finery and gentlemen wearing Panama hats and carrying silver-knobbed canes strolled the decks. One ancient Swede, asked for his idea of Heaven, answered: "It is like the fore-saloon of a *Skärgårdsbåt*, only bigger."

Before the turn of the century, there were 30 regular steamship lines in the archipelago. But after the Second World War, the motor-car and bus took an increasingly heavy toll of boat traffic. By the early 1950s, only 20 of the ships were left in passenger service. As the fleet dwindled, the protests of the boatlovers grew, but their sentimental outcry could not alter harsh economic realities. When still more ships were scrapped during the 1950s and early 1960s, it seemed obvious that soon all would be gone.

It was against this background that Staffan and Hans began their salvage operation. *Saxaren* lay on a narrow shelf only about four metres wide at its broadest point. Their problem was to float her without letting her slip into deep water—and without running up a large bill which they had no money to pay.

Professional salvage men gloomily predicted failure. Undeterred, Staffan and Hans rented steel cables, jacks and hand winches from nearby shipyards. Working underwater, they attached several cables to the ship and anchored them to trees and rocks on shore. More cables were stretched from the ship to winches ashore and big jacks positioned against the hull underwater. By pulling with the winches and pushing with jacks, they hoped to right the vessel. But first they had to stop up the leaks with a fast-setting plastic material and lead plates.

By now reporters had spread the story of the remarkable venture throughout the country and thousands of Swedes were anxiously

following each step of the operation. It was like some long-continuing sports event that kept the fans on the edges of their seats. Curious onlookers were put to work on the winches, while Staffan and scuba-diving friends wrestled with the jacks. Slowly the hulk moved to a vertical position. Finally, on July 28, 1964, *Saxaren* was upright again and floating after a fashion.

Unhappily, the still-leaking stern remained half submerged, and borrowed pumps couldn't cope with the inflow of water. However, Staffan had one more idea. He would employ the largest pontoon crane in Scandinavia, the mighty *Lodbrok*, to lift the stern out of the water. Advance payments, from companies the boys had persuaded to use the boat as an advertising billboard, provided the funds.

It also happened that the master of *Lodbrok*, Captain Eric Jägeborg, was a Staffan Lindhé fan. He rented the services of the great crane to the boys at a price they could pay and personally supervised the lifting operation. Cables were positioned, the hoisting engines were started, and slowly the stern came fully above water. It was now a simple job to plug remaining leaks and pump the ship dry. She was then towed away for preliminary repairs and a thorough cleaning. Some of the 'boys' mechanically minded friends took the steam engine apart, burnished off the corrosion and put it together again. It worked!

Four weeks after *Saxaren* had floated free, she proceeded first to the small town of Strandvägen, then to a Stockholm shipyard, under her own power. Hundreds of small boats escorted her on the triumphal journey, and larger ships



BERTIL HAGERT, STOCKHOLM

Staffan Lindhé watching his friend and partner, Hans Johansson giving the restored steamer, Saxaren, a final touch of paint

joined in with mighty blasts on their sirens as she passed. The Strandvägen quay was packed with cheering crowds—almost as if some great new ocean liner were arriving.

Despite all this acclaim, Staffan still faced the long and exacting task of restoring *Saxaren* to her former splendour. First, the old ship must have extensive dry-dock repairs. This was something amateurs could not do, and the job would be expensive. Once again Staffan sought financial help. Marc Wallenberg, of the Swedish banking family, admired the youth's initiative and

determination, and he also felt a deep affection for the old island steamers. He arranged for a bank loan that would cover the repairs needed to get a certificate of seaworthiness for *Saxaren*.

Once the hull had been restored, Staffan and his friends spent thousands of hours refurbishing the ship's interior. It became a form of convivial spare-time recreation for the young men during the cold winter. Wherever possible, they kept the original fixtures and fittings, such as the old compass and the great carved steering wheel. At last, around Christmas 1966, the *Saxaren* was ready to steam out on her first run as a charter vessel.

As a result of the astonishing public interest that Staffan's triumphant salvage project aroused, it now looks as if the *Skärgårdsbåtar,* instead of being doomed to oblivion, are on their way back. Ironically, the same factor that nearly killed the fleet a couple of decades ago is helping in the revival: vastly increased traffic on the highways. Frustrated by frequent traffic jams, Stockholmers are beginning to patronize the old boat lines again. Not only do they find it pleasant and restful to sit in a deck chair and watch the world go by, but they often reach their destinations faster.

The company which sold the *Saxaren* to Staffan, the Waxholmsbolaget, now owned by the City of Stockholm, has kept four old ships in service and has in the last two years added to its fleet eleven new vessels. It has also extended its routes substantially, and last year the coastal ships carried approximately 660,000 passengers, a 10 per cent increase over 1969. Moreover, several other old *Skärgårdsbåtar* which had been laid up some years ago are being refurbished and put back in service. A typical example is the *Blidösund,* bought and restored by Captain Jägeborg.

And what of Staffan Lindhé? He has purchased two more *Skärgårdsbåtar, SS Sagan* in 1968, *SS Sandön* in 1969, and is running all three boats. His adventure in salvage and ship restoration continues, and he is happy that he had a part in saving from extinction a gallant and useful symbol of a leisurely and gracious bygone era. Thanks largely to him, today no owner of an old *Skärgårdsbåt* would have the temerity to scrap his ship—unless he were willing to face the highly vocal wrath of thousands of Swedes.

Hist!

WHILE visiting my friend's new house, I noticed a card reading "Snake Pit" stuck on the bathroom door. My friend explained that her husband had conceived the name from the hissing sounds of aerosol hairsprays used by their two teenage daughters.

—Mrs. R. B. Adams

Genetic counsellors can increasingly allay the greatest fear of an expectant mother . . .

Will My Baby Be Normal?

By Steven Spencer

Their first child was beautiful, alert and health. But, at six months, a strange listlessness began to overtake him, and he lapsed into semi-conscious state. At 14 months, the baby was blind. Before his second birthday, physical and mental development had ceased. Death came at the age of three. The cause: Tay-Sachs disease, a hereditary enzyme deficiency.

The couple were so devastated that they waited a long time before having another child. When the wife did become pregnant again, she sought advice from a geneticist. She learned that a new pre-natal test for the enzyme involved in Tay-Sachs could change a statistical guess into a reliable prediction.

A long needle was inserted through her abdominal wall into the uterus and a sample of amniotic fluid withdrawn, a test known as amniocentesis. The fluid contained cells shed by the tiny growing foetus; analysed, it showed an abnormally low level of the essential enzyme, meaning that the child would surely be born with Tay-Sachs disease. The couple therefore decided upon an abortion. Several months later, the woman became pregnant again; this time the enzyme test indicated that she would have a normal child.

Another couple, who had one mongoloid child, sought advice concerning a second pregnancy, then in its eighteenth week. A chromosome study obtained by amniocentesis revealed normal foetal cells. Overjoyed, the mother proceeded with the pregnancy. As predicted, she delivered a normal baby.

Mongolism, or Down's syndrome, occurs only once in every 500 to 700 births. Tay-Sachs disease is even

CONDENSED FROM EMPIRE

more rare. But while these two disorders are individually infrequent, the number of families touched by the many manifestations of genetic disease runs into the millions.

The grim catalogue of anatomical or biochemical faults now includes more than 1,700 separate entries, ranging from club-foot and cleft palate to deafness, blindness, mental retardation or paralysis. Some are rapidly fatal; others inflict lifelong disability. Moreover, an attitude of hopelessness has often prevailed, a feeling that these "misfortunes of birth" were God's will.

Today, however, many families *can* be helped through the new special service of genetic counselling. This service is one of the fastest-growing areas of medicine. In the United States, where the amniocentesis technique was developed, the number of counselling centres has increased from fewer than a dozen 20 years ago to more than 150 today.

Genetic counselling is usually sought by a couple who already have a defective child or whose family history reveals an abnormality believed to be hereditary. The counselling begins with a thorough medical search of the family tree of both parents. The counsellor may also call for chromosome or enzyme studies of the blood or skin cells of the parents or close relatives. If a woman is already pregnant, he may suggest an amniocentesis.

From all the assembled evidence, the counsellor calculates the odds and explains them to the prospective parents. The choice—to have a child or not—is then their own. Where amniocentesis has provided proof that the foetus is affected, an abortion may be performed. If the couple's fears are groundless, the counsellor has provided an important service in lifting a burden from their minds.

Counselling is particularly helpful in predicting potential abnormalities caused by broken or disarranged chromosomes. Today all the different kinds of congenital defects known to result from chromosome mistakes can be detected pre-natally by amniocentesis.

Chromosomes are yarn-like strings of genes, grouped by pairs in each of the millions of cells in the human body. In the course of normal cell division, the chromosomes split lengthwise, separate and reassemble in new "daughter cells." They perform these manoeuvres with fantastic order and precision, but when a chromosome gets out of line in a reproductive cell—in either an egg or a sperm—hundreds or thousands of genes may be thrown into disarray.

Mongolism is a common type of chromosome error. In 90 per cent of mongoloid cases, a mistake occurs in the separation and pairing of one of the smallest chromosomes in the mother's egg. The result, after fertilization, is three instead of the normal two chromosomes, and a

total chromosome count of 47 instead of the normal 46. The error is multiplied in the millions of cells that form the growing embryo, and produces many defects, including mental retardation, heart defects and susceptibility to leukaemia.

A rarer type of mongolism occurs when two chromosomes are broken and fragments exchanged between them. This results in a translocation, a rearrangement that can lead to an unbalanced assortment of chromosomes in the sperm or egg of the person carrying the translocation, and therefore in the offspring. This chromosome can be transmitted as a unit from generation to generation, and for families carrying it the chances of having a mongoloid child are about one in ten. In the more common type, the likelihood of a woman bearing a second mongoloid child is relatively small, because the mistake is unlikely to be present in any of her other egg cells. Obviously, therefore, it is important to know which type of problem you're dealing with —and this the counsellor can determine by studying the chromosomes in the white blood cells of the parents and the afflicted child.

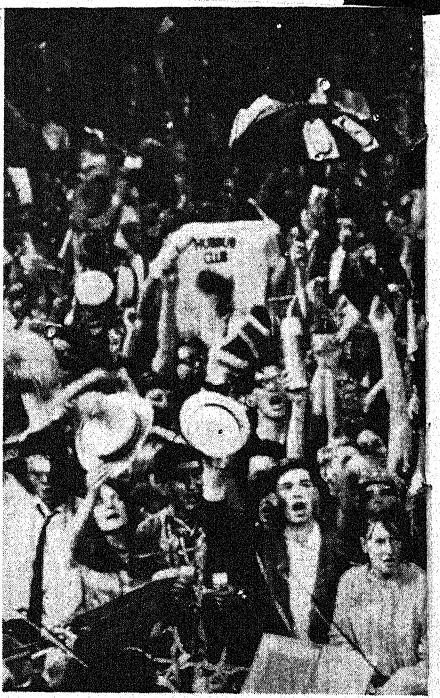
Amniocentesis offers its greatest promise in metabolic disorders. Unlike chromosome anomalies, which involve a number of errant genes, inborn errors of metabolism are usually caused by a single "mutant" gene. Already, ten different metabolic errors have been reliably diagnosed by amniocentesis. Among these are: Tay-Sachs disease and Lesch-Nyhan syndrome, both serious neurological conditions; Pompe's disease, whose infant victims die of a weakened heart; Hurler's and Hunter's syndromes, marked by stunted growth and mental retardation.

Although great strides have been made, significant problems remain. For one thing, we do not yet know the genetic mechanisms underlying some of the most serious congenital diseases. Even when we do, it is often impossible to determine with certainty whether a defect is a single random event or results from a gene mutation in the family's pattern of inheritance. In such situations, the genetic counsellors can proceed only on the basis of family histories and laboratory studies which can be bafflingly unrevealing.

Then there is the shortage of trained counsellors, and the critical questions of ethics and morals. At what point does a slight risk of genetic defect become a substantial one? What differentiates a "grave defect" from one that is not so grave? Who decides?

Even with these problems, however, it is clear that, as the science of genetic counselling matures, families can be spared the cruel misfortunes of abnormal birth.

A PERFECT gift for a person who has everything: a burglar alarm. —R. C.



Young enthusiasts celebrate the last night of London's Promenade Concerts with traditional exuberance

Unforgettable

All over the world, millions will recall with affection the great conductor who brought joy and sparkle to music-making

HE WAS a superlative showman. When he strode briskly up to the podium, a white spotlight following his progress, a tingle of anticipation ran through the audience. He was a trim, wiry figure with glossy black hair swept back from a high forehead, a radiant smile, and the

SIR THOMAS ARMSTRONG was for many years Director of Music at Christ Church, Oxford, and conductor of the Oxford Bach Choir and the Oxford Orchestra. Having retired in 1968 as principal of the Royal Academy of Music, he still lectures and writes on music, conducts choral concerts, and is a governor of London's Sadler's Wells Theatre.



ERICH AUERBACH

Malcolm Sargent

By Sir Thomas Armstrong

immaculate grooming of a boulevardier. Two hours later, after the exertions of conducting the concert, he looked no less immaculate: not a hair out of place, and the trademark carnation still firmly pinned to his lapel—a red flower for a day performance, a white one at night.

Malcolm Sargent did everything with zest and style. In a town in the North of England during the war, air raid sirens wailed just as a concert was about to begin. "Anyone who wants to leave may do so now," Sargent announced. "The orchestra will carry on. We may be killed, but we shall play something Hitler can never kill." He turned and lifted his baton. Not one person left the hall. Sargent said later that he never had an audience which listened to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony more "intensely."

His own intensity, his vitality, glowed brightly. Joy in life, joy in making music, joy in people—these were Sargent's outstanding qualities.

For over 40 years, he travelled ceaselessly round Britain and the world, conducting orchestras and choral societies. His ubiquity and

the speed with which he rushed from one commitment to the next got him the nickname "Flash." He also turned up on radio and television to deliver ready judgements on any number of subjects. As conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra, he reached millions who would never enter a concert hall.

Malcolm always looked a good 10 or 15 years younger than he was, an impression furthered by his irrepressible, bubbling gaiety and his extraordinary stamina. In a year, he would cover 32,000 kilometres travelling by train all round the United Kingdom. Finishing a concert in some provincial city at 10 p.m., he would stay up half the night at a party, then sit up in his London-bound sleeper studying the score for the next day's 10 a.m. rehearsal—at which he would appear bright-eyed and relaxed.

Social Success. Malcolm was always in demand socially. He loved dining out. He liked to sweep into a grand restaurant, and flatter the head waiter with a dazzling smile and the request, "Please bring us some lovely food." He enjoyed good wine, and for a time was in the habit of taking a glass of champagne for "elevenses." He had an engaging wit, and a disarming capacity to tell a joke against himself.

Once he had tried to teach a newly acquired budgerigar, "Hughie," the Hallelujah Chorus. Describing the effort, Malcolm provided a hilarious caricature of his own standard histrionics on the podium, moving his arms in great swirling motions as he besought the bird to follow the tune. Hughie regarded him coldly, finally turned his back in disdain and uttered the line, "Damn fool!"

But the effervescence, the tireless party-going, the association with fashionable personalities in a glittering social life represented only one side of Malcolm. At work he was a scholar, a perfectionist who laboured hard over scores, annotating the margins with blue and red hieroglyphics. And he drove orchestral players to despair with his demands for precision. "In music there are no unimportant notes," he used to say, "just as in life there are no unimportant people."

I recall an occasion 40 years ago when he first began to conduct the D'Oyly Carte productions of Gilbert and Sullivan. Critics were impressed with his rendering of *The Mikado,* but two complained of Sargent's "additions," particularly a bassoon *obbligato* in the "Three Little Maids" trio, which did not appear in the printed score. This, to the purists, was like tampering with Holy Writ. But Malcolm had the last word: he pointed out that he had been conducting from the original score, autographed by Sullivan himself!

Nor did the socialite façade make him immune to life's pains and tragedies. When he was 37 and just

reaching the peak of his powers, Malcolm was stricken by a nearly fatal bout of tuberculosis of the abdominal glands. It put him out of action for almost two years, much of the time flat on his back. A few years later, his daughter Pamela was felled by a crippling attack of polio. Her death in 1944 was an abiding tragedy for Malcolm. Yet it seemed only to deepen his insight into music. He was sustained also by an uncomplicated, almost fundamentalist religious faith, for which he took no particular credit. "I was *born* with it," he once said. "No personal virtue in that."

That same directness and simplicity characterized his whole attitude to life. Never blasé, he took frank delight in his success. Yet, if he had to, he would be content once again to be a cathedral organist, the job for which we had both been trained. "What wonderful times they were!" he would exclaim. "We were poor; our prospects were uncertain; but it was music, music, music all the way!"

Young Enthusiast. Born in 1895, the son of a church organist in Stamford, Lincolnshire, Malcolm was picking out tunes on the piano by the time he was three, and began to take lessons at seven. I was 10 and he was 13 when we met. My father conducted the Stamford Orchestral Society, and Malcolm was always at rehearsals: an intense youth who could fill in at the piano, take over the drums, even conduct.

At 16, he took the tough exams to become an Associate of the Royal College of Organists. Of the 50 candidates who passed (172 failed), Malcolm was the youngest, and was placed second. Then in the autumn of 1912, he and I were both apprenticed to Dr. Haydn Keeton, the renowned organist of Peterborough Cathedral. We embarked on years of severe training, designed to give us a general musical education as well as qualify us as organists.

Malcolm's genius was by then apparent. He could play long, difficult works—superbly—entirely from memory, a feat of which most organists were incapable. And he could arrange and compose music effectively for any kind of ensemble. At a party in my parents' home after a performance of Sir Edward Elgar's great oratorio *The Dream of Gerontius,* a work that took enormous hold on Malcolm, he announced with a burst of enthusiasm that he would be a composer, a second Elgar. He said it quite unselfconsciously and, significantly, no one laughed.

When he was 19, Malcolm found a full-time job as church organist at Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, topping a list of 150 other candidates for the post. There, with eight months out for service in uniform during the First World War, he threw himself into every sort of musical activity; choral recitals, amateur performances of operetta, composition, academic studies for

his doctorate. He even organized a semi-professional symphony orchestra in Leicester, and he was already a first-rate concert pianist.

Then in 1921, Sir Henry Wood brought the Queen's Hall Orchestra to Leicester for a charity concert. A composition had been commissioned from Malcolm for the occasion, but two weeks before the concert, the manuscript had yet to be produced. Annoyed, Wood told the committee that it was now too late for him to take on a new work: the unknown young composer would have to conduct it himself.

Malcolm hastily transcribed the piece, *Impressions on a Windy Day* —he had been thinking about it for months—and on the appointed night, in hired tails, he advanced confidently on to the podium for his first confrontation with a professional orchestra. Afterwards he received a thunderous ovation from the audience and, more important, an invitation to conduct his work again at one of Sir Henry's famous Promenade Concerts.

At that London début, the critics were kind, and Wood was full of compliments. Malcolm promptly decided he had found his speciality: conducting.

His reputation spread. Appointed junior orchestral conductor at the Royal College of Music in 1923, he found a spate of assignments coming his way. He conducted the première of Vaughan Williams' opera *Hugh the Drover,* and as the 1920s spun on, was caught up in a dizzying round of work: symphony and choral concerts, ballet, Gilbert and Sullivan. He became chief conductor of the Royal Choral Society.

"Sargent makes 'em sing like blazes," Sir Thomas Beecham once observed. Violist Bernard Shore noted: "He is able to instil into the singers a life and efficiency they never dreamed of. You have only to see the eyes of a choral society boring into him like hundreds of gimlets to understand what he means to them. He plays upon their minds like a mesmerist."

Morale Booster. During the Second World War, Sargent's baton was at the service of Britain. He conducted concerts in blitzed cities, performed for factory workers during their lunch hours, and "showed the flag" in neutral countries. After the war he continued to justify the name of "Flash," bringing music to millions in the British Isles. He also extended his reputation as Britain's "ambassador of music," with trips to Europe, South Africa, Australia, North and South America.

Knighted in 1947, Malcolm in 1950 succeeded to the conductorship of the BBC Symphony Orchestra, whose many activities included the Promenade Concerts. He quickly became the darling of the "Prommers," those youthful, enthusiastic, often impecunious music-lovers who made these concerts one of the most colourful summer music festivals in the world. The atmosphere was

informal, the tickets cheap, the musical fare of a high order.

His deep uninhibited love of music, his enthusiasm, the feeling that he included his audience as an equal partner in the performance—these brought him an immense and ardent following, especially among the young. Occasionally he would turn to the throng before beginning a new work and say, "You *will* enjoy this." If they did not, they felt guilty.

At 70, he was booked solid for many months ahead, and had no intention of relaxing. "It's a way of life, really," he said, "all this arm-waving and exercise. Most men who are working at my age are in sedentary jobs, getting too fat."

Abiding Dedication. In late 1966, Malcolm underwent abdominal surgery. Yet in March 1967, a month before his 72nd birthday, he conducted a choral concert, and a few weeks later took off alone for Australia on a long-planned tour. From there he went to Hawaii, and in July flew to Chicago to conduct two concerts. But, home again, he fell ill once more and underwent another operation. His chief concern was that it forced him to miss the opening of the new Promenade season.

Once he left hospital, all his willpower was concentrated on getting to the final night of the Proms and making his traditional speech. Very frail by now, he had to be fed intravenously. When the day came he was injected with two weeks' supply of glucose and salines. That night he was driven to the Albert Hall, and walked in unassisted, using a cane. When his presence was announced, he discarded the stick, walked to the rostrum and made a great arc of welcome with his arms. The crowd went wild.

He held a buoyant press conference in his flat the next day, but he was never to emerge again. His doctors now told him that he was suffering from an incurable cancer. For 48 hours he was shocked and depressed. Then his spirits revived and for the next two weeks he set about receiving final visits from old friends.

"This is it, Tom," he said as I came into his bedroom. He was in considerable discomfort, but his spirit was serene. He seemed to have no fears; his acceptance was complete.

We talked of our early days together, and of how our careers had diverged; of the joy that he had given to so many people, and of our own debt to those who had helped us at the start. Here was the great man, stripped of the trappings of fame and success, wholly himself, wholly prepared, noble at the last.

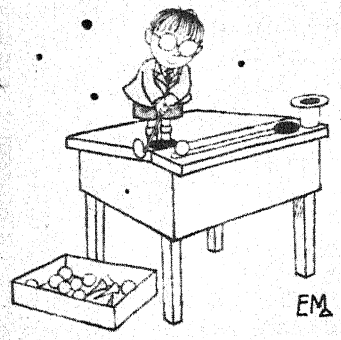
And so Malcolm played death as he had played life: with style.

AT A DINNER party, a woman told a psychiatrist friend: "Oh, it's such a long, long story. If only I had the money to tell you." —D. Gedeon

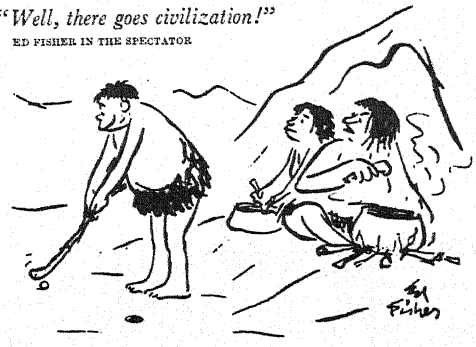
EM

FORE–AND AGAINST!





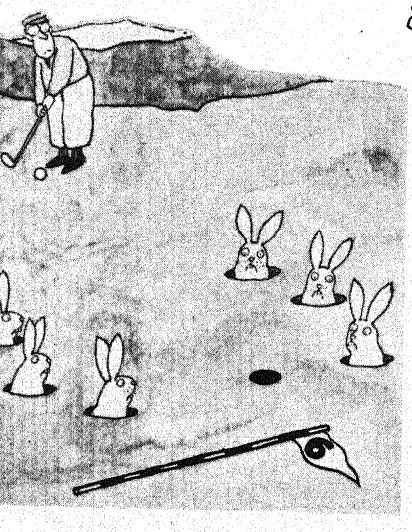
"Well, there goes civilization!"
ED FISHER IN THE SPECTATOR





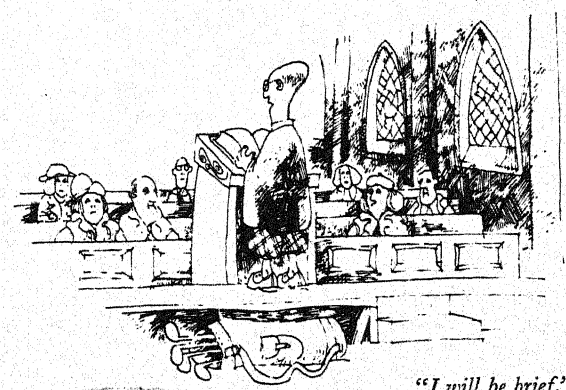
"I said, 'Only if it rains'!"
MERIDITH, GATES FEATURES







"Can't I plead with you, Helen? It isn't my wish that our marriage should end like this."
STARKE IN PUNCH

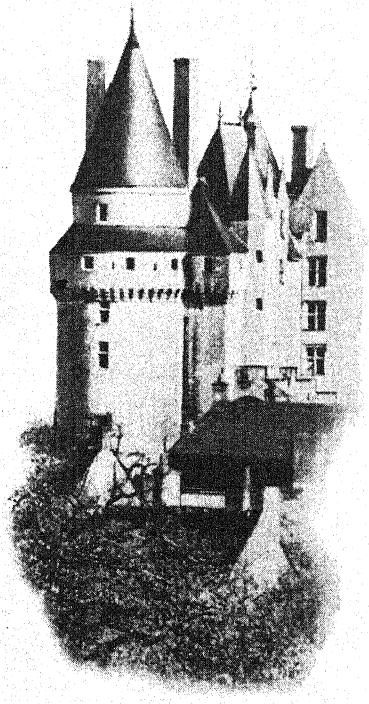


"I will be brief."
HONEYSETT IN PUNCH

AGRICULTURAL
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Valley of Castles Age of Kings

By Lawrence Elliott

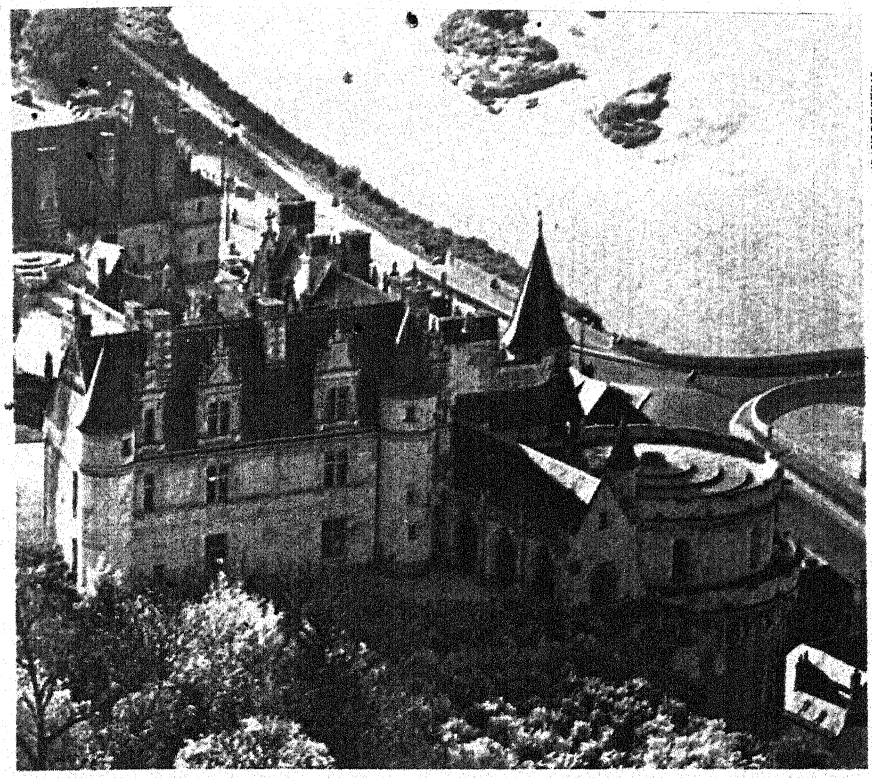


Langeais Castle, built in the mid-1400s

The incomparable châteaux of the Loire valley present a living pageant of historic grandeur

In the valley of the Loire river in France, there is a place where an enchanted castle, a fantasy of steeples and spires called Chambord, rises unexpectedly from the tranquil plain. A poet once described it as having been spirited away from far Araby during one of the Thousand and One Nights. In fact, it is the incarnation of the French Renaissance, and if you stand at sun-set along its sweeping avenue of trees, if you see it when the lowering sun has turned sky and stone a spectral red, you will be borne back nearly 500 years to the age of the Valois kings.

Of all the hundred or more châteaux in this valley, none is more spectacular than Chambord, built at the command of Francis I, most flamboyant of the Renaissance kings. Eighteen hundred men hewed and hauled the castle's stone for 15 years, and even when the construction had emptied the national treasury, Francis still managed to keep the work of his beloved



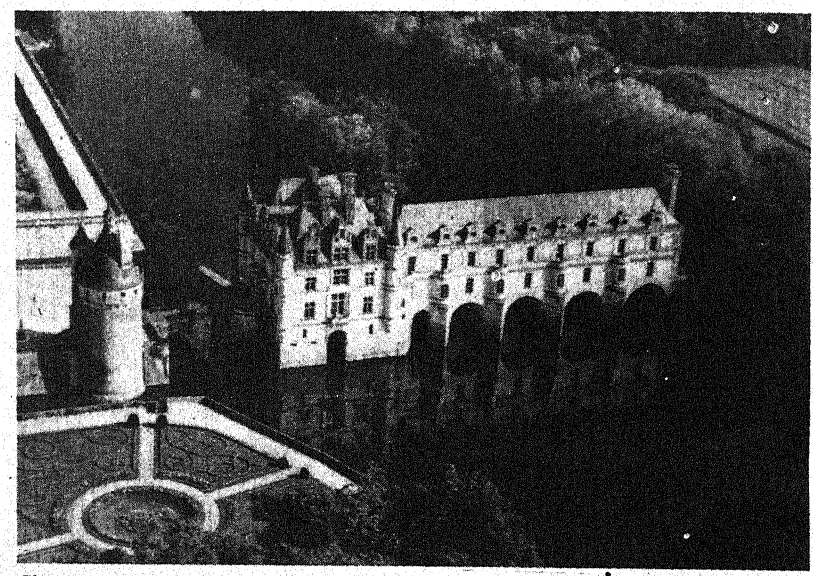
ALAIN PERCEVAL

The magnificent Amboise Castle, started by Charles VIII in 1492, and built on the remains of an ancient Roman citadel

Chambord going forward. Completed in 1534, it was an island of shining limestone in a park so vast that the encircling wall, 32 kilometres around, remains the longest in all France.

Now its sumptuous furnishings are lost in history, its endless corridors echo emptiness. Yet Chambord lives on. I stood on the terrace surrounded by an extravaganza of towers and turrets and looked out over the silent woodland. In the magic twilight my mind's eye saw the King and his lords returning from the hunt, horses clattering into the courtyard and the ladies waving welcome. Ahead lay a night of feasting and revelry, for that had been Chambord's *raison d'être:* the royal pleasure.

The kings of France had long found pleasure in the valley of the Loire. France's longest river, it arches from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic—a cross-road of European history. Huns, Saracens and Normans reached for the heart of



ALAIN PESCEVAL

Chenonceaux, on the Cher River, a tributary of the Loire. This castle was once home to the notorious Catherine de Medici

France by striking at the Loire provinces. When the kings in Paris proved too weak to repel invaders, the dukes and counts of the region fought them—and each other—from their home strongholds. They built gaunt 30-metre towers and from the parapets rained arrows and poured boiling oil on to the enemy. These ancient citadels became the anchor posts around which the early châteaux took shape.

Today the Château at the town of Angers looms up from the busy streets, its 17 towers still commanding the country-side as they did ten centuries ago. On the heights above a tributary stream called the Vienne stands another of these medieval fortresses, the Château of Chinon, a proud and ponderous ruin. Here the ghost of Joan of Arc pervades with a living sense of the past.

I crossed the bridge under the slender clock tower and picked my way across the rocky rubble to stand in the centre of what had once been the throne room, now a tumbled, grass-grown relic with only the huge fireplace rising eerily intact. From here, on April 20, 1429, the peasant girl who had a vision set out from Chinon on her celebrated epic.

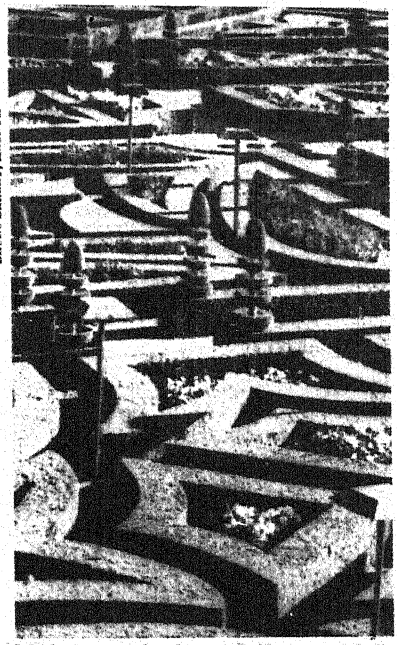
Across the river from Chinon is Langeais, a link between the darkness of feudalism and the enlightening Renaissance. From without, it

is a brooding fortress whose great Gothic towers loom darkly over the town; but cross the moat and you are in the indolent world of fifteenth and sixteenth century nobility, lavishly furnished with Flemish tapestries, intricately carved chests and heavily curtained beds.

Langeais was built between 1465 and 1469, as a bulwark against the Bretons, but Charles VIII found a subtler defence. He married Anne, Duchess of Brittany, making her provinces part of France and the rumbustious Bretons his loyal subjects. If the king's happiest moment was his marriage at sombre Langeais, the saddest was to come at lovely Amboise.

Charles had decided to make this one-time Roman citadel on the Loire his principal residence, and in the year that Columbus discovered America, the task of expanding Amboise was begun. In six years it was completed, marked by two entrance towers of such dimensions that a carriage or six horsemen abreast could ride the spiral ramp five stories up into the château courtyard.

Amboise was to be the home of French kings for the next hundred years. Today the château stands above the blue slate roofs of the town, above the timeless Loire. Silver willows line the bank of the

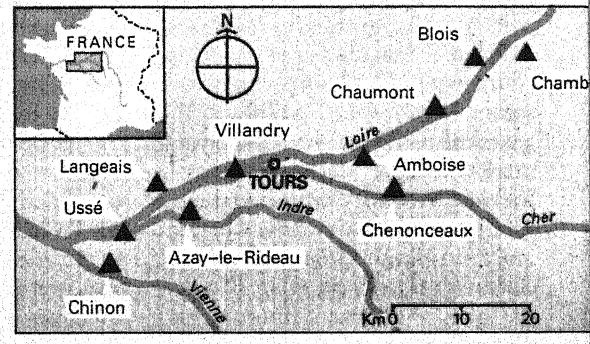


BRUNO BARBEY, MAGNUM

Made for courtly pleasure but today open to the public: the garden at Villandry

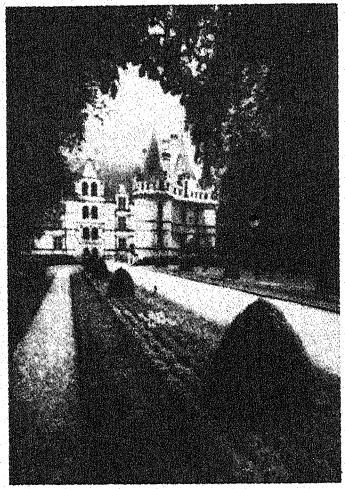
stream, curving endlessly on towards a cobalt blue sky. "The position is superb," wrote a courtier, "the country 'round about the fairest in France."

But luckless Charles had only a few years to savour Amboise. On a



spring afternoon in 1498, stepping out into the dry moat to watch a game of fives (a kind of tennis), he struck his head sharply on a low door lintel and quietly died.

Shortly after, to the French throne came the strapping, gallant Francis I, prodigal at love-making, hunting and war —his aptitude for them, historians say, most likely ranking in that order. For all that, he was a true Renaissance man. He had that searching nature, a regard for learning and beauty. No one so changed the look of the Loire valley. He maintained order so that it was safe to live outside fortress walls; defensive towers disappeared, to be replaced by graceful pavilions and glistening façades.



ENGLEBERT

Set in a romantic Renaissance park is Azay-le-Rideau Castle

While Francis was finishing additions to Amboise, counts and commoners were building that galaxy of private manors that would mark the age. Valençay, Azay-le-Rideau, Villandry with its fabulous gardens, and Ussé whose fairyland glory inspired Charles Perrault's children's classic, *Sleeping Beauty*—all these and dozens more sprang to glittering life during the 32-year reign of Francis I.

A flagstone tablet in the floor of the little chapel at Amboise Castle notes that the remains of Leonardo da Vinci rest below. Under Francis' patronage, the immortal Italian —painter, architect, genius—lived out his final years within sight of the château. His house is a Leonardo museum, with replicas of his mechanical models and copies of his drawings.

At the medieval castle of Blois in 1515, the year Francis became king, he undertook construction of the wing that bears his name, that splendid white façade with the glorious octagonal staircase in the courtyard, considered an architectural marvel to this day. On the first floor is the apartment of his daughter-in-law, Catherine de Medici, and in one of those rooms, among 237 elaborately carved wall panels, four secret cupboards operated by concealed pedals that still work. Did "that Florentine woman" really hide her poisons there, and the written record of her endless intrigues that finally shattered the

calm of this lovely place? Tradition would have us believe so.

By day or by night* Chenonceaux is the most beautiful. In the month of August, as many as 5,000 visitors stroll in its gardens every day, and through the marvellously furnished rooms, and they stand on the bank of the Cher River to gaze enthralled at the reflection of this graceful castle and its two-storey gallery bridging the still water. Locked for ever into that shimmering mirror image is the poignant story of three women, all of whom loved Chenonceaux, hated each other and, one by one, left the Castle of Dreams in bitterness and defeat.

Catherine Briçonnet, wife of the King's tax collector, devoted her life to building it, but when Francis learned that her husband had been borrowing from the royal treasury to pay its bills, he seized the castle for the crown. Whereupon his son, who would rule as Henry II, promptly presented it to his mistress, Diane de Poitiers who, at 37, became the passion of a Prince young enough to be her son and for 23 years held his fierce devotion. Then Henry was killed in a jousting accident and suddenly Diane was at the mercy of the widowed Queen—Catherine de Medici.

Catherine, ugly as her rival was beautiful, revenged herself by ordering Diane to return "a thousand gifts of which the Queen has kept a careful record." Among them was the castle on the Cher. With the ageing courtesan cast out, Catherine put the Medici taste and talent to work at Chenonceaux, adding a garden and park and the exquisite two-storey gallery across the river.

But the end was near for the jewels of the Loire. In the wars between Protestants and Catholics, Catherine and her three sons came to grief as betrayal was compounded by atrocity, disaster followed by tragedy. Almost seven months after Catherine died, bitterly aware that none of her children had sired an heir, Henry, last of the Valois kings, was struck down by an assassin. The era of a valley of castles in an age of kings seemed to be over.

Yet, the Loire's broad blue skies are unchanged and the magnificent châteaux, though long out of the mainstream of history, will always stand for a majestic span of French civilization.

"You don't learn history in the Loire valley," wrote André Castelot, the famous contemporary French historian, "you re-live it."

* From April to November there are nightly *Son et Lumière* shows at eight of the Loire châteaux that use dramatic lighting, music and narration to recreate tableaux from the age of kings.

A SIGN in my mother's kitchen read: "Never criticize your wife's faults—remember it may have been these little imperfections that stopped her from getting a better husband."

—Mrs. T. Connellan

Behind his ferocious facade, the gorilla is one of nature's most friendly creatures

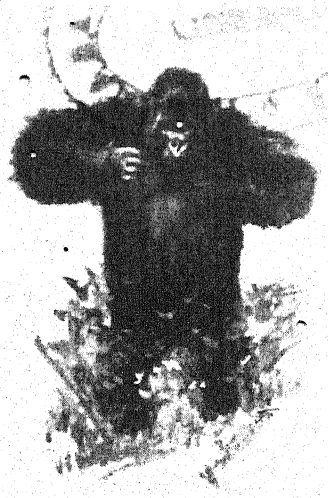
Gentle Giant in the Jungle

By Allen Rankin

He's the hulking monster of horror tales and nightmares, a beetle-browed killer who's supposed to get his kicks from making off with voluptuous young women or rending jungle explorers limb from limb. So terrifying was his reputation that when British scholar R. L. Garner trekked to West Africa to try to study the brute in the 1890s he built himself an iron cage in the jungle and, safely locked therein, waited for "it" to approach.

Such is the lurid legend of the gorilla, mightiest of the great apes, our closest relatives in the animal kingdom. It is all a far cry from reality, say today's zoologists, who in the last dozen years have finally learned the truth. Beneath those gargantuan chests, glowering scowls and bared fangs, lies a tender and loving nature. When left alone in their native habitat—the rain forests of equatorial Africa—gorillas are among the gentlest and most peaceable of souls. In carefree tribes of up to 30 individuals, they spend their days stuffing themselves with tender plants and roots, taking long naps and otherwise harmlessly enjoying life. Even when their home ground is invaded, they're inclined to take a live-and-let-live attitude.

Last year, Dian Fossey, a plucky investigator for America's National Geographic Society, emerged unscathed after living for three years among wild gorillas in central Africa. She reported that in 2,000 hours of direct observation of her hairy hosts—often within grabbing distance—they showed "less than five minutes of what might be called aggressive behaviour." Once five awesome, full-grown male gorillas *did* charge the lone lady



simultaneously. With the leader towering within a metre of her, she spread her arms wide and shouted, "Whoa!" The startled assault force stopped—and all five resumed their good behaviour.

This confirmed the findings of George Schaller, of the New York Zoological Society, who in 1959 undertook the first thorough scientific study ever made of these mystery-shrouded animals.

Some 180 centimetres tall and weighing between 175 and 225 kilograms, a grown male gorilla is 10 to 14 times as powerful as the strongest man. Standing erect, massive arms flung skyward, he seems much like King Kong, the 15-metre-high apparition of fiction. But Schaller learned that gorillas prefer to use their power and menacing display not to seek trouble but to *avoid* it. Many times, when he approached, the tribe would retreat in orderly fashion, while the ape-king stood fast. Facing the "enemy," he ripped up and hurled masses of undergrowth, slapped his chest with the resonance of drums, gave a cavernous show of teeth and horrific roars that scared even the elephants in the area. Occasionally, he would charge—always stopping just short of the mark.

"It's all a masterful bluffing act," concluded Schaller. "The big fellows seem to be torn between their duty to defend their tribes and their desire to flee from danger. So, to blow off tension and frighten their enemies, they pound their chests and throw things around."

As the animals gradually became accustomed to the naturalist's presence, their threats subsided to grunts of annoyance or curiosity. In his 20 months of research, Schaller had 314 encounters with gorillas, some of whom ventured within a metre and a half of him. One curious female even came to sit beside him on the same tree branch.

Since man and the gorilla began branching away from common ancestors some 26 million years ago, the gorilla, in certain simple respects, has done better than we have. Food? Gorillas can get all the succulent greenery they want without moving far out of their tracks. And in satisfying their gourmet appetites they have become masterly botanists, able to locate a great variety of plant foods, which they dissect with surgical skill. (The soft

hearts of banana trees are especially irresistible—causing many a plantation owner to swear a vendetta against the culprit.) Shelter? To make their crude bed-nests, they simply rake in the nearest mass of foliage and tuck it under and around them.

Peace and tranquillity? They have it—or did before man invaded their Eden. No other animal preys on them. (Of course, if they are taxed beyond their patience, they can and will demolish a man, or even a powerful leopard, with a single squeeze or lion-size bite.) They don't have to fight each other for *any* need and don't war among themselves. Frequently, several groups will share the same territory, meet on friendly terms and even interchange members.

Their government is a dictatorship so benign that it's almost democratic. The male boss of a tribe is always less a Hitler than an easy-going politician. He does sometimes assert his right to the choicest food, the most receptive female or the driest spot when it's raining. But, in general, he's tolerant and doesn't object much if another male abducts one of his concubines right before his eyes. Intelligence and a knack for getting along seem to count as much as brawn in determining who emerges—and remains—as chief. From observations of gorillas in captivity, it appears that they won't tolerate a boss who's too high-handed. States Dr. Richard Faust, a director of the Frankfurt Zoo: "Whenever our big leader gets too overbearing, the other members of the group—females, young ones and all—jump on him and take him down a peg or two without him retaliating."



As long as the old king holds his job, his subjects look to him for every decision—when to go foraging, where to camp. Communication is by voice signals—low grumbles and grunts when contented, sharp grunts and barks when scattered in dense vegetation, harsh barks when annoyed, and screams



and roars when angry or alarmed. Schaller counted about 20 distinct such vocalizations.

Indulgent fathers and uncles, the males spoil the "children." Even the leader allows them to pull his hair, tweak his nose and mock his chest-beating. Child care and discipline are left strictly up to Mama, and she's superb at the job. She lets the youngsters play their favourite games—follow-the-leader, swinging and stunting on vines, and sliding down the mountainous backs and bellies of the adults. But with only a sharp glance, she can abruptly send the kids scurrying obediently to bed. Since every infant is almost totally dependent on her for about three years, she practises admirable birth control and produces a new offspring only about every third or fourth year.

Once it was thought that gorillas are not as bright as chimpanzees. But a top authority, Switzerland's Dr. Ernst Lang, director of the Basle Zoo, says, "It's not that gorillas can't do the things that chimps do, but just that they're smart enough to do only what *they* want to do. They are all

individualists — independent and superior personalities."

The gorilla's world is far from all bliss, however. They're plagued with the same diseases as people are —especially the common cold and other respiratory ailments; their average life-span in the wild is only 20 years. Though gorilla hunting is now illegal in most areas, poaching persists, and some African tribes still hunt them for food.

Much worse, proliferating farms and roads are fast encroaching on the gorilla's habitat, threatening them with gradual extinction. "If their forests continue to be destroyed at the present rate," says Schaller, "they'll soon find themselves at an evolutionary dead end."

Wildlife sanctuaries like the Congo's vast Albert National Park offer the best hope of saving the great apes. But zoos are playing an increasingly important role in perpetuating the species. For decades all captive gorillas died before reaching maturity. The situation has gradually improved, thanks in part to antibiotics and high-protein diets. Today, 332 of the finicky animals thrive in 101 different zoo collections, some living much longer than could be expected in the wild (the Philadelphia Zoo's Massa, world's oldest captive gorilla, is still hale at 39 and Europe's oldest—25-year-old Guy of London Zoo—is considered in his prime).

For obvious reasons, gorillas are handled with utmost caution at zoos. But leading zoo keepers have also come to agree with Dr. Lang, who says, "The big secret of keeping gorillas alive and happy is to treat them like pampered people." The pampering has paid off. In 1956, at Ohio's Columbus Zoo, Baron and Christina finally did what caged gorilla couples had not done in the past; they produced an offspring. In the years since, there have been 29 more gorilla births in zoos.

All signs now point towards a happy future for city-dwelling apes. At model zoos they live in spacious complexes resembling their natural habitat. The gorillas are treated like film stars—and rightly so, for they render a vital service to the cause of conservation.

Bill Conway, director of the New York Zoological Society, says: "By fascinating city people, zoo animals do more than anything else to interest these people in the fate of wildlife and awaken them to the urgent need of saving at least a token number of our wild creatures before it is too late—for them, and for us."

Eyewitness

SINGER Perry Como explained why he'd taken to wearing glasses. "Things were beginning to look a little hazy, so I went to an eye doctor," said Perry. "He asked me, 'How old are you?' 'None of your business,' I replied. 'That's just about the age,' he said." —Mary Wood

Sherlock Holmes Lives Again

By James Stewart-Gordon



With unique insight and infinite patience, this medical sleuth proves that crime never pays

"I did it. I killed Mrs. Durand-Deacon," the smirking little man told the Scotland Yard detective-inspector. "But how can you prove murder if there is no body?"

John Haigh *had* killed Mrs. Durand-Deacon, a wealthy widow. He had lured her to a rented store-room in Crawley, Sussex, shot her in the back of the head and robbed her. Then he dumped her body into a steel drum filled with sulphuric acid. Later, when the body had dissolved, he poured the contents of the drum across the store-room yard and watched as the remains trickled over the gravelly ground.

But he was wrong when he believed that the police needed a

CONDENSED FROM THE CRIMINOLOGIST (NOVEMBER, 1970)

corpse to send him for trial. Soon after Haigh's admission, Dr. Keith Simpson of London University, who has since become the world's foremost expert in forensic medicine, was patrolling the crime scene, the tip of his inevitable umbrella flicking away. Suddenly he stooped, picked up two tiny, faceted pebbles and peered at them through a magnifying glass. "Human gall-stones," he said. "Turn the place over."

Jigsaw Assembled. Subsequently the police found bits of a handbag and portions of acrylic dentures identified as Mrs. Durand-Deacon's. In Haigh's storeroom, they found a .38 calibre revolver with one shot fired. And a jeweller came forward to report that several days after Mrs. Durand-Deacon's disappearance he had bought some jewellery from Haigh. When it proved to be Mrs. Durand-Deacon's, this was evidence enough. Haigh was charged, tried, convicted and hanged.

Later, a police official unaccustomed to Dr. Simpson's ways remarked, "What a lucky chance, finding those gall-stones. Tied the case right up." The doctor's sandy eyebrows arched a fraction of a centimetre. "Fact is, I was looking for them," he said. "Women of Mrs. Durand-Deacon's age, who live as well as she did, often have them. And since they are covered with a fatty substance, they resist acid. If you set out to look for them, you are alert to their presence."

Consultant to Scotland Yard, author of five books, Professor of Forensic Medicine to the University of London at Guy's Medical School, lecturer at Oxford University, holder of several degrees and honours, Professor Cedric Keith Simpson is a twentieth century Sherlock Holmes. Not in the strictest sense a detective, he is a forensic pathologist, a medical doctor skilled in examining wounds, bodies and tissues to determine the cause, means and, if possible, time of death. Like Holmes, his special talent is a combination of painstaking observation, breadth of knowledge and a power of deduction that is first cousin to extrasensory perception.

Dr. Milton Helpern, famed Chief Medical Examiner of New York City [See "Dead Men *Do* Tell Tales," RD, October 1970], is an old friend of Simpson. He told me: "The informed mind—able to look, observe and react when the bell rings—is the greatest computer of them all. The bell always rings with Keith Simpson."

Shrewdly Deduced. Simpson once received a call from a seaside town where the body of a man bound in ropes had been recovered from the sea. "It looks like murder," the policeman told him. Simpson went immediately to the scene and examined the body, dictating to his secretary as he worked. "Man of about 40, well nourished, no external injuries apparent—we'll know more after the post-mortem. Unless

I'm greatly mistaken, not murder but suicide."

"Impossible!" said the detective-inspector in charge. "The man's trussed like a chicken ready for the oven."

"If you will observe," replied Simpson, "every bit of rope has been passed round the body and each knot tied with an upward position and pulled tight by the man's own hands and teeth." He flashed his light inside the dead man's mouth. "There is even a small strand of rope still caught in the crevice between the two front teeth."

The police investigation found that the dead man was indeed a suicide. Knowing he was a strong swimmer, he had tied himself up before throwing himself into the water, to make sure he drowned.

Born in Brighton in 1907, Keith Simpson entered Guy's Hospital Medical School in 1924—and never left. A brilliant student, he took numerous prizes, including the Beaney Prize in pathology. Appointed to the hospital staff, he soon began doing post-mortems for the police, and in the years since has conducted more than 100,000.

Early in his career, Simpson crossed swords with a renowned expert in "The John Barleycorn Murder." The woman licensee of a pub in Portsmouth had been found murdered. For lack of evidence, the case had remained unsolved for several weeks. But then a habitual criminal, picked up on a routine matter, volunteered that he had killed the manageress of the John Barleycorn Public House while robbing the premises. "I didn't mean to kill the old girl," Harold Loughans said. "But you know what it is when a woman screams."

In checking this story, the police reviewed Simpson's original report, which indicated that the woman had been strangled by a person with a deformed right hand. Loughans' right hand, which had no fingernails and several deformed fingers, fitted the finger marks on her neck.

When the case came to trial, Loughans pleaded not guilty, recanting his confession. The clincher for the defence was the testimony of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, then the dean of international forensic medicine. Sir Bernard had examined Loughans' hand by shaking it, and had come to the conclusion that it was too weak to have strangled anyone. Although aware of Simpson's earlier findings, the jury found Loughans not guilty.

Twenty years later, however, ridden with cancer and protected by the law that a man once acquitted of a murder charge cannot be tried for it again, Loughans repeated his confession: "I want to say I done that job. I did kill the woman in the public house in Portsmouth."

The truth had been a long time coming, but it was welcome. For Simpson has not yet been proved wrong in a murder case.

Today, at 64, the quick-thinking

professor remains constantly active. He lectures, conducts up to six post-mortems daily, testifies in court, and still finds time to write. His books include a textbook on forensic medicine, a treatise on how a doctor should act in the court-room, and accounts of his own cases (written under a pseudonym). A favourite is "The Case of the Portuguese Clams."

Mysterious Tragedy. In 1959 a dental surgeon and his family left Britain for a holiday. Shortly after their arrival at a hotel near Lisbon, they had a meal of clams and veal. Next morning both parents were discovered dead, while their two children whimpered in another room. There was evidence of vomiting, and the Portuguese authorities jumped to the conclusion that they had died from eating bad clams.

Because the dentist had taken out a special accident policy for £10,000 (money that could not be paid to the children if the parents died of food poisoning) Dr. Simpson took an interest in the case. But requests by Scotland Yard to examine the bodies were denied by the Portuguese authorities. The case was closed, and the bodies—minus their vital organs, which had been removed for testing—were flown back to England for burial.

Noting an unnatural colour in both victims, Simpson took a small sample of muscle fluid from the leg of each body. It contained, as he had suspected, carbon monoxide.

"Was there a water-heater in their hotel bathroom?" he asked an investigator who had gone to Portugal unofficially.

The investigator said there was.

"Was there a bathroom window?"

"No."

Simpson could now reconstruct the case. The dentist and his wife had been getting ready for bed. Planning to take a bath, the wife turned on the water-heater. The ventilation was inadequate, and a lethal amount of carbon monoxide accumulated in the room. The parents, close to the source, were asphyxiated. The children, in bed in another room, survived.

When this was revealed at the inquest, the insurance company agreed to pay. But they had one question: how could Dr. Simpson be so sure it was not food poisoning?

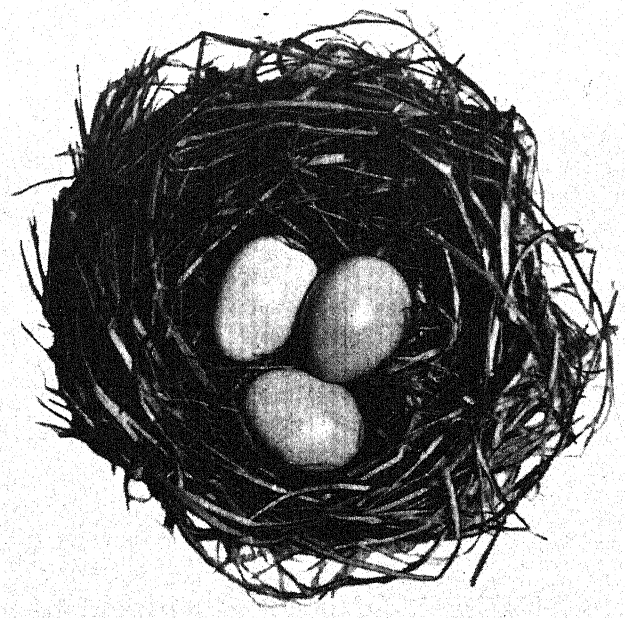
"Cherry pink," Simpson replied. "The bodies were cherry pink—characteristic in gas fume deaths. And vomiting is a sign of gas poisoning as well as food poisoning. Besides, no one else who ate the clams was taken ill. In addition, the plankton that make clams poisonous were out of season."

One of the most difficult jobs confronting a forensic-medicine expert is the reconstruction of a body from fragments so the victim can be identified. On a July morning in 1942, when London was still digging itself out of the wreckage of the blitz, a bundle of human bones and scraps

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Snug and Safe!



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of withered flesh was handed to Dr. Simpson. They had been found in the basement of a bombed-out Baptist church in South London. "These remains could have come from the old graveyard next door," the Scotland Yard detective said. "Or they could be a bomb victim. But have a look."

Dr. Simpson glanced briefly at the remains. "A woman," he said, noticing the uterus. He then made a closer inspection. "Dead about 12 to 18 months." A faint suspicion was now seeping into his mind. "Better take her back to my lab."

At Guy's Hospital, he cleaned the bones and began to examine them with his slender steel probe. "Not a normal air-raid casualty," he commented drily. "Someone has cut the head very cleanly from the trunk."

Laborious Task. Simpson's first job was to help identify the remains. He measured the longest remaining bone—40 centimetres. Using Pearson's formulae for estimating height, he concluded she was 155 centimetres. Her age was between 40 and 50.

A detective checked Scotland Yard's missing-persons files. One name among the many seemed to fit: Rachel Dobkin, 47, who had once gone to a London hospital to have a tumour examined, had subsequently disappeared. Her estranged husband, Harry, had been a fire-watcher during the bombing, near the church where the remains were found.

Dobkin, a hulking, surly and immensely powerful man, apparently had a motive for murder; Rachel's sister told the police that Rachel had nagged him for money. Yet the evidence against him was still slim. Could Dr. Simpson prove the remains were those of Rachel Dobkin?

A photograph was taken of the dead woman's skull and then superimposed on a holiday snap of Rachel Dobkin. They fitted exactly at all points. Her dentist was tracked down and immediately identified her upper jaw and four fillings he had made.

But *how* had the woman died? Dr. Simpson went over the remains once again for clues.

When his staff left that night, he stayed on. When they returned the next morning, he was already sitting at his laboratory bench, with the delicate bones of the voice box, carefully extracted from the remains, in front of him. Looking up, he said, "Murder. I have found a fracture of the thyroid cartilage and a spot of dried blood on one horn. This woman was strangled."

Harry Dobkin was brought to trial, found guilty and hanged. Reporting the case, a newspaperman told his editor, "I've just seen the rebirth of Sherlock Holmes."

Many experts in criminology would agree with him.

ROAD sign: Beware of the rolling stoned.—"Line o' Type," Chicago *Tribune*

The Exploration of Inner Space

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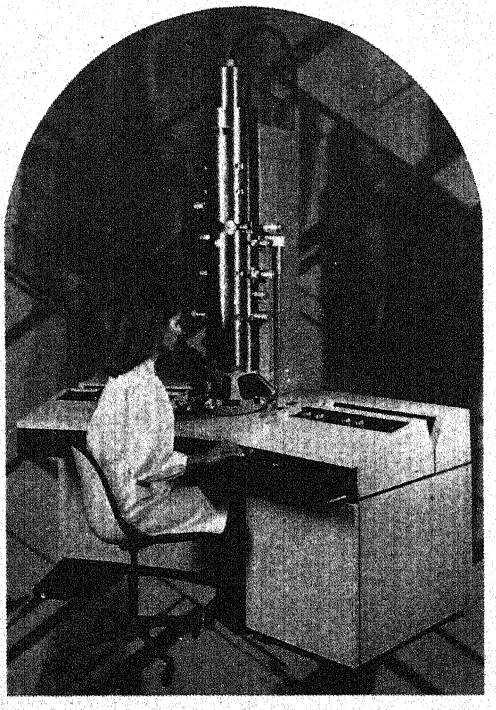
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Humour in Uniform



OUR ARMOURED brigade in the Western Desert had a young and enterprising padre. On one occasion he drove out to a remote detachment, parked his jeep and placed a gilt cross on the bonnet. Then he rang a hand bell to announce a short service.

Beside his jeep was a signal truck. As the padre intoned, "Lord, hear our Prayer," the signalman was heard to announce jubilantly, "Receiving you loud and clear!" —J. G. Lidbetter

DRESSED in full uniform, an admiral attending a function was approached by a stranger who had had a few drinks too many. The civilian draped his arm round the admiral's shoulder and said that he too had been in the Navy. Then his eyes happened to drop to the admiral's sleeve and gradually focused on the mass of gold braid. He stopped in the middle of a sentence and exclaimed, "By gad! You're in this thing pretty deep, aren't you?"

—C. Kennedy

I HAD just completed my training with the Women's Army Corps, and was travelling by train to see my sister on a five-day pass. Determined to uphold the honour of the corps, I tried to ignore the group of attractive Marine officers at the end of the carriage who were obviously discussing me.

Finally, a young lieutenant approached and suggested that I have lunch with them. I was very cool, and when he eventually asked what was wrong, I reminded him primly that enlisted personnel are not permitted to fraternize with officers.

He returned to his group, and I heard him tell them, "She pulled rank on me!" —Peggy Phillips

MAKING a routine flight some years ago, two of our four engines developed trouble. The commander gave the order that we should prepare to jump. I had never jumped in my life, and was scared to death.

Opposite me was a corporal. He was the picture of courage—calmly reading a book as we waited for our instructions. Every time I looked over at him I felt ashamed of my cowardice.

In the end, our pilot was able to bring the plane down safely, and we didn't have to jump after all. On the ground, we were complimented on our courage, especially the corporal. I'll never forget the last words spoken to him by our commander. "Corporal," he said, "I'm proud of the example of courage you set for the

men, but I'm glad that you didn't have to jump. Your parachute is on upside down." —Robert Cullum

NINE months before our motor transport division's annual camp, a notice appeared in Company Orders ordering all personnel to attend.

"Married men," it emphasized, "are warned not to do anything now that will result in compassionate leave."

—Trevor Tribble

DURING BASIC training, our sergeant made things very clear. He told us, "Don't question anything I say or tell you to do. Don't worry—I hardly ever make mistakes. I've made only one mistake in my life. I once thought I was wrong about something. It turned out I wasn't." —Dalen Blanc

AT ONE Air Force base, you enter the X-ray room through one door and leave by another. One day, while the doctor was administering barium (usually required for gastro-intestinal X-rays), seven patients calmly waited outside. Each time a patient was called in from the waiting-room, the doctor would call for more barium.

Everything proceeded smoothly until it came time for the last patient to enter the X-ray room. He stubbornly refused to go. Asked why, he replied, "I've seen six patients go through that door and none came out. It finally dawned on me. Each time a patient entered that room, the doctor shouted, 'Bury 'em!' " —Douglas Baker

MY HUSBAND and I attended a formal navy party which had a long reception line of VIPs. Having just received his commission, my husband was filled with anxiety, but somehow we managed the reception line quite well—until we reached the admiral. My husband looked him straight in the eye and then announced: "Darling! I want you to meet my wife!" —P.P.E.

HIGH-JINKS in the bus that took our children from the RAF camp to school in Aden coincided with an upsurge of terrorist activity in the Protectorate. When an armed guard was



posted to the bus, my small daughter was heard to remark self-righteously, "I knew those naughty boys would get us into trouble."

—Mrs. A. C. Jennings

SOME fellows have gone to extremes in an attempt to avoid military service. One example was a chap who had an obscenity concerning the army tattooed on the outside of his right hand, where it would be clearly visible whenever he saluted. During the induction process he pointed this out to the clerk, suggesting that it might save time to defer him there and then. The clerk glanced at him, inspected his hand, then stamped his orders: NAVY INDUCTEE. —Lieut. R. A. Storwick

Wedded bliss doesn't just happen: you have to work, even fight for it

Tested Ways to Safeguard a Marriage

By Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale

"If you want a man to keep loving you," my grandmother used to say, "there's one thing you must do—let him know that you *appreciate* him." That bit of advice would save a lot of marriages if more people put it into practice.

Appreciation takes a thousand forms. It can be a casual compliment: "You're looking great today." It can be an expression of deep affection and closeness: "Darling, I don't know what I'd do without you!" It can be an unexpected reminder. We have a friend, a salesman, who travels a great deal. Whenever he goes on a trip, his wife writes a little note and hides it in his suitcase or in one of his pockets. It's just a line or two, telling him how much she loves him, that she will miss him, that she thinks he's wonderful.

There's no doubt about it, appreciation in any form at any time brightens anyone's existence. And, like a beam of sunlight striking a mirror, the brightness is reflected back at you.

Every day, every wife and husband should take a long, careful look at each other, decide what traits are most admirable, and seek out ways of expressing that admiration. In our marriage, for example, I try to show my appreciation for

CONDENSED FROM "THE ADVENTURE OF BEING A WIFE," © 1971 BY RUTH S. PEALE AND ARTHUR GORDON. THIS ARTICLE ALSO APPEARED IN THE MAY 1971 ISSUE OF WOMAN'S DAY

my husband, a minister, by letting him know how much I admire his dedication, by praising his sermons, by trying to shield him from unnecessary interruptions and worries. Conversely, he is generous in telling me how grateful he is for a home where things run smoothly and where his energies are not siphoned off into petty distractions or details.

Obviously, there's a line that divides sincere appreciation from over-effusiveness or calculated flattery. But I'm sure for every person who oversteps the line, there are thousands who never approach it.

Countless times, talking with married couples, I've heard them say, "We've been married 15 years (or 20, or 30), and there's never been a cross word between us." I smile and nod, but what I'm really thinking is, "How boring! What a dull marriage that would be!"

Clearing the Air. I certainly don't want to imply that habitual quarrelling in marriage is a good thing. But sometimes a sharp quarrel is better than a sullen deadlock that drags on and on. And I have known cases where a married pair quarrelled so violently that they were shaken into a new and better relationship. They became friends and lovers once more.

Actually, any disagreement between marriage partners can be constructive and useful if—and it's a big "if"—it's handled in the right way. Over the years, my husband and I have learnt the importance of moving in gradually on an area of disagreement, taking just a piece of it at first (the least explosive piece), discussing that aspect, then letting the matter rest for a while. We've found that if you nibble around the edges of an argument, instead of trying to bite off more than either can chew in one mouthful, you're likely to be able to digest the problem better in the end.

Another technique I have learnt to value is simply silence at certain times. There are areas in arguments where you suddenly realize that your partner is no longer talking about the issue at hand, but something else that is highly charged with emotion. The best response is to refuse to become angry or to fight back; let the other talk himself out.

Various other commonsense approaches can take the sting out of marital disagreement if you keep them in mind: the importance of compromise (which doesn't mean giving in); the value of emphasizing the positive when making your case (negative arguments rarely influence anybody); the trick of trying—*really* trying—to put yourself in your adversary's shoes and seeing the issue from his point of view.

I think that, in many marriages, the first long step towards happiness comes with the realization that *everyone* has some unpleasant quirk or weakness, and that an important part of marriage consists in trying to balance or compensate for such failings in the person you're sharing

your life with. It's a feeling of protectiveness, not just towards the other person but towards the marriage itself. It's a determination not to let the partnership be damaged, regardless of what the threat may be or where it comes from.

For example, I know one wife whose husband is a compulsive spender. He throws money around —partly because he's a generous person and partly because, being somewhat insecure, he thinks that if he always pays the bill, people will like him. He can't afford this kind of extravagance, but he can't seem to help it.

His wife knows that she can't oppose this tendency directly, so she opposes it indirectly. She avoids restaurant gatherings, saying she prefers to eat at home. If she and her husband go to the cinema with another couple, she will often give the other wife the money for her own and her husband's ticket in advance, thus heading off any grand gesture on her husband's part. He teases her good-naturedly about being a miser, but everyone who knows them is aware that she is simply protecting their marriage and their life together.

Feminine Finesse. Most wives will find, as they grow older and wiser, that they can almost never change objectionable or undesirable characteristics in their husbands by frontal assault. Angry recriminations just make matters worse. The only approaches that work are rational discussions in moments of calmness, appeals to fair-mindedness, or quiet demonstrations of how hurtful or unwise the negative or objectionable quality really is.

A marriage counsellor I know always urges a quarrelling couple to write down their main grievances about each other. He studies each list, then draws up a contract for the couple to sign—a contract that will last for a week. If the wife will agree to cut down her cigarettes to ten a day, the husband will help her with the washing-up three nights a week. If he will talk to her at breakfast instead of reading the paper, she will stop wearing curlers in her hair. At the end of the week the counsellors call them in. If they have honoured the contract, it remains in force, and some new, carefully balanced conditions are added. Apparently this give-and-take technique has been effective in saving a number of marriages.

Every bride should be made to realize, somehow, that the way a man feels about a woman depends ultimately on the way she makes him feel. If he has deep needs, emotional, physical or psychological, which he expects her to satisfy, and she fails to satisfy them, it will be difficult for him to give her the affection, admiration and loyalty that she needs and wants.

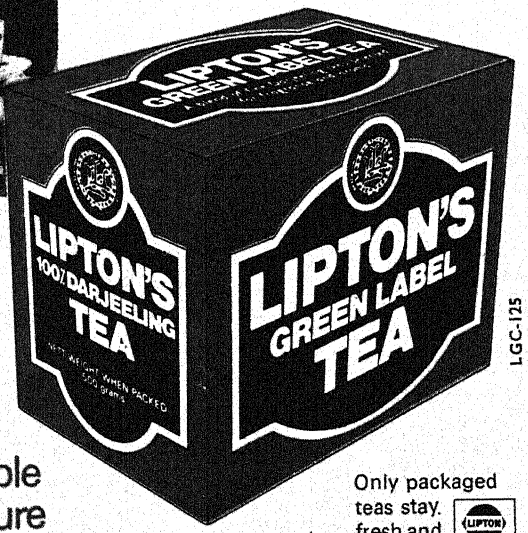
Of course, a woman has her needs, too, and her husband has an equal responsibility to satisfy them. But I honestly think that in the

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majority of cases of marital discord, it's the woman who fails to recognize and meet some basic need in the man.

Some husbands need a wife who entertains beautifully and easily. Some require a gay, lively, pleasure-loving wife. Some must have a quiet, well-organized home. And sometimes a husband's greatest need is something as fundamental as sex.

We have seen case after case where the husband complains that the wife is too tired, too busy or too cold to be an adequate sex partner. In such cases, almost always the woman misjudges the urgency of the need in her husband. And then she is hurt and astonished when that unfulfilled need impels him to look elsewhere. I believe that in thousands of homes, the seeds of infidelity exist in the form of irritations, maladjustments, small areas of disagreement that can—*unless something is done about them, as soon as they are recognized*—grow into a tangle of weeds that can choke the marriage.

I realize that many of the points I've been trying to make are simple and have been made before, but I think they're worth repeating to anyone—especially any woman—who wants a marriage to work.

- Remember to show appreciation; it's the best way to light a glow in your husband's heart.
- Watch for small areas of friction and try to eliminate them before they generate major destructive forces.
- Don't expect perfection from the person you married, because you can't offer it yourself.
- Try to control your own ego—at least to the point of seeing both sides of any controversy or disagreement.
- Study your man, and try to supply his basic emotional needs.

Orient Expressed

AN ENGLISHWOMAN, who taught at a Japanese university, describes an experience she had with Oriental "inscrutability":

"I was always irritated by this game of 'inscrutable Orientals.' I met too often with the response, 'Oh you can't possibly get it . . .' Or, 'It's no use trying to explain it to you. One has to be Japanese to understand it.' I would reply, 'You just explain it to me as clearly and intelligently as you can, and I will understand it.'

"One of my Japanese colleagues smiled superciliously on one occasion, but proceeded to explain the matter at hand with exemplary lucidity. Whereupon I said, 'I understand that perfectly.' This upset him.

"He grew serious. 'You really do?' he asked me anxiously. 'Perfectly,' said I. He shook his head sadly. 'Then I must have explained it badly,' he said." —George Mikes, *The Land of the Rising Yen: Japan* (André Deutsch, London)

For the pioneer farmers in America's West, life was a hard struggle against drought, storms, grasshopper plagues. But to a child, the High Plains of Colorado seemed a world of enchantment and adventure

A Boy and a Summer's Day

By Hal Borland

The world was all mine that summer morning. Mother asked what I was going to do, and I said I didn't know, maybe go down to the river and hunt for Red Indian arrow-heads. She made two bread-and-butter sandwiches for me and said, "Just be home in time for supper." I put the sandwiches in a paper bag and set out on my bike. I didn't know why, but I knew I had to find whatever it was I was looking for.

It was almost eight o'clock. Though the sun was nearly four hours high, the night's coolness typical of the High Plains, still hung in the air. But the hilltops were already warming up and I knew it would be a brassy-hot day.

On the high ground meadowlarks were singing; they seemed to stand on tiptoe, putting their very hearts into it. Sand verbena sprawled along the roadside and lifted fragrant, almost too-sweet white clumps of blossoms. I stopped to look at a clump and was surprised to see how many bees and ants were already busy there. Still stiff with the night chill, the ants walked like arthritic old men, and the bees had to sit in the sun and flex their wings before they could fly away with a load of pollen.

I rode on, singing inside. I belonged exactly where I was.

Not far from town I passed a

CONDENSED FROM "COUNTRY EDITOR'S BOY," © 1970 BY HAL BORLAND. THIS MATERIAL ALSO APPEARED IN AUDUBON, MAY 1970

field where the land had been ploughed the previous autumn and sown with winter wheat. Now it stood about one metre tall, gleaming in the morning sun, gently rippling like a golden sea. The bearded heads were long and heavy with fat kernels. The wet spring had brought the bumper crop everyone was talking about. Another week and the harvesters would move in to reap the precious grain.

The river was eight kilometres from town. It was called the Republican River, but it wasn't a river at all. It was just a broad valley with a gravelly run winding through. Except at the height of the spring thaw or after a summer cloudburst, the only flowing water was at Crystal Springs, in the hills north of the road. A wagon trail angled across the flats from the main road to the spring.

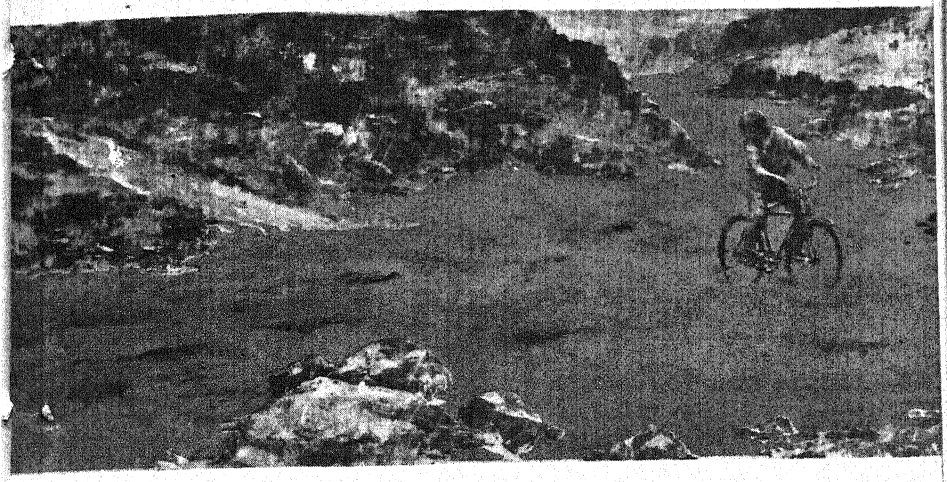
When I came to the trail I knew I would have to leave my bike and continue on foot. There was too much cactus for bicycle tyres. So I walked, watching for snakes. Where there was cactus there were usually rattlesnakes. Sure enough, as I rounded a sharp turn in the trail I saw a huge silvery snake writhing and rippling. I leaped back. But when I looked again the snake floated right up out of the trail—no snake at all but the cast skin of a snake a metre long and as big around as my arm. I caught my breath, but my heart still thumped. It was a warning. A moulting rattler sometimes strikes without warning. I walked on warily.

A short way from the road I came to the brink of a sandstone ledge. It was a drop of four metres, and below it a little valley widened into a hollow several hundred metres long where a pond of clear sweet water glistened in the sunlight.

Nature's Delights. I sat on the grass at the brink of the ledge and watched half a dozen ducks swim about, mallard drakes with gleaming green heads. High above a hawk circled, just floating without a wingbeat. I sat there for half an hour, maybe even an hour—time had no meaning—watching, feeling the warmth of the sun, smelling the water. Then two big green-bodied dragonflies came by and hovered just in front of me, seeming to look at me with those huge dark eyes. I stared back for a little while, then gave up and got to my feet. I wasn't wanted there, wasn't needed.

I went back to where I had left my bike. As I leaned over to pick it up I saw an arrow-head, a perfect red chert point four centimetres long. I admired it and put it into my pocket, wondering if it had been a Cheyenne or an Arapaho who had shot that arrow, what he shot with it, where he came from, where he went. I wondered if he had sat on the ledge above the spring and been stared at by a dragonfly.

It was past mid-morning and warming up. The meadowlarks had stopped singing. I rode on east and

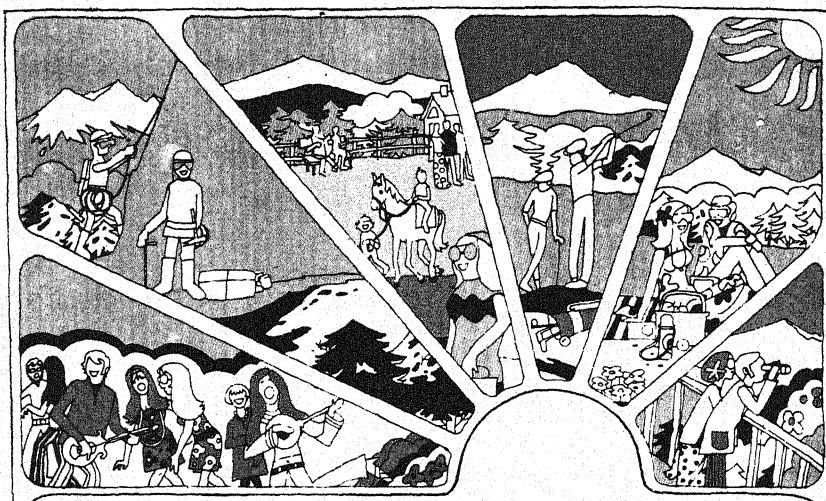


came to the crest of the long hill that flanked the river. I coasted down, trailing a cloud of dust, and crossed the gravelly dry wash on the narrow concrete slab that gave solid footing for wagons. There was no bridge, just that slab over which the periodic floodwaters could wash harmlessly. Beyond, the road wound round the slope of Kit Carson Hill. I knew I had come to climb it. Legend said that Kit Carson, the nineteenth century frontiersman, had used that hilltop for a look-out. What he looked for, I don't know. Buffalo, perhaps, or Indians, or maybe just the horizon.

I rode until the hill became too steep, then left the bike and struck away from the road. It was a stiff climb. When I reached the top, a rounded knoll perhaps 50 metres across, I turned and looked out and away. In every direction I could see the horizon. I was on top of the world. I sat down and began to eat my sandwiches. My eyes were dazzled, for the sun was only an hour past midday. I lay back on the grass and closed my eyes. I felt the warm earth beneath my shoulder-blades. I was one with the earth, like the grass. I drifted off to sleep.

THUNDER wakened me, violent, crashing thunder. I sat up, bewildered, not knowing where I was. The sky was dark, the air hot and tense. A flash of lightning ripped the clouds off to the south-west and an instant later another thunder crash shook the earth beneath me.

I got to my feet, debated whether to stay there on the hilltop and take it or to head for home. Then I realized that a cloudburst up the valley



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would send a flash flood boiling down the river-bed. Unless I got across before it came I would be marooned, maybe overnight.

I hurried down the hillside towards my bike, barely able to keep my feet on the steep slope. A spatter of cold rain splashed my face. I heard a roar from up the valley. The rain came in a sheet before I reached my bike, but I got on, pedalled furiously, and raced down the road towards the concrete slab.

Hazardous Ride. Half-blinded by the rain, I almost missed the slab. Then I was on it, the first lap of water already spilling over it. The water sprayed from my wheels, but I kept going, reached the far side, struck the muddy road beyond and lost all control. Down I went, flat in the mud. As I got up, I looked back and saw a wall of water a metre high and rising as it boiled over the concrete crossing.

I plodded up the hill, pushing my bike. The road was sloshing mud, streams rushing down its edges. I was soaked to the skin. Then the chill came, icy chill, and the first burst of hail. The stones, about the size of marbles, bruised and stung. They whitened the air for a few minutes, then let up, then came again. At last I was at the hilltop and the hail had passed. The sky began to clear. Then the sun burst through and the whole world was dazzling, fresh and gleaming-clean.

Just ahead was the first roadside wheatfield—rather, what had been a wheatfield that morning. Now it was a scene of devastation. That golden sea of grain was gone, the stalks downed and beaten into the soil. As far as I could see, there wasn't a hectare of wheat standing.

It was almost six o'clock when I got home. Mother looked at me and said, "Aren't you a mess! You must have got caught in the storm. We got an awful thunderstorm, not much rain, but so cold I thought we were going to get hail."

"They had hail east of town," I said.

"They did?" She sighed. "Well, go and wash and change your clothes. Supper's almost ready."

It was half-past six before Father came home, walking like a very tired man, his shoulders sagging. "I guess they got hailed out up north," he said. "The storm swung out across the wheat country up there and practically wiped them out."

He didn't say anything about the bumper crop that was going to put money into everybody's pocket. But it was all there in his eyes, the hurt and disappointment. He had so wanted the area to prosper, and it wasn't going to boom that year.

Mother saw it too. She said, "Supper's on the table. Let's eat. If they got hailed out, they'll have to do what they've done before. They'll make out, somehow. So will we."

CONSCIENCE money: Guilt-edged security.—John McQuaid, Saltcoats, Scotland

The Pilgrim Samaritans of Lourdes

By Armand Valière

Dedicated men of many different nationalities, they have two things in common—strong muscles and big hearts

Before dawn one day last summer, some four dozen men of varying ages and nationalities assembled on the platform of the railway terminal at Lourdes. They might have been taken for ordinary travellers if each had not been wearing over his suit a distinctive harness of webbing or leather.

Members of the great brotherhood of the stretcher-bearers of Lourdes, these men were awaiting the day's first trainload of pilgrims who flock to this shrine in the Hautes Pyrénées from all over the world in search of physical and spiritual well-being. As the train came to a halt, they boarded in pairs, reappearing a few moments later bearing the sick on stretchers and chairs.

In the peak months of July and August, 3,000 to 4,000 stretcher-bearers at a time come to Lourdes and still they are swamped by the presence of more than 50,000 pilgrims. Many of the invalids are so seriously afflicted that they are incapable of standing unaided; some of them are swathed in bandages, while others are paralysed or suffer from cancer. All of them hope for a miraculous cure like the hundreds the Church has recorded since a young shepherdess named Bernadette Soubirous had her vision of the Virgin Mary in 1858.

While at Lourdes, the sick want to hear mass in the basilica, attend processions, visit points of special interest and be as active as possible. Those who can sit up are rolled along in invalid chairs; others, incapable even of sitting, travel on stretchers on wheels.

The principal attraction for the invalids is the scene of the visions, the Massabielle Grotto, which lies at the bottom of a hill two kilometres long. Here, the spring that burst from the rock a little more than a century ago, after the Virgin's appearance to Bernadette, pours out about 4,500 litres an hour of reputedly miraculous water. During the summer months, the stretcher-bearers are assigned to the baths. It is not merely a question of helping the sick to



bathe: they must be undressed and dressed again, their bandages must be undone and redone. And after each excursion, teams of stretcher-bearers must push and pull the heavy wheel-chairs back along the steep, pedestrian-choked streets to return the pilgrims to their hospitals and boarding houses.

The job requires muscles, certainly, but it also requires heart. The devotion of these men in harness has to be seen to be appreciated. They meet the invalids at trains and planes, escort them wherever they want to go and give them round-the-clock attention. And yet, they are not professional nurses. Not only do they volunteer their services for five or ten days each year, but they bear the cost of their stay at Lourdes themselves.

The bearers' mission was born one day in 1884 when Charles de Roussy, a pilgrim arriving at Lourdes station, was appalled to see an old woman in a wheel-chair vainly begging passers-by to take her to the Grotto. Pushing her along the rough way, de Roussy asked two young men who had just returned from a wedding to help. Ignoring their formal dress, they unhesitatingly complied. A few days later, de Roussy and his two new friends went to see Father Francois Picard, the pilgrimage master, and offered to devote part

of their time to the sick. The offer was enthusiastically received. The following year, the Hospitality of Our Lady of Lourdes was formed, modelled on the Order of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, founded in 1090 to care for pilgrims arriving in the Holy Land.

Today there are over 20,000 stretcher-bearers of Lourdes, grouped into innumerable associations which co-operate with the Hospitality of Our Lady of Lourdes. They represent more than 50 nationalities. France provides the largest number of volunteers, then Italy, Belgium, Britain and Ireland. But there are others from such distant lands as the United States, Brazil, Lebanon, French Guiana and New Zealand.

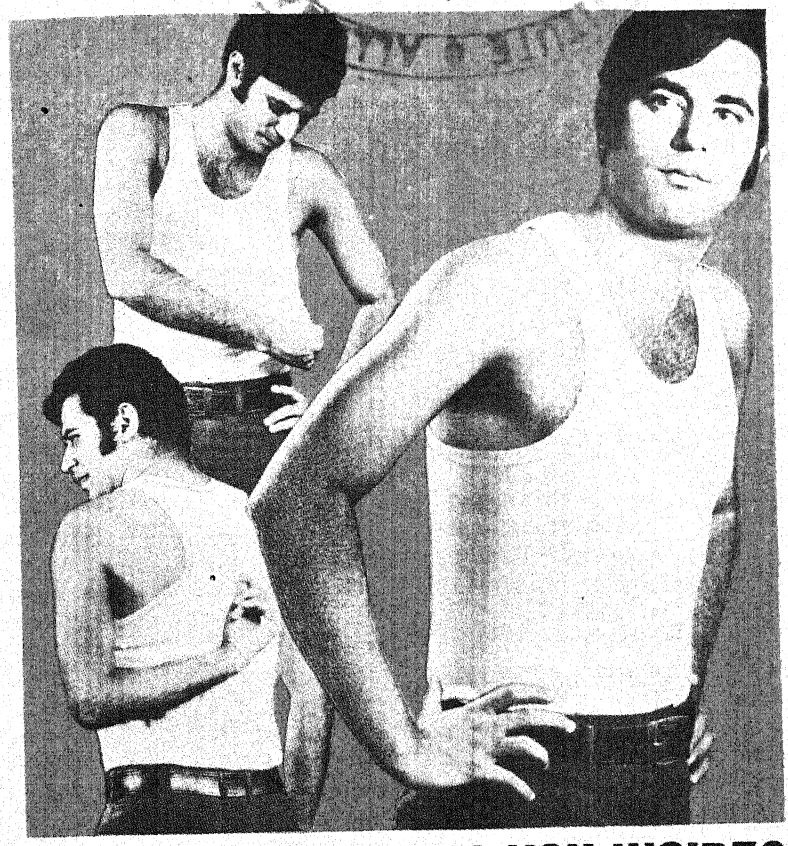
United Front. The stretcher-bearers form the world's most democratic army. I met a former cabinet minister, an army officer, a business executive and a dustman who saves money all the year round for his trip to Lourdes. I have seen a French company director and a Belgian baron take orders from a delivery man from the Paris slums because he was their section chief. The bearers unquestioningly obey the leaders assigned each day. This strict organization is essential—the lives of pilgrims may depend on the care taken of them by their stretcher-bearers.

Despite the human drama which constantly surrounds them, an atmosphere of good humour reigns among the bearers when they gather at the end of their day's service. The best way to savour this is to join them in their mess. I have seen industrialists, lawyers and workmen together rediscovering the relaxed, open gaiety of their college or army days.

The stretcher-bearers do not limit themselves to providing physical care for their charges. In Lourdes, the invalid is taken about, and rediscovers community life. The stretcher-bearer who watches over him through the night listens patiently to his troubles, comforts him and often succeeds in rekindling hope in the sufferer's heart.

A few of the bearers know the intense joy of witnessing an almost miraculous cure. In 1958, Jean-Claude Campana, an industrial designer from Monaco, was assigned to the care of Anna S., the twenty-year-old wife of a stonemason from Cap d'Ail in south-eastern France. She had been paralysed for two years, after a motor cycle accident. One morning, when Campana went, as usual, to conduct her to the Grotto, he found her in an extraordinary state of exultation: "I don't know what's happening to me, but I think I can walk."

The bearer was sceptical. In most cases, the stretcher-bearers have to restrain the enthusiasm of sufferers who, in Lourdes, live in the daily hope of a miracle. Anna stood up. Campana was still not convinced. He bowed to the evidence only when she began to walk, wobbling



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like an infant taking its first tentative steps. Anna is now completely well and has a family. She goes back to Lourdes every year, but as a nurse now.

The stretcher-bearers' mission does not end when they leave Lourdes. Back at home, they continue to visit and comfort the afflicted they met on Hospitality service.

One bearer, Francois, a 22-year-old student, looks after a scleroderma victim. Patrice, 23, has formed a group of 15 young stretcher-bearers, who organize communal excursions for their charges several times a year. These outings to restaurants or to the theatre are designed to give them the feeling of leading normal lives.

Why do men become stretcher-bearers? I could answer this question only at the end of my stay in Lourdes, after questioning dozens of them. Some are following a family tradition. "I've been a stretcher-bearer since the age of 12," Monsieur Coste-Floret, who is now 58, told me. "My father was one before me, and it was he who brought me to Lourdes for the first time. At first, I was what is called a 'page'—I was too young to carry a stretcher, so I ran errands and performed minor services."

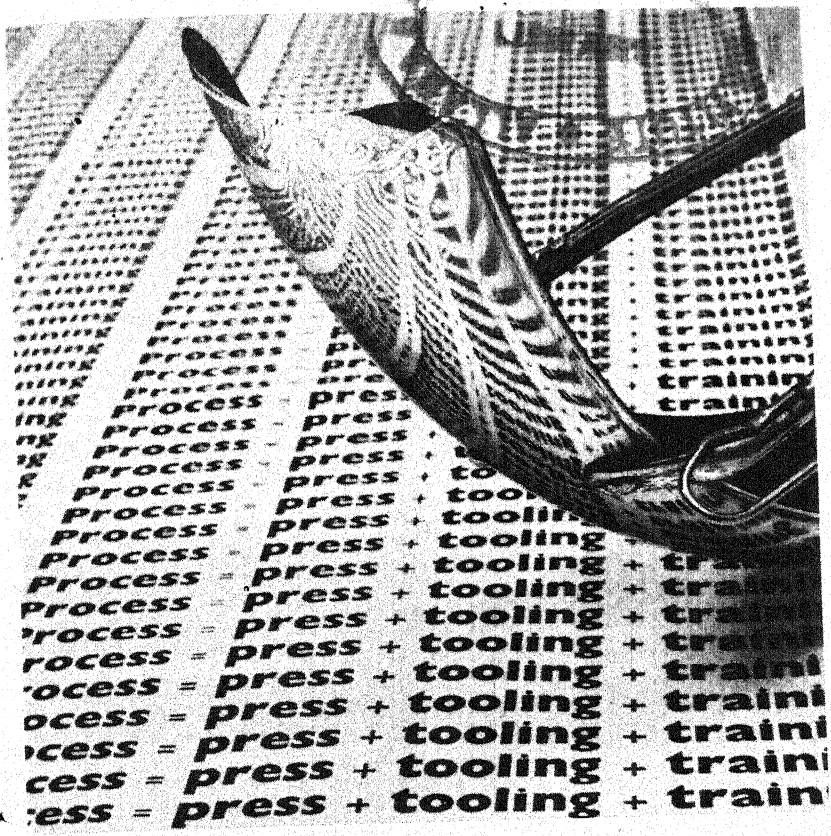
A London solicitor, one of a British group of stretcher-bearers who include a millionaire racehorse owner, a newspaper proprietor and a plumber, says, "Twenty years ago, a friend asked me to go to Lourdes as a stand-in. I agreed—reluctantly. But I was so impressed by the spirit of the pilgrims, their cheerfulness and unquenchable hope that in each of the past ten years I have made two visits to Lourdes."

Life-long Pledge. Sometimes a vow leads to enlistment as a stretcher-bearer. Taken prisoner in 1940, Charles Aymé, a Paris printer, spent four years in a German prison camp. He swore to himself that, if he survived, he would serve a term with the bearers. When he returned to France in 1945, he kept his vow. He had intended, as he told me himself, merely to "tip my hat to Our Lady," for his idea was to make only a single visit to Lourdes. Instead, he has returned 21 times and says, "I do not believe there is any other place that offers a comparable chance to create happiness around you."

Such are the stretcher-bearers. Until I met them, Lourdes, the scene of so much misery, seemed to me the saddest city in the world. I know now that it is also the city of hope, where I learned that, come what may, we must never despair of human goodness.

Vanishing Youth

You wouldn't believe it, but the same kids who are eating you out of house and home are never there. —Bill Copeland



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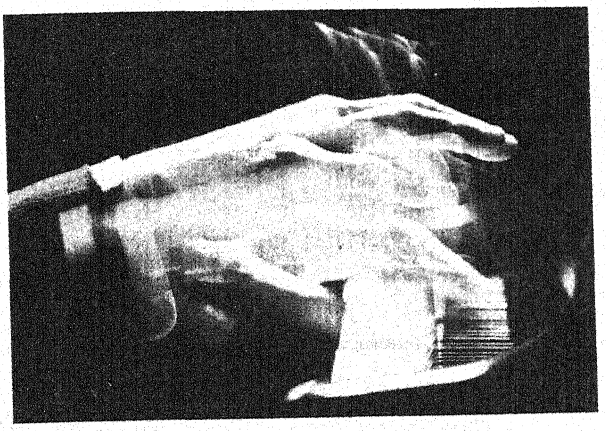
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Yamaha Calls the Tune



Thanks to the vision of one man, Japan is fast becoming top of the piano pops

By Akatsuki Kawaguchi

On April 6, 1961, a Los Angeles, California, school board invited competitive bids to supply 25 small grand pianos for its students. The competition involved examination and testing by experts of the tone, volume and touch of the piano as well as a careful scrutiny of its construction. A number of famous manufacturers were on hand, as well as obscure newcomer Yamaha of Japan.

Yamaha's representative could not help being nervous. Although he was confident of the quality of his piano, he felt like a small child among giants.

When the board decided to purchase the pianos from Yamaha, the news hit the industry like lightning. Who could ever have dreamed that an unknown manufacturer from Japan, a country with hardly any tradition in the making of Western musical instruments, could have accomplished such a feat?

Mitsuo Kasahara, Yamaha's managing director, recalled some of the

difficulties that he and his colleagues had had to go through to realize their dream of competing on the international market.

At the prestigious Chicago Musical Instrument Show in 1957, Yamaha had submitted two pianos and three organs. Since a Japanese piano was synonymous with a "toy piano" in the minds of many people, the Yamaha display of full-size instruments aroused much condescending curiosity.

Melody Maker. One day a journalist from *Piano Trade Magazine* came with an old man who, though totally blind, was an expert piano tuner. The journalist asked the smiling old man if he would like to try a new model. As he began playing, he became absorbed and the smile disappeared from his face. Enchanted by his exquisite rendition of a Mozart sonata, passers-by stopped to listen.

"Can you guess the make of the piano?" asked the journalist when the old man had stopped playing.

"Let me see," answered the expert. "The only thing I can say for certain is that the sound and action are perfect."

When the journalist told him that it was a Japanese piano, a fleeting expression of disbelief crossed his face. He quickly suppressed it and said, shaking Kasahara's hand, "You have an excellent piano."

Although Yamaha is a newcomer in the international field, it has a long history behind it. In 1887, the Hamamatsu grammar school in Shizuoka Prefecture, owner of the only organ in Japan, was faced with a problem. Its treasured instrument was out of order and no one there knew how to repair it. Torakusu Yamaha, owner of a repair shop for medical instruments, was consulted. Though willing to help, Torakusu had never seen an organ, and it was with some trepidation that he began to take it apart and study its design. Finally he succeeded in repairing it.

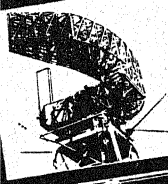
After that Torakusu could not get the organ out of his mind. In three months he built himself an organ, which he and his assistant tied to a pole and carried on their shoulders all the way to Tokyo, 250 kilometres away. Torakusu wanted expert evaluation of his entirely handmade instrument. The verdict of the professors at Ueno Music Institute: "Unusable due to inadequate tuning." Torakusu was desolate.

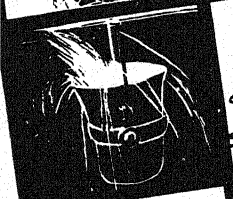
"If you are determined to build an organ, why don't you stay in Tokyo and attend lectures on musical theory?" suggested the head of the Institute. Torakusu decided to take his advice, and the following year built a second organ. This time, both the sound and vibration passed the scrutiny of the professors.

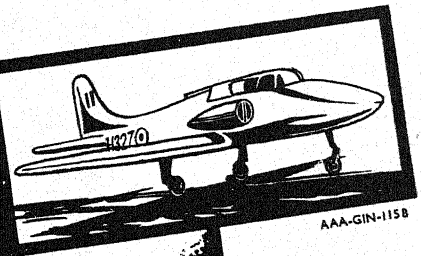
At the time, the Government had just passed a law for universal education, and schools throughout Japan were looking for an appropriate instrument for music instruction. They deluged Torakusu with

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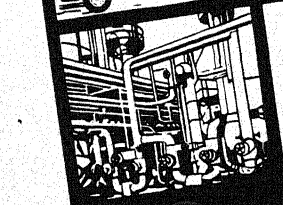


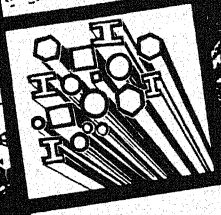


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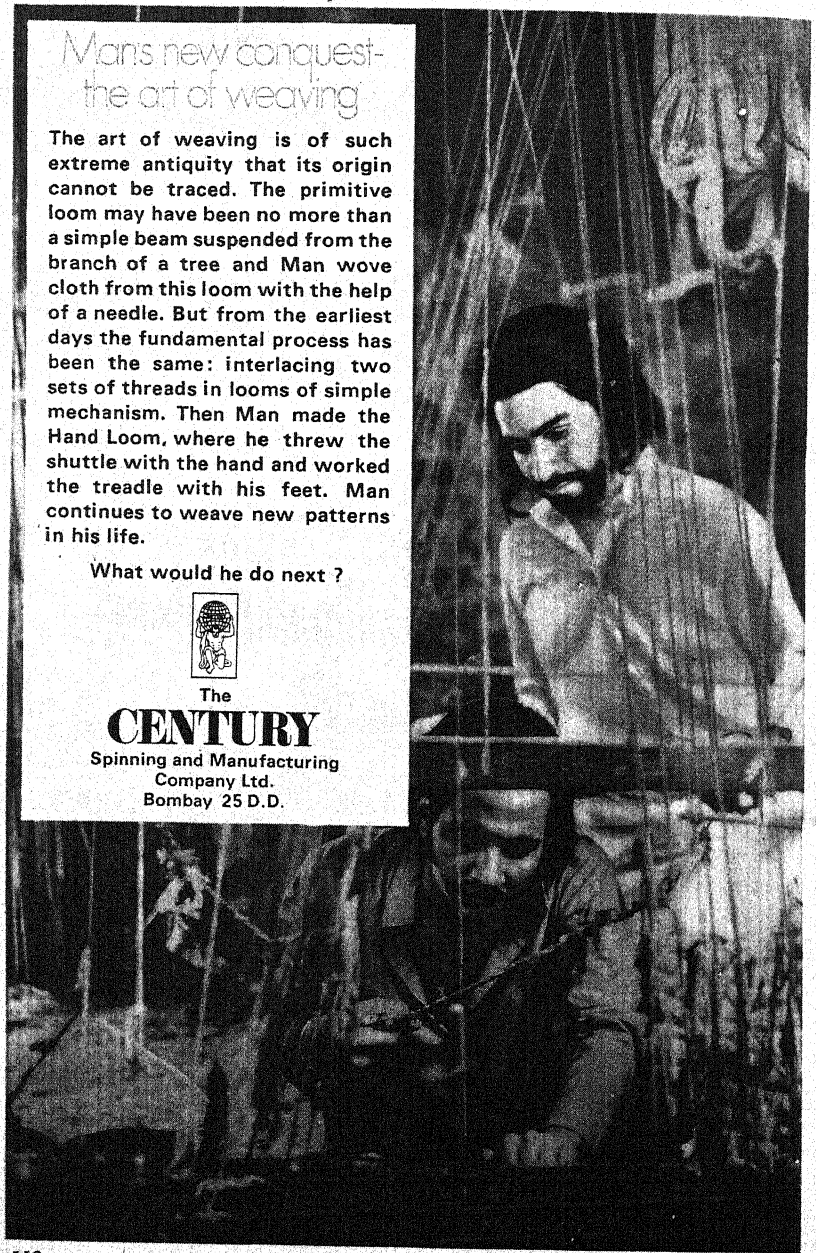






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Man's new conquest- the art of weaving

The art of weaving is of such extreme antiquity that its origin cannot be traced. The primitive loom may have been no more than a simple beam suspended from the branch of a tree and Man wove cloth from this loom with the help of a needle. But from the earliest days the fundamental process has been the same: interlacing two sets of threads in looms of simple mechanism. Then Man made the Hand Loom, where he threw the shuttle with the hand and worked the treadle with his feet. Man continues to weave new patterns in his life.

What would he do next ?

The

CENTURY

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orders. Totally unprepared to meet the demand, he returned to Hamamatsu and chose an abandoned shrine called Shindaiji as his headquarters. Then he proceeded to look for carpenters, cabinet makers and jewellers and under the sign "Yamaha Organ" began filling orders.

He also began dreaming of the day when he would make pianos as well as organs. After he purchased a piano and dismembered it, however, he soon realized that its structure was a great deal more complicated than that of an organ. And he had to admit reluctantly that it was more than he and his staff could handle at the time.

In 1899, Torakusu left for the United States to acquire the necessary know-how. For eight months, he visited one piano factory after another—studying manufacturing methods on the one hand, and purchasing tools, machinery and raw materials on the other. Back home, he began producing the first Japanese piano.

Public Acclaim. By 1916, when he died at the age of 64, Yamaha had become established in the top position in the musical-instrument field in Japan. Since 1962 Yamaha has not only led the world in its yearly production of pianos but also challenged the best makers in quality. In 1969, Yamaha manufactured 156,569 pianos—a staggering figure when one realizes the fact that the total number manufactured in the United States was about 185,000, and 80,000 in Europe.

Since Bartolomeo Christofori created the world's first piano in the early eighteenth century, the piano has been basically a handmade instrument—although Yamaha has pioneered in applying mass-production methods to its manufacture. Its performance depends on the selection and treatment of its wood. This is especially true of the heart of the piano, the sound-board.

Age-old Method. Yamaha uses the Alaskan Sitka spruce for its soundboards (or such domestic woods as Japanese maple or silver fir). To prevent cracks and vermiculation, the wood is first soaked in water for two to four years. Then, depending on its destined placement in the instrument, it is cut into various sizes and left to dry naturally. This takes from nine months to two years.

Then comes a week's final conditioning in Yamaha's artificial drying room, one of the most advanced installations of its kind in the world. This is most vital, as in the long run uneven permeation of humidity tends to cause distortion that affects the tonal quality of the sound-board.

After the time-consuming drying process, the wood's grains and knars are carefully studied and it is sent to the wood shop for "cutting." Since it is impossible to make a sound-board out of one piece of wood, it is then necessary to select

matching pieces of wood and submit them to a shaving process.

Though they have made a superior piano and attained their goal of becoming the biggest single manufacturer in the world, Yamaha engineers continue to probe deeply into the mystery of tonal quality—even as more and more musicians are turning to Yamaha instruments. In 1967 pianist Gyorgy Cziffra used a Yamaha 1966 concert piano throughout his Japanese tour. Word also came that Soviet artist Svyatoslav Richter was playing a Yamaha. Upon his return to Europe, Cziffra decided to use a Yamaha at the Cziffra Piano Contest in Versailles. The music festivals of Saint-Tropez and Menton followed the lead.

Favoured by many musicians, both classical and popular, the Yamaha is a melodious monument to the vision of the man who wasn't satisfied himself until he could satisfy the experts.

Generation Gap

WHEN electric fencing was first put up in Tanzania to keep the elephants away from the farmers' crops, it was inspected by the bull elephant herd-leaders. They quickly decided that delicate trunks suffered disagreeably when in contact with the live-wire strands. Whereupon two large bulls took up a position, head to fence, apparently deep in thought, but with a space between them. Predictably, this space was soon filled by a curious young bull intent on finding out what was going on. As if by prearrangement, the large bulls pushed him, in spite of his protesting screams and stiff-legged resistance, right through the fence. Then the rest of the herd was led through. —A. Harthoorn, *The Flying Syringe* (Bles, London)

Brains versus Beauty

THE WOMEN'S liberation people take themselves very seriously, and well they might. It's very hard to say anything to them without getting them very angry. While I have no idea what you *should* say to someone in women's lib, here are some of the things you should *not* say:

"Well, now that you've got your degree, I suppose you're going to find yourself a husband."

"Have you heard the latest one about the woman driver who . . ."

"I suppose if you take this job, you'll probably become pregnant."

"For a woman, you play very well."

"There's a girl in our office who is as good at selling as any man."

"I beg your pardon, madam, is the head of the house at home?"

"No, sit down and join us. We have nothing important to say."

"I met this woman doctor the other day at the hospital, and she really seemed to know what she was doing."

But if you really want to see her climb the wall, start singing: "You've come a long way, baby . . ." —Art Buchwald in Los Angeles *Times*



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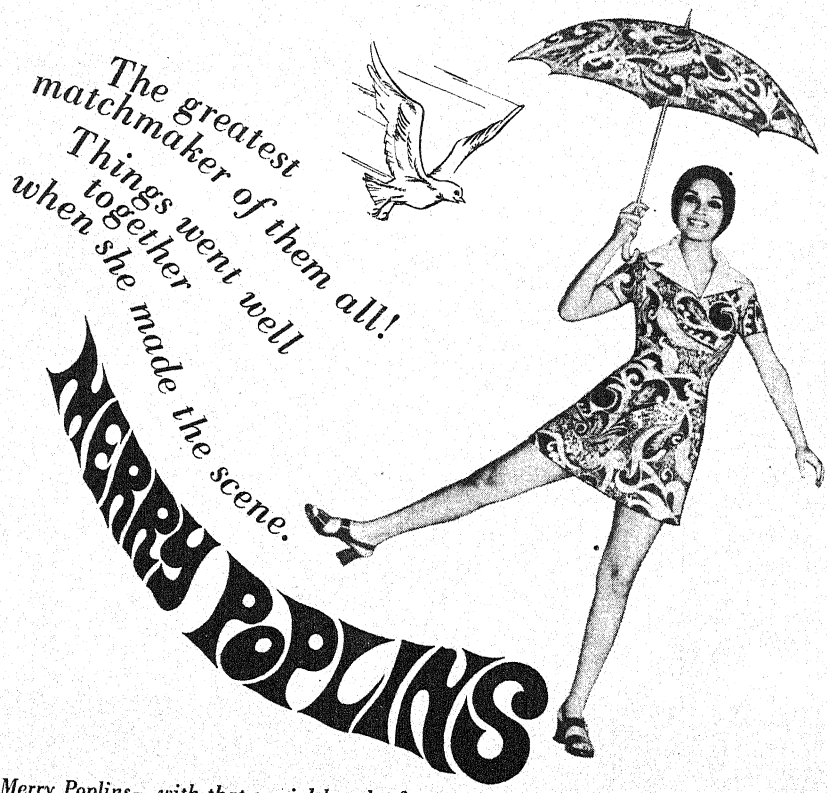
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Our Green and Pleasant Planet

By Ross Campbell

Space has not anything to show more fair

My strongest reaction to the landings on the moon has been an unexpected surge of patriotic feeling about the earth. The place has its faults, but it comes out well by comparison with the bleak, pock-marked, lifeless surface of the moon. From all one hears about Venus, smothered eternally in hot gases, and Mars with its icy-cold layer of carbon dioxide, they are equally uninviting bodies.

Earth, on the other hand, is well suited to us. It is not only our pleasant range of temperature we can boast about but the quality of our atmosphere. The oxygen is diluted just enough to prevent us from getting over-excited and burning ourselves out. Yet the mixture is strong enough to have a bracing tang. It is definitely the finest atmosphere in the solar system. Even in cities, where it is thick with factory smoke and petrol fumes, an occasional breeze reminds us that air at its best has attested health-giving powers.

A built-in feature of the earth is its convenient axis-tilt. By effecting the annual change of seasons, this relieves us from monotony. It brings the agreeable alternation of tennis and football, sweaters and bathing costumes, green trees and bare forest.

We are fortunate also in the satisfactory speed at which the earth turns. I have long been a staunch advocate of the 24-hour day, which fits in admirably with our working and sleeping habits. Consider the situation if our planet spun as rapidly as Saturn, which rotates once every ten hours. One would be constantly getting in and out of bed.

The earth's force of gravity has come in for a certain amount of criticism. Some maintain it is too strong, pointing out that you can break a leg by falling a metre or

CONDENSED FROM "SHE CAN'T PLAY MY BAGPIPES"

two. Against this is the advantage that houses do not blow away easily. I believe that, by and large, our gravitational pull has been a valuable steadying influence.

Complaints are sometimes heard about the weather on earth. But even at its worst it is better than no weather at all. Persons meeting casually on the moon would find it hard to start a conversation. Possibly one could say: "Meteorites are a bit heavy for this time of year." After that, an awkward silence.

Not least of our planet's merits is its proven durability. Given proper maintenance, the earth should be good for many more years of reliable, if not altogether trouble-free, service. In this connexion I was impressed by a remark made in an interview by Colonel William Anders, one of the astronauts who went round the moon in the Apollo-8 spacecraft.

Asked what he felt when he saw the earth from far out in space, he said he had been struck by its colours and its smallness. He added: "I felt that we should join with our brothers to preserve this small, beautiful, fragile planet."

Labour-Making Devices

My idea of a machine is that it should be a slave; but, more and more, the machine is making *us* do the work, making *us* the slave.

Until recently, if I wanted to telephone somebody in, say, Southwold, I lifted the receiver and said "Southwold 1234, please," and *they* did the rest. Now *they* have been replaced by a machine. It takes me ten minutes to find that I must dial 0502721234, and, if I get a digit wrong, it will be the Reykjavik Public Library.

At the moment it is still possible to find a garage with that superb machine, a man, to whom one can say "Four of the cheap, please" and he will do the rest. But at more and more garages mysterious, complicated pumps are being installed covered with dials and buttons, octane ratings, lists of various makes of motor car.

If I buy a bag of lawn fertilizer, a machine has sewn it up across the top with some fancy stitch, easy for machines but hard for people. It is supposed to open magically, but it never does.

Sweets come in hermetically sealed Cellophane bags, bacon in packs from which the air has been extracted so totally that all the rashers are tightly stuck together; so there is more work, separating those greasy slices without tearing them. I don't remember tearing bacon in the days when a man in a white coat turned the handle of a red machine and asked you which thickness you wanted.

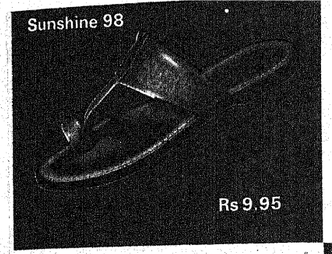
I propose a simple question to all who think they are streamlining our lives. Whose time and effort is the mechanization saving—theirs or the consumer's?

—Paul Jennings in *The Daily Telegraph Magazine*

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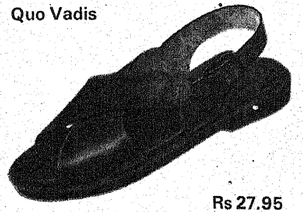
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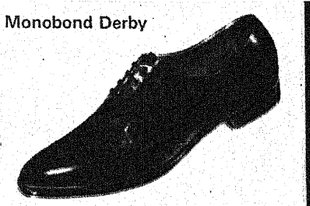
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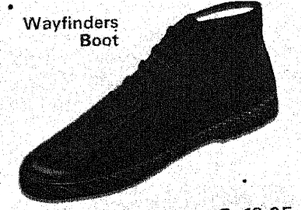
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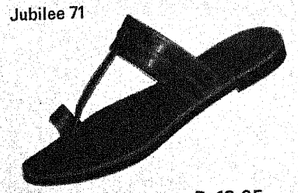
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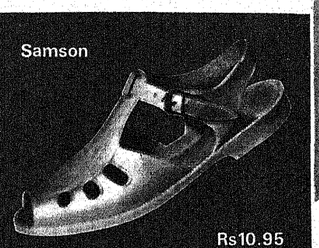
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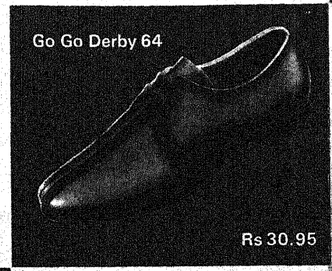
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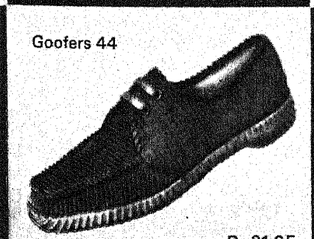
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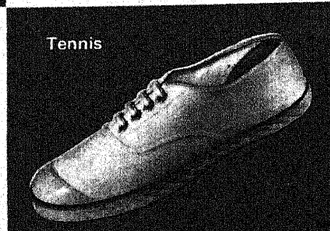
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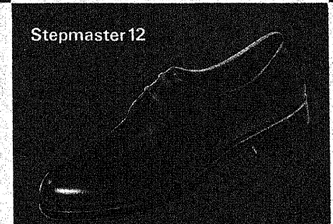
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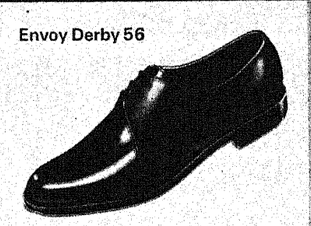
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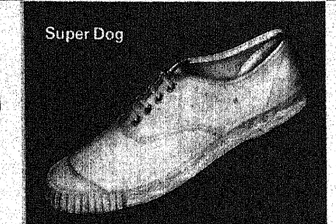
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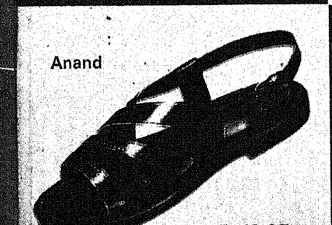
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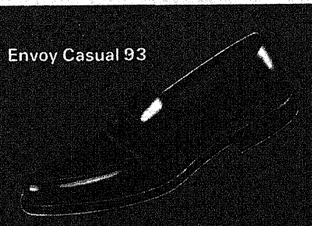
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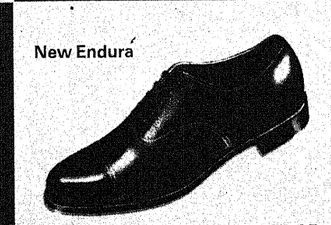
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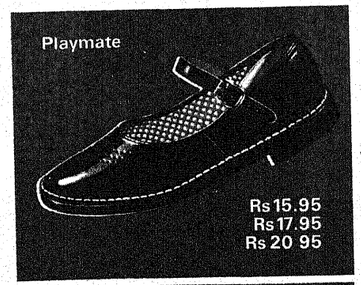
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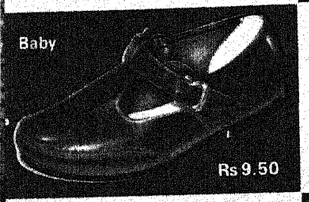
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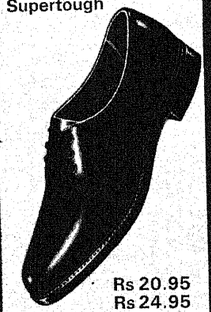
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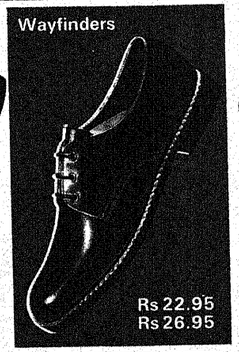
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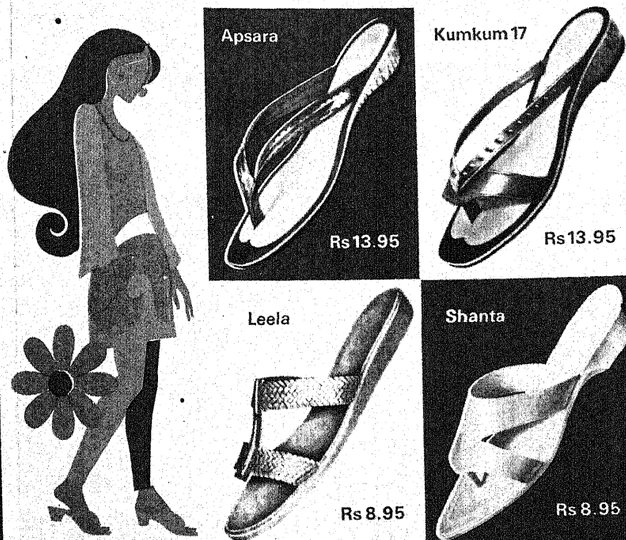
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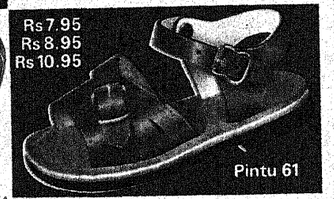


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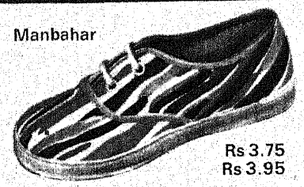


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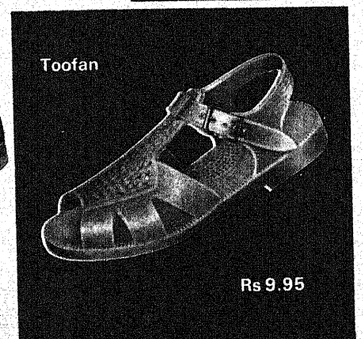


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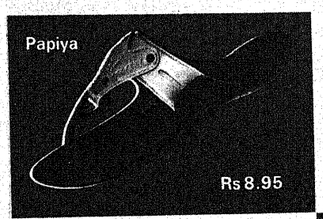
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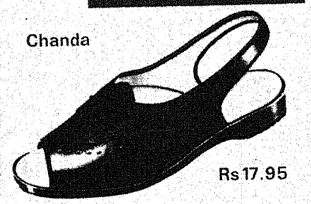
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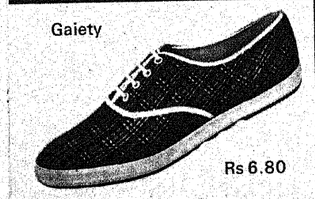
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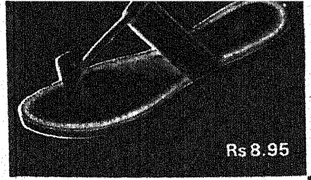
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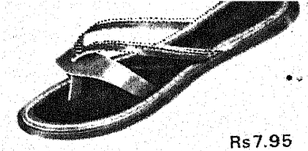
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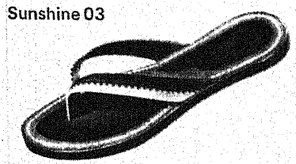
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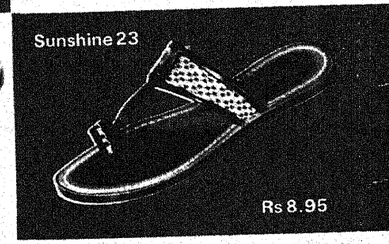
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Lost Capital of Ancient Greece

The massive columns were uncovered, then the marble head of Alexander the Great. After 2000 years Pella had been rediscovered

By Albert Maisel

Pella was just a crossroads town amid the wheatfields of the Central Macedonian plain twenty-five hundred years ago. Then, around 400 B.C., King Archelaos made it his capital, and new palaces and temples began to arise. Within two generations, it had become the capital of all Greece, united for the first time by Philip II of Macedon. As Philip's son, Alexander the Great, led his conquering phalanxes through Egypt and Persia to the Indus River, Pella blossomed into one of the capitals of the civilized world.

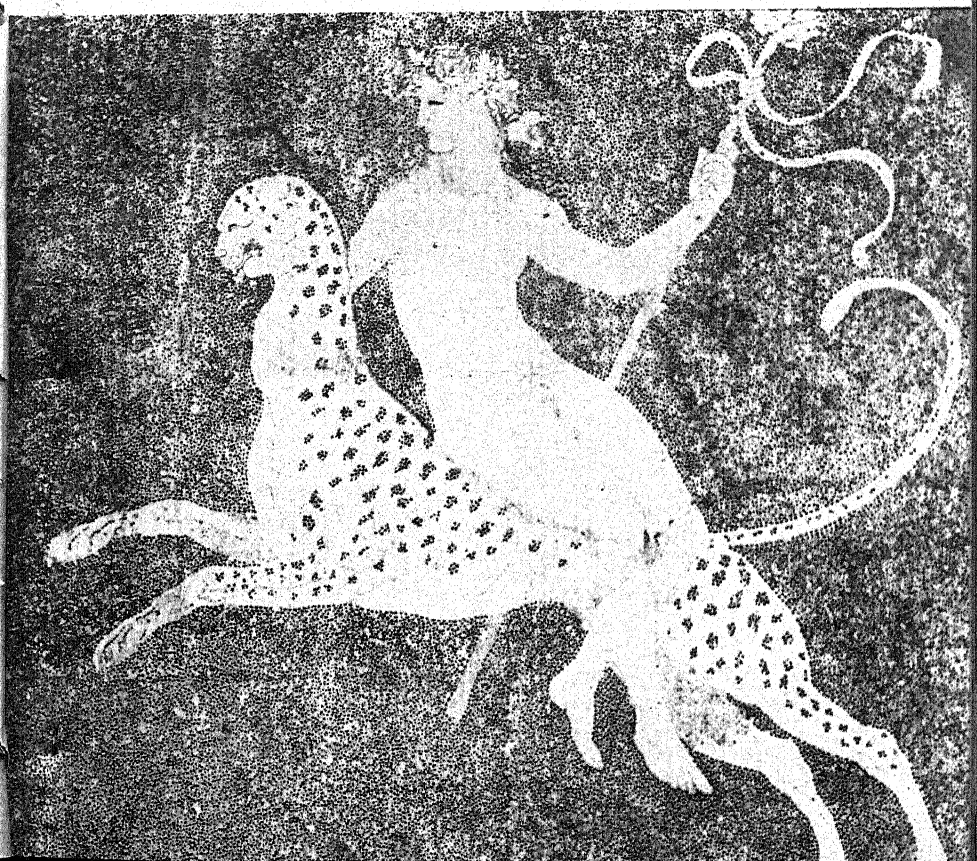
For more than a century, Pella prospered and spread out across the plain. Into its mint flowed countless talents of gold and silver to emerge as Philips and Alexandrines, the first universal currencies. Into its storehouses, as in the whole Hellenistic empire, flowed cotton from the valley of the Nile, spices from Ceylon, even tin from the mist-bound mines of Albion. Like a magnet, it attracted philosophers, painters and sculptors. In Pella the ageing Euripides wrote his *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *Bacchae*. Some time later, Aristotle spent several years in the city teaching science and philosophy to the young Prince Alexander and other nobles.

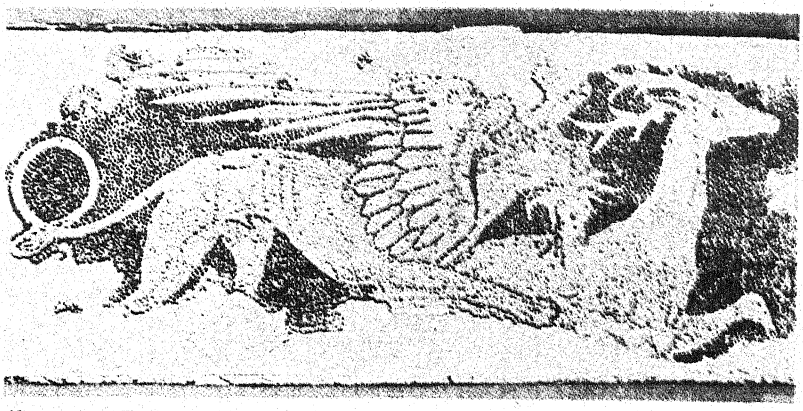
Then, in three successive wars, the rising

power of Rome crushed Macedon. In 168 B.C. the last of its kings, Perseus, was captured and carried off. The small river that had once connected Pella with the Aegean Sea was allowed to silt up. The busy port became a marshy, malarial swamp. Over the centuries, layers of wind-blown dust covered the palaces and temples under a carpet of fertile loess, until finally even the location of the great city was almost forgotten.

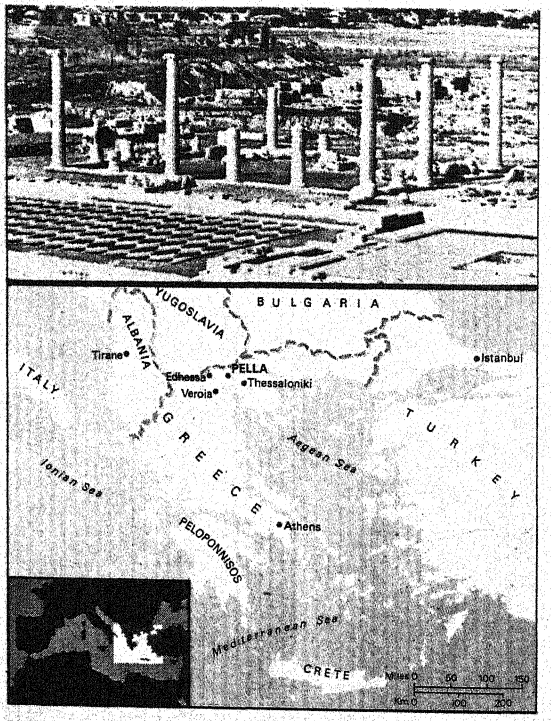
Pella might, in fact, have remained no more than a memory but for the single-minded persistence of one Greek: Photios Petsas, today in his fifties. Trained in archaeology at the universities of Salonika and Cambridge, he returned to his homeland in 1953 to join the Greek Archaeological Service. A

A mosaic of water-smoothed pebbles shows Dionysos, deity of wine, astride a panther





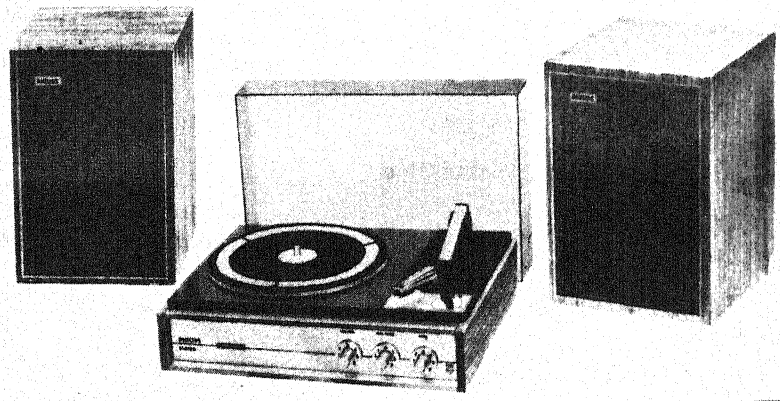
Above: A griffin attacking a stag decorates this fourth century B.C. mosaic
Below: A portion of the main excavation site at Pella



junior assistant, he spent his days sorting broken sherds of pottery in the archaeological museum in Salonika. But in his own time he pursued a dream. Evening after evening he pored over stacks of old reports. Every weekend he wandered over the prairies west of Salonika in search of some vestige of an ancient wall that might signal the location of the buried city.

In the yellowing files he finally came across one thin clue. From 1913 to 1915, the late Professor Georgios Oikonomos had dug a few trial

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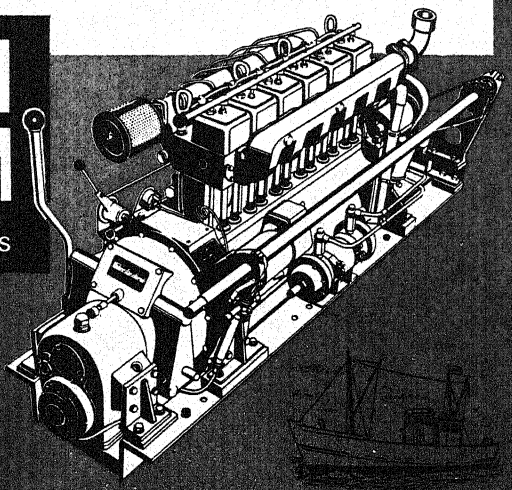
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trenches near the little village of Holy Apostles, 40 kilometres northwest of Salonika. He had uncovered only a couple of ancient stone mortars and pestles, but to Petsas knowledge of the find constituted an irresistible challenge.

Petsas began knocking at village doors, searching for someone who could tell him more exactly where the digging had been done more than forty years before. Only a few old people vaguely recalled that a stranger had found what they called "the buried pharmacy," but one peasant showed Petsas the handle of a wine jug that his plough had turned up and that bore an impress dating it in the second century B.C. And in another house he was shown a small *pelike* vase of a type not made since the days of Alexander the Great.

Most important of all, he discovered Athanassios Kondrouphis, the village school-master and an avid amateur archaeologist. Together the two enthusiasts canvassed every house and ultimately assembled more than 30 "finds" which they put on display. Then, during the next ploughing season, Petsas, Kondrouphis and a troop of his pupils walked every furrow in a kilometre-and-a-half radius and nearly doubled their collection.

To Petsas these finds had only one meaning: under the village and its surrounding fields must lie the remains of an ancient settlement so large that it could be nothing less than the lost metropolis itself. But when he reported this to his superiors at the museum and asked for the money and the time to conduct a trial dig, his excitement was met with shrugs. He was told to go back to sorting bits and pieces of pottery.

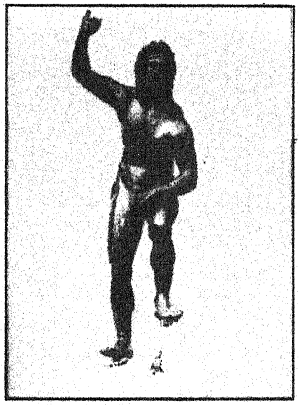
Three frustrating years dragged by. Then, early in 1957, Kondrouphis came to see Petsas in Salonika. He babbled wildly about "a cellar,"

This detail of a mosaic shows the precise placement of each coloured pebble in cement



"columns" and "a tremendous discovery," insisting, "Come now, come quick!"

When Petsas reached Holy Apostles a few days later, the school-master was waiting. He led him a kilometre from the village to the house of shepherd Vassili Stergios. Vassili's father had been enlarging a cellar storeroom when his pick had struck something hard. He had carefully dug round it and found the perfectly rounded drum of a fluted stone column. Three metres away he had again struck stone and found the base of another column.



One of the treasures of Pella is this handsome bronze statue of Poseidon

The next morning, surrounded by a crowd of curious villagers, Petsas, Kondrouphis and their eager schoolboys began digging outside the house, aligning their trench with the two column bases already found in the cellar. Within an hour, a cheer went up as a third column emerged—then a fourth and a fifth. By the end of the week the bases of 20 columns had been located, arranged in a perfect rectangle. They had once bordered the central courtyard of what had been a magnificent Greek house.

This time, Petsas cabled his report to the Ministry of Education in Athens, which then included the department of archaeological diggings. But neither Petsas nor the governor of the district of Pella nor the local people could bear to wait for the reaction. In near-by villages collections were taken up so that nothing need interrupt the digging. By the time Professor Spyridon Marinatos, head of the Greek Archaeological Service, arrived at the site a month later, trenches had revealed the existence of a whole series of great rooms!

Petsas was now granted 10,000 dollars (Rs. 75,000) to pursue systematic excavation. From mid-1957 on, his diggers carefully removed earth from room after room. They discovered innumerable red clay roof tiles bearing markings that clearly identified them as "made in Pella" at the Royal Macedonian Tileworks. Also, they came across numerous clay figures, hellenistic marbles, vases and other objects. One important find was a bronze figure of Poseidon, god of the sea, raising one commanding arm to hold his trident aloft. Another was a marble head of Alexander the Great, found near Pella and preserved after more than 2,100

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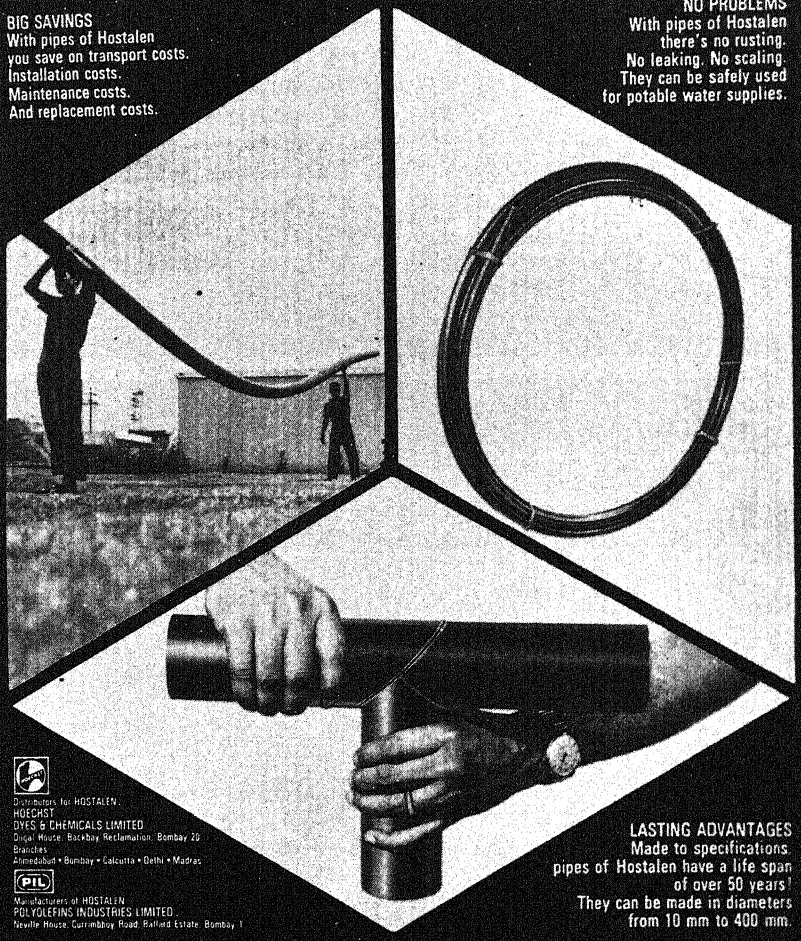
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But it was the mosaic floors of the rooms that awed the excavators. For here were no mere geometric patterns. Artists had created a series of breathtakingly beautiful "paintings," using a palette of multi-coloured, water-rounded pebbles that must have been gathered from every stream and rivulet in Macedonia. One scene depicts a griffin, with wings outspread, attacking a fleeing stag. Another, more than nine square metres, represents Dionysos, god of wine and fecundity, riding on the back of a bounding panther. A third, startling for its beauty, probably depicts the young Alexander being saved from a lion by his friend, General Krateros—an incident described by contemporary writers.

The artists who had created these mosaic treasures had firmly bonded each pebble in wet cement, but over the centuries this matrix had crumbled, leaving the stones loose like chick-peas in flour. One heavy rain —or the feet of one careless workman—might ruin in an instant what nature had preserved for over 2,000 years.

To avert any such disaster, Petsas and his assistants poured a thick layer of water-soluble paste on to the exposed pebbles, locking each one into position. Then, section



by section, they lifted the castings and turned them over. The protruding pebbles of the reverse side of the mosaic were then covered with a layer of concrete reinforced with bronze bars. When the "sandwiches" of concrete, pebbles and paste were turned over once more, the paste was washed away, and the mosaics reappeared in all their original beauty.

By the end of 1957, many rooms of this first mansion had been partially uncovered, and the digging had progressed to the streets beyond. These were not the narrow, winding lanes of an unplanned town; the width of the avenues would have permitted even the Macedonian army's mightiest, stone-hurling siege weapons to pass unimpeded. Beneath these streets, the explorers uncovered a complex system of conduits made of baked clay and equipped with great pottery settling tanks that served as filters; only clear water could thus reach Pella's householders.

As the circle of excavation expanded, it became apparent that this was the heart of the city, where Macedonian generals and high court-officials erected their mansions. Next, Petsas and his assistants turned their attention to a knoll that rises abruptly from the flat fields where once lay the bed of Pella's ship-turning basin. They

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found this to be the fortress island of Phakos, described by ancient historians as a treasury of the kings of Macedon and a place of detention for distinguished hostages. Beneath the remnants of its heavy stone battlements the archaeologists have even found sherds of bronze-age pottery that prove this was an occupied site at least 1,000 years before the flowering of Macedon.

About 1,500 metres to the north of the main excavations lie two low hills. On one, covered today by the modern village, excavation is currently impossible. On the summit of the other, however, trial trenches have revealed the remains of foundation walls 2·2 metres thick and the bases of columns a little more than a metre in diameter. It is here that Petsas hopes to find the original palace built for King Archelaos, and even more extensive structures which must have been added later as Macedon grew mighty and rich under Philip, Alexander and their successors.

But for all the richness and artistry that have already been revealed, Pella today is in the same position as the much smaller Pompeii when serious excavations were started there more than 200 years ago. That is, the digs have turned back only small corners of the great carpet of earth that covers the once powerful capital.

It is believed, for instance, that Pella had one great temple dedicated to Athena Alkidemos—and probably several other public or religious buildings. It is believed, too, that on some hillside there stands a theatre upon whose stage Euripides himself once stood. And it is also possible that somewhere beneath the soil lie the ruins of a library, reminiscent of the one established by Alexander's successors in Pergamum in Asia Minor and Alexandria in Egypt.

Enough of Pella's splendours have already come to light to inspire archaeologists to ever more intensive digging. Already the dream of Photios Petsas has come true; but to future generations this dream will seem but a preface. For with every passing year a bit more of the glory of that powerful city stands revealed.

Sound Policy

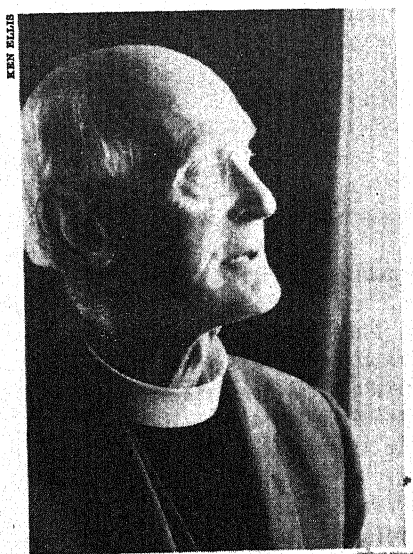
POET James Whitcomb Riley was once criticized severely by writer Ambrose Bierce, a man of fierce temper. Asked how he responded, Riley replied, "I hit him with a chunk of silence." —*C.W.*

ISRAEL's Prime Minister Golda Meir turned down an *aide's* request that she talk to reporters, explaining, "You can't improve on saying nothing." —*As Good as Golda*, edited by Israel and Mary Shenker

How a lifetime of love was triumphantly rewarded

The Clergyman and the Wild Flowers

By George Kent


KEN ELLIS

At the age of 87, the Reverend W. Keble Martin was living in retirement in Devon, England, making do on his clergyman's pension of Rs. 9,000 a year.

He pottered in his garden, a trifle lonely at being out of the bustling, modern world. When he ambled down the country lanes to the village, he looked fondly at the wild flowers, for he had given them a lifetime of love.

Suddenly, in May 1965, there was a dramatic change. This obscure parson became famous overnight, honoured from one end of Britain to the other. Some men have triumphed late in life, but few aged 87, and none under such magical auspices.

In the long summer afternoons before the great events, Keble Martin worked over his wild-flower paintings, the tangible fruits of a consuming passion that paralleled —and subtly complemented—his long and useful career in the Church.

There they lay in their portfolio on his table, and there they seemed destined to remain when, out of the blue, came a bolt of magic.

But we are getting ahead of our story, which is an astonishing one

AGRICULTURAL

because so many things about it are other-worldly. Among them are four happenings that can only be described as small miracles.

The story starts more than 90 years ago in Devon, when young Keble was growing up. It was a wonderful age. He and his brothers and sisters dwelt in a paradise of unspoiled nature: wrens, warblers and redstarts at the window, skylarks in the meadow, skating spiders on the pond. Keble spread a mixture of beer and treacle on the trees to trap moths; he collected mosses; he kept a record of bird migrations. It was altogether a full and joyous boyhood.

His father was a clergyman, his grandfather a bishop. When the time came, Keble went up to Oxford University to study for the ministry. While he was there he also specialized in botany, and it was then that he conceived the idea of assembling all the wild flowers of Britain in a book.

To do this properly he would have to draw them; and this was a problem because he had never set pencil to sketching pad, never opened a box of paints. *Miracle number one* was his discovery in himself of a rare talent—a genius, almost—for line and colour.

When he was ordained in 1902, Keble Martin deliberately opted for an industrial parish in the north. After the time he had given to the flowers, the contrast was harsh. In one colliery town, he remembers going down the mine, visiting the miners' families, who looked affectionately on him. In 1918 he was a chaplain with the British Expeditionary Force in France.

Back in Devon after the war, he at last felt able to make time for his flowers, although his work load was enough to daunt an ordinary man. Instead of one church, he had three; Sundays saw him bicycling from vestry to vestry, taking all the services from early Communion to Evensong. You would think his body would have clamoured for rest —but you did not know Keble Martin, nor the passion that sustained him.

Most of his fieldwork had perforce to be done during his annual holiday. But he could not abandon his church work even then. So at Sunday midnight he would set out for Newton Abbot where he caught the night express to Edinburgh. Early on Monday morning, he would be off to the Clova Mountains or Ben Lawers, trowel and compass in his pocket with pencils, paper and collecting tins. His eyes sparkled. He breathed deeply. He was experiencing joy in its purest sense—joy in flowers, joy in birds, joy in life.

The *London Catalogue of British Plants* which was arranged in plates was a great help. As he drew each flower he ticked it off in red ink. As he went on collecting and drawing, it became another and loftier pursuit, a desire to share with the world his own love for the growing

things. The thought of gain or fame never entered his mind.

Often he would tramp all night to catch a sunrise atop some peak. Once he found the rare *Saxifraga cernua*—in *flower*! Lifting it carefully, he returned to his hotel room and sketched his find; then, because the species was probably on the verge of extinction, he walked back, scrambling up a mountain to replace the flower where he had found it—a hike of a few kilometres.

On Thursday night he would start home, sitting up in the train, elbows tight against his body to steady his hand as he sketched the 20 or 30 flowers he had gathered. On Friday morning, without pausing to sleep, he would set off on his parish rounds and begin preparations for the Sabbath.

The flower-gathering went on year after year; the number of drawings grew through days and nights of walking, climbing and often of desperate fatigue as he gave every moment he could spare from his duties as vicar.

End of a Quest. He had 1,485 flowers, but the final specimen needed to crown his life's work—the beautiful Lady's Slipper orchid, *Cypripedium calceolus*—eluded him. A space for it on Plate 52 had been vacant for 25 years when, suddenly, came *miracle number two*.

Ernest Ridgard, a neighbour, dropped in at the vicarage one day. When he heard of the flower so desperately sought, he remembered finding a Lady's Slipper years before in overgrown shrubbery at Hornby Castle near Lancaster. He and Sir Harold Parkinson, for whom he worked as a gardener, had transplanted it to the rock garden.

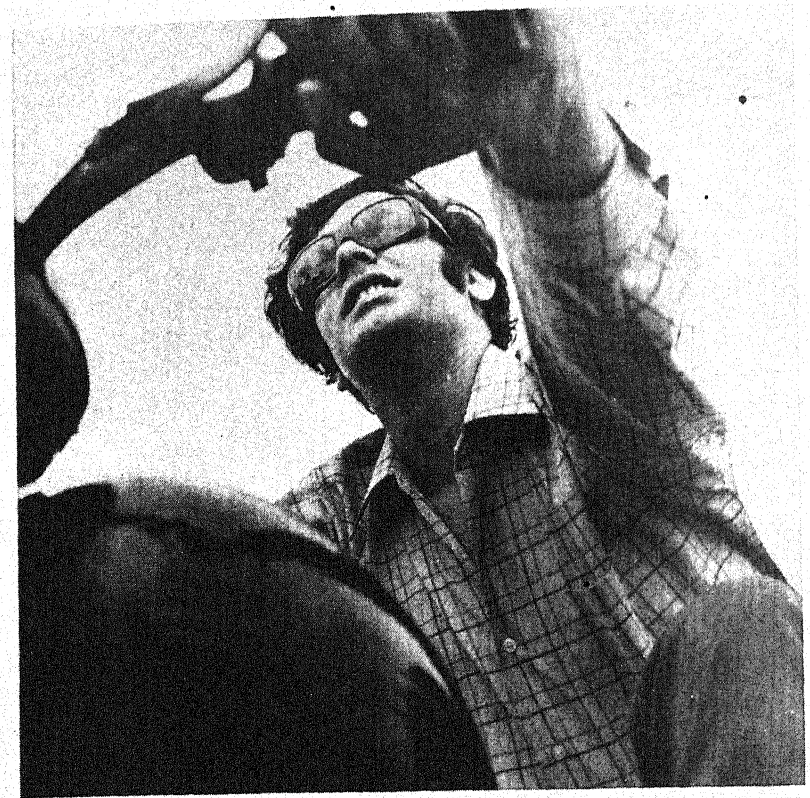
He wrote to Sir Harold, and by return post came two lovely maroon and yellow blossoms. The portfolio was now complete—*finis* to a search for flowers which had lasted 60 years.

Keble Martin set about trying to get his pictures published. Nine book publishers looked at them. Nine said, "How beautiful!" Nine rejected them. Books in colour were enormously expensive, and could not be produced to sell for less than Rs.144, a price at which there would be little sale; in other words, this was not a sound commercial undertaking.

Keble Martin thought of the wild red peonies spread like a flag beside the sea; he thought of white saxifrage like a tablecloth upon the earth; he remembered a hundred larks rising and bursting into song. But memories, however beautiful, cannot move mountains, especially financial ones.

Yet the bright peri-magic that had always illuminated Keble Martin's life still glowed.

Some months later came *miracle number three*—a letter from Buckingham Palace. Prince Philip wanted to see a large sample of the vicar's paintings. (Apparently Keble Martin's daughter-in-law,



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moved by the old man's disappointment, had written to the Prince.)

Overnight a publisher appeared with a special process for printing the book in colour. The Prince wrote a foreword. "I am delighted," he said, "that Keble Martin's beautiful paintings and drawings of British wild flowers have at long last been published. It represents a life's work . . . and I hope it will stimulate new interests and bring delight to many thousands of readers."

Even at the comparatively low price of Rs. 31·50, the publisher thought he would be lucky to sell all the first printing. Yet *The Concise British Flora in Colour* soared to the top of the best-seller lists, for a sale to date of more than 200,000 copies. This was indeed another miracle—*number four*!

The University of Exeter bestowed on Keble Martin an honorary doctorate. Prince Philip received him at Buckingham Palace. Letters from all corners of the world flooded his home. But of all the praise heaped upon him, the words Keble Martin liked best came from a British doctor in Australia. "When a book on flowers can become a best seller," he wrote, "there is hope for humanity after all."

Keble Martin had the far-seeing eyes of a bird and the frail strength of a flower. He wore a hearing aid but no spectacles, and he could outwalk men who were half his age.



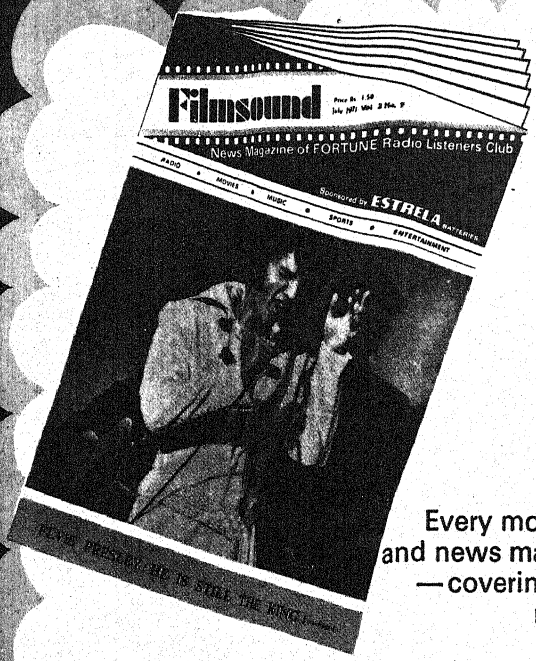
The elusive Lady's Slipper orchid—prize of a 25-year search

He had an astonishing memory, especially for the lovely things that grow untended on the heaths and hillsides. Once when told that the rare heather *Erica ciliaris* was extinct, he led a party of botanists unerringly to where he had seen it *40 years before*. It was still there, hidden in moss and fern.

"Out walking," he said to me when I met him shortly before he died in November, 1969, "I know all the little plants I pass. I know the length and spread of their roots; I know their blossoms, their seed. I understand their struggle to grow. They nod to me as I go by—for, you see, they are my friends."

LIFE has become a struggle between keeping your weight down and your spirits up.

—Mickey Porter



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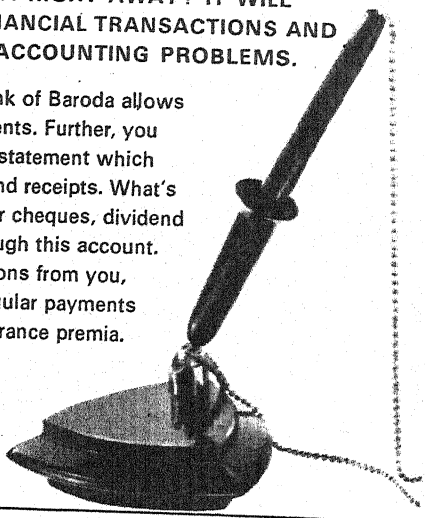
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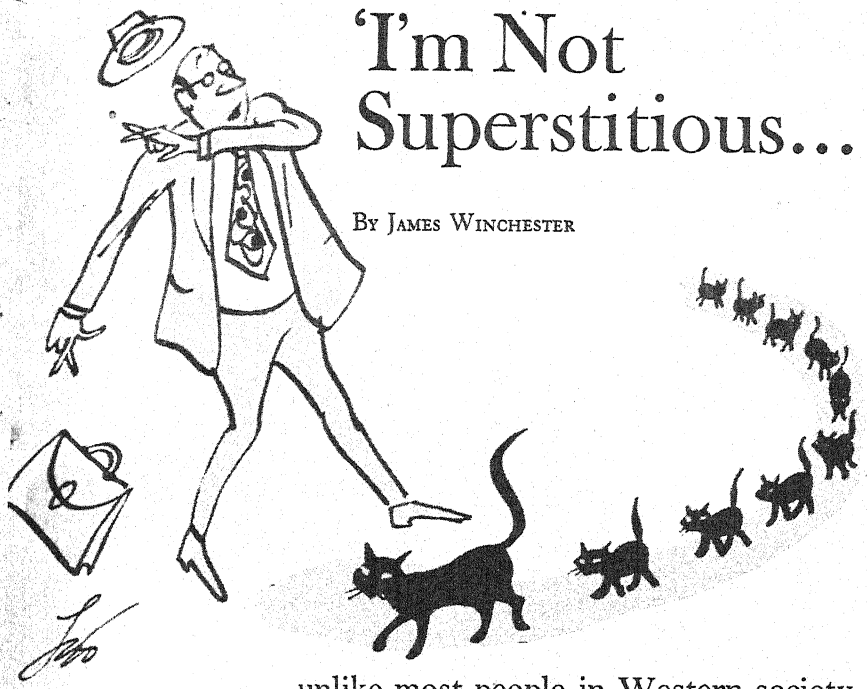
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'I'm Not Superstitious...

By James Winchester



. . . unlike most people in Western society

How often do you feel the urge to touch wood, or cross your fingers for luck? Is your day ruined whenever you spill salt, walk under a ladder, or when a black cat crosses your path? Don't worry, because you have plenty of company.

"The role of ritual is needed by everyone," says Dr. Edward Hornick, associate professor of psychology at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. "As a form of reassurance, helping to express feelings of doubt and relieve anxiety, superstitions are one of life's better props." In fact, many profess to see a great similarity between the beliefs and rituals of superstition and those of the traditional churches: the wearing of religious medals, the throwing of rice at weddings to ensure fertility, the burning of candles before statues of saints.

How many actual superstitions are there? A German encyclopedia of them runs to ten large volumes. Superstitions have been with man

since his earliest days—"part of every civilization's culture," according to anthropologist Margaret Mead.

The sports world is filled with unexplained superstitions. Some jockeys believe that to drop a whip before a race is a bad omen. Spitting for good luck is common among athletes, a superstition dating back to pagan times when spittle was thought of as the centre of the soul's power and a potent agent of magic protection.

Theatrical people are also superstitious. They wish each other success with "Break a leg," thereby confusing the evil spirits. Most actors believe that whistling in a dressing-room brings bad luck, a superstition going back to Biblical times when women stood by whistling indifferently as they watched gipsy tinkers forge the nails for Christ's cross.

Superstitions involving numbers are universal. Three has been a figure of mystical significance and power since the world was young. Birth needed three people—father, mother and child—so three came to mean life itself. Three is also the number of religion: the Holy Trinity is expressed as the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Pagans saw in three the earth, sea and sky.

In many places, however, three is now considered unlucky. ("Bad things happen in threes.") The figure is said to have been cursed ever since Peter denied Jesus three times "before the cock crow."

The most superstitious number of all is 13. Until recently, few hotels or office blocks had 13th floors; some airlines still refuse to have a Flight 13, or even a row of seats with that number.

It is not uncommon to find as many as a dozen different origins for a single superstition. The fear of the number 13 probably started with the ancient Nordic myth about Loki, who gate-crashed a party of 12 other Norse gods to make 13 at the table. After the meal Loki was responsible for the mischief which caused the death of Baldur, most popular of the gods. It was Judas, too, betrayer of Jesus, who was number 13—at the Last Supper, because of his late arrival. And so another origin of triskaidekaphobia (fear of 13).

The bad luck is greatly compounded when the number 13 is coupled with a Friday, whose origin as a day of doom is often linked with Bible stories. Some old manuscripts relate that Eve ate the apple on Friday, and that she and Adam were expelled from the Garden of Eden on that day. Cain is said to have slain his brother Abel on a Friday, and the Great Flood is reported by some scholars to have started on that day of the week. Christ's crucifixion was also on a Friday.

The story is told that the British Admiralty once tried to disprove that Friday is a bad-luck day. It

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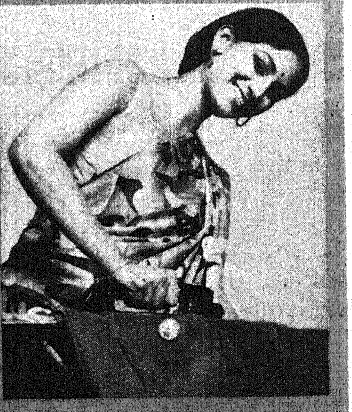
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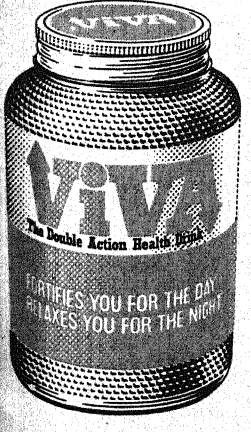
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had the keel of a new ship laid on a Friday, named the ship *Friday*, launched it on a Friday, and let it sail on a Friday, with a Captain Friday in command. Ship and crew just disappeared at sea, never to be heard of again. But a review of 90 major air crashes since 1937 reveals that only 14 happened on Friday and *none* on the 13th day of any month.

Many people won't walk under a ladder. There's the logical reason that a can of paint or a workman's tool may fall on your head. But the bad-luck belief is probably that a ladder leaning against a wall forms a triangle. Early Christian mystics saw the triangle as a symbol of the Holy Trinity, and hence eternity. To pass through was an intrusion into holy space, an open defiance of sacred power that tempted the fates.

One popular superstition is that when two persons snap a chicken's wishbone, the one who gets the larger piece—the "lucky break"—will get his wish. Ancient soothsayers looked upon the cock, who announced the coming day, as having hidden knowledge. When a cock was killed, its collarbone—believed to be the sacred divining rod—was put out into the sun to dry, and any two people might use it to seek an answer from this particular source of wisdom.

In Japan, spilling salt is considered good luck, but in the rest of the world—watch out! From man's early days, salt was regarded as a preservative, a symbol of lasting friendship and immortality. To waste any was to lose a friend, or even your life. Also, salt was scarce, a valuable commodity, and to spill any was a calamity, a clear sign of bad luck.

Almost every day we dredge up some old superstition in thought or action. You rub your nose and wonder who will be calling; toss a coin and find out whether you win or lose. Superstitions die hard, leading, as Margaret Mead says, "a kind of half-life in a twilight world where we partly suspend our disbelief and act as if magic worked."

Pressing Desire

ARE PEOPLE happier when they have to earn the food they eat? Rats are. Scientists working with laboratory rodents offered them the alternatives of free food in a dish, or food obtained by pressing a lever. The rats were so enthusiastic about "earning" their food that they learned to push dishes of free food aside so that they could reach the lever. The researchers increased to ten the number of lever-pushes required to get a portion of food before the rats decided that this was just too much work, and went back to their free-food dishes.

Clearly, as long as the demands on them are not excessive, rats prefer to earn their daily bread. —*M.T.C.*

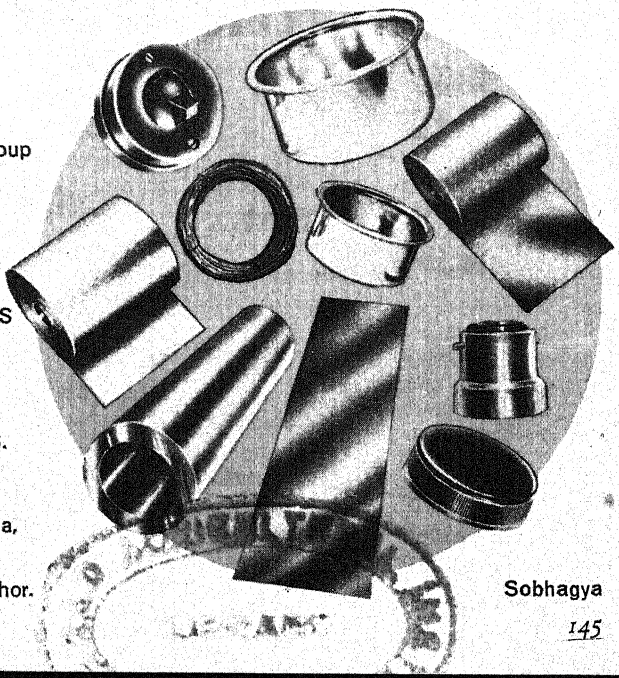
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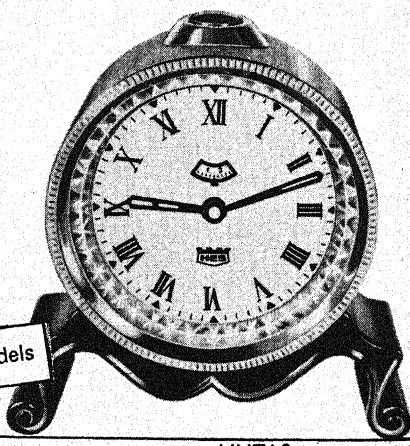
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Sky School for Test Pilots

By Peter Browne

Britain's unique 'university of flying' teaches one of the world's most dangerous jobs—proving the aeroplanes of tomorrow

When the engine of his experimental jet failed at more than 9,000 metres, test pilot Peter Twiss had two choices. The easier was to bale out and let the plane crash. Or he could try to glide the Fairy Delta 32 kilometres back to the test centre at Boscombe Down, near Salisbury, Wiltshire—knowing that with a dead engine, every movement of the controls would drain his small emergency reserve of hydraulic pressure and lessen his chances of survival.

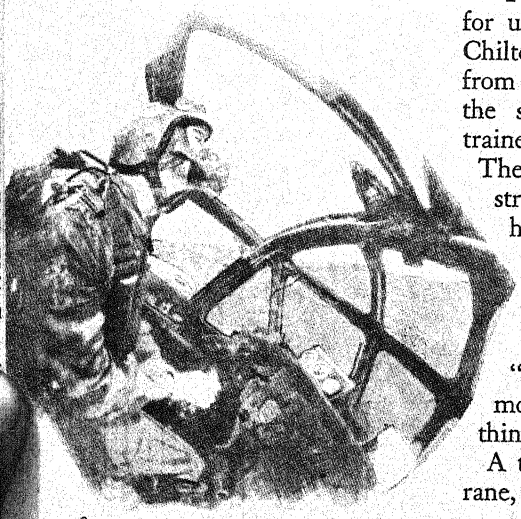
With the courage typical of all test pilots, Twiss chose to glide. As the plane made its silent descent, he radioed a running commentary to enable technicians to trace what had gone wrong if he failed to reach the airfield. Then, breaking through the clouds at 900 metres, he tried to lower his undercarriage. But only the nose wheel came down. Designed to land at 240 k.p.h., the Delta was travelling at 400 k.p.h. as Twiss eased her down on to the runway. For some 2,000 metres the silver jet skidded along in a shower of sparks before juddering to a halt.

By saving the valuable plane (in which he later set a world airspeed record of 1,773 k.p.h.), Peter Twiss earned a Queen's Commendation. More, he proved dramatically the value of his training nine years earlier at this same Wiltshire airfield where, as a student of the Empire Test Pilots' School (ETPS), he had taken the toughest flying course in the world.

Founded in 1943 to meet the needs of wartime aircraft production, ETPS (school motto: "Learn to Test, Test to Learn") has trained nearly 800 test pilots of 13 different

nationalities, which range from Indian, Greek and Swedish to Siamese and American (including astronaut Alfred Worden, who went to the moon with Apollo 15). Such is the demand for ETPS graduates that many of the military pilots among them, after several years of test flying for the services, resign their commissions to join British or overseas plane-makers as civilians working on the development of new models. Sometimes pilots are singled out by future employers even before finishing the course. Says a Hawker Siddeley executive: "It's one of the top qualifications—the equivalent of an honours degree in test flying."

Pilots trained at the ETPS have worked for Hawker Siddeley, Rolls-Royce, Société Nationale Industrielle Aerospatiale of France, Holland's Fokker and Italy's Fiat; in America, for Lockheed, Ryan and McDonnell Douglas. The chief test pilot of the South African Air Force is a graduate, as is the chief test pilot of the U.K. Air Registration Board, responsible for certifying the safety of every new type of passenger plane flown by British airlines.



For each ten-month course at Boscombe Down, which costs some Rs. 3·6 lakhs, there are more than 50 applicants. They average 30 years of age, and every one is an experienced pilot with at least 750 hours' flying time as captain of an aircraft. The top 35 survive the initial screening and undergo two gruelling days of exams and interviews. From these, 20 are finally chosen.

"The wild, daredevil type is not for us," says bearded Captain Pat Chilton, who retired last December from his post as Commandant of the school at which he himself trained as a naval test pilot in 1948. The school's staff look instead for strength of character, courage, honesty, ability to weigh up risks and accept the inevitable ones without taking any which are unnecessary.

"Above all," says Chilton, "a test pilot must have a strong motivation to find out *why* things happen."

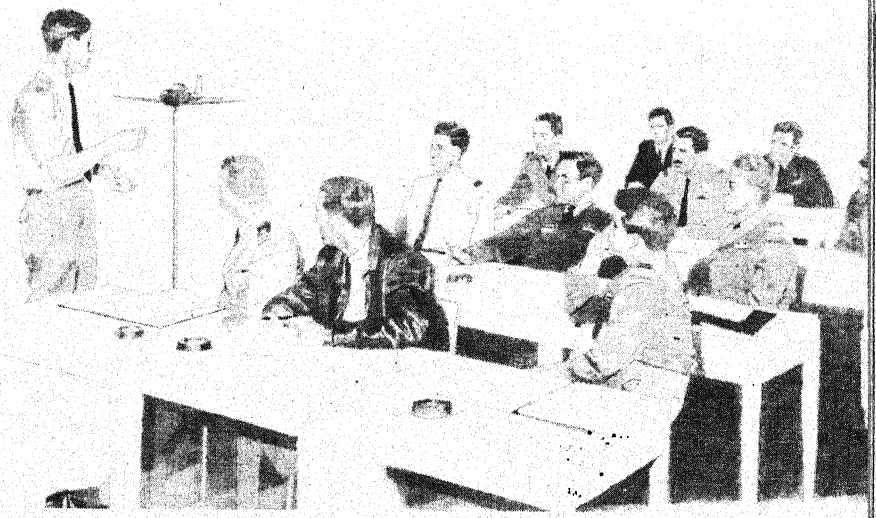
A typical example is John Cochrane, 40, who graduated from the

ETPS in 1960 and has test-flown about 300 hours in the new British Concorde 002. Quiet and reserved, Cochrane drives a family saloon, arrives for work in a tweed suit, and hastens to assure you that most of the time his job is no more exciting than any other. He shares with all test pilots an obsessive interest in the technicalities of his work. In his office at Fairford aerodrome in Gloucestershire, reports on every aspect of each Concorde flight are stacked on his desk. By the time the plane goes into airline service in 1974, they will total more than 3,000.

Cochrane's ability to deal with all this technical information is a tribute to the first stage in the ETPS course: intensive ground schooling in such matters as aerodynamics, thermodynamics, mechanics and maths. "No one who wasn't extremely keen could be made to work so hard," says Cochrane. "For ten months I forgot my social life: I could keep up with the syllabus only by studying every single evening."

At Boscombe Down the future test pilot learns to handle planes ranging from supersonic fighters to multi-engined transports. "It was tremendously rewarding," in Cochrane's opinion. "The 115 hours' flying I did on 18 different types was so varied that it was worth perhaps 2,000 hours in terms of ordinary experience."

Cochrane also logged several hours in the school's gliders, which the ETPS regards as invaluable training. "With an engine," Pat



Chilton explains, "you have a reserve of power to rely on, but a glider brings piloting skills into play; you have to use your airmanship far more."

The future test pilot learns how to explore the absolute limits of a plane's performance. Whereas in the services he was prohibited from doing spins in Hunter jet fighters, he now finds himself expected to do so. Says one pilot of his first attempt: "It wasn't so much a spin as an emotional experience." The same can certainly be said for another trainee who, losing height at 3,600 metres a minute in a spinning Scimitar became so disorientated that he had to bale out, landing in the sea close to a beach packed with startled holiday-makers.

Two types of ejection seat stand in a corridor at Boscombe Down for students to familiarize themselves with the different techniques of baling out. "Pilots involved in this type of work," says Chilton, "have to be well prepared for any emergency."

Sometimes an accident is sheer bad luck. Neville Duke's career as Hawker Siddeley's chief test pilot ended when he fractured his spine while crash-landing a Hunter after a piece of fluff had jammed a throttle control. More often, though, trouble stems from a comparatively small design flaw.

As chief test pilot for Folland Aircraft, Teddy Tennant was testing a Gnat—the trim little jet which is often used for displays of formation aerobatics. He was near Winchester when he felt a curious shudder run through the plane.

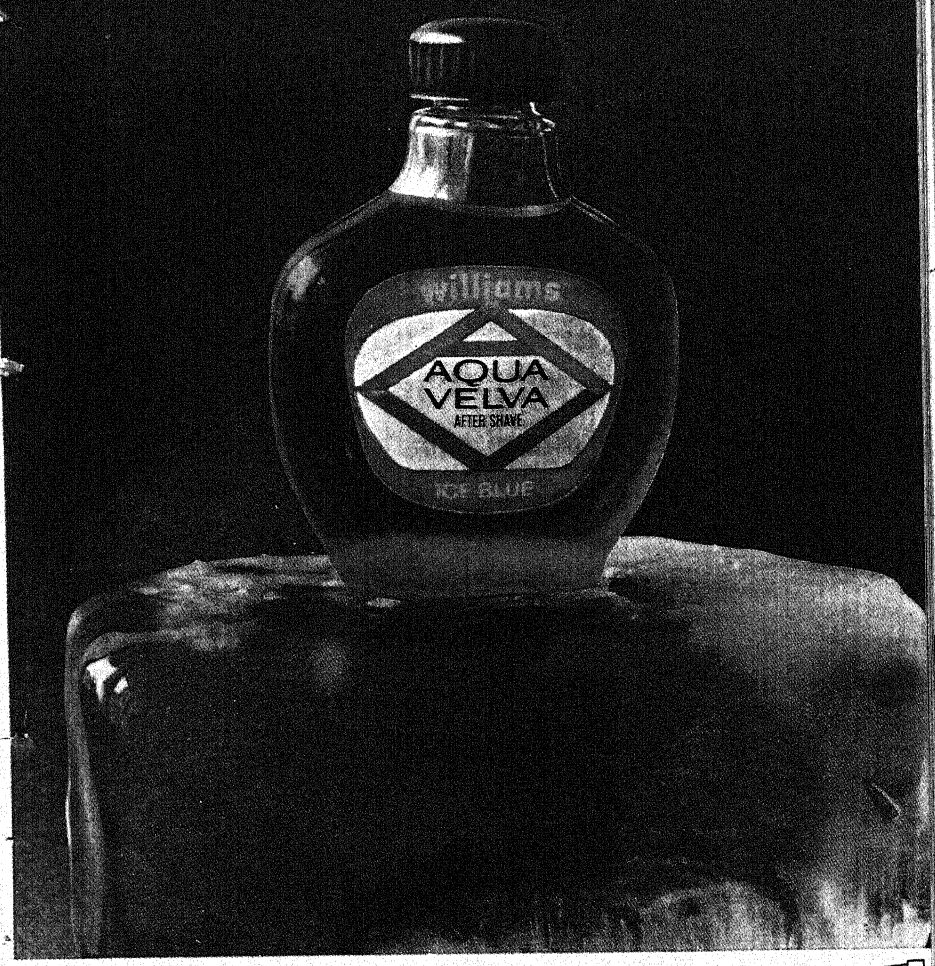
At more than 1,100 k.p.h. and only 150 metres above the ground, the Gnat reared violently, out of control. Tennant realized that the tail had broken away. He reached for his ejector handle and was shot out of the cockpit, his parachute opening two seconds before the Gnat disintegrated. But from the information he was able to give the designers, the fault was traced: a fractional miscalculation in the rigidity of the metal used to build the tail.

In 27 years, only nine ETPS pilots have been killed while training. In 1968, a French student lost control while flying a Canberra bomber on one engine. Staying with the plane to make sure it would not fall on the town of Crewkerne, Somerset, he ejected too late to save his own life.

On another occasion a Meteor crashed near Basingstoke. The pilot had used a wire recorder to give a commentary on a series of high-speed runs and his recording, recovered from the wreckage, gave investigators a posthumous account of what had happened.

But although fatal accidents are rare, students have no illusions about the hazards they may meet in their chosen profession (in which they will seldom earn more than Rs. 1.1 lakhs a year—well below an

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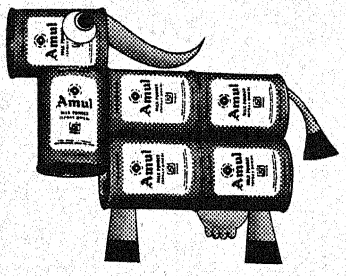
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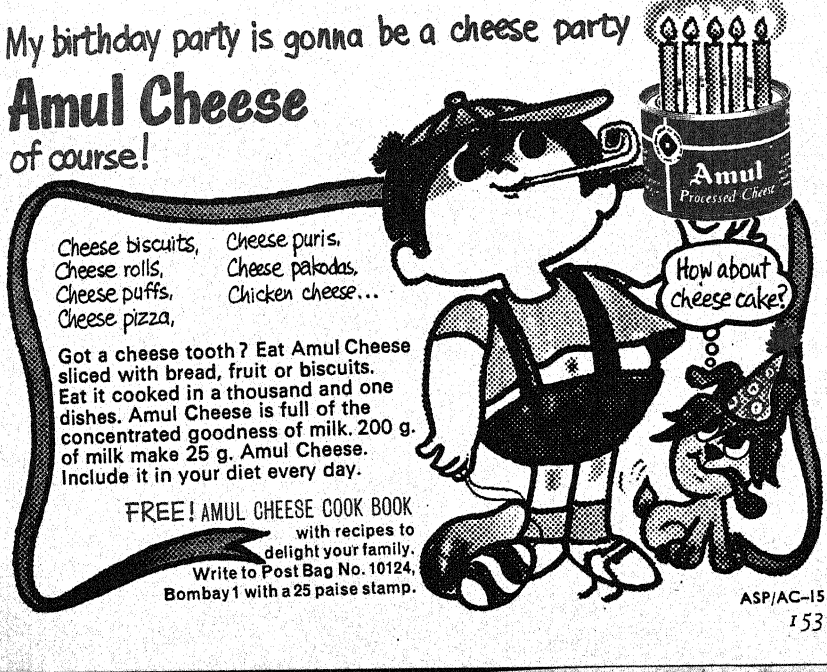
ASP/AMP.9

airline captain's pay). When airliners with swept-back wings and high "T" tails were first introduced early in the 1960s, they proved uncontrollable in certain extreme flight conditions. Two ETPS graduates—Mike Lithgow and Peter Barlow—died while exploring this phenomenon in the prototypes of the BAC 1-11 and Trident.

As Sir George Edwards, Chairman of the British Aircraft Corporation, says: "The test pilot is the one man who risks his life to prove the product." Scientists trying to measure the emotional demands of test flying have found that a pilot's breathing rate can nearly double at the critical moment of take-off. One flight engineer, puzzled by a strange sound on the intercom, traced it to his pilot, panting with concentration.

"The man who has no apprehension has no imagination, and he'd be a menace in this business," says Bill Bedford, an ETPS graduate who test-flew the revolutionay Harrier vertical take-off fighter. And a well-known test pilot once said, "Without a healthy degree of fear, you would get bad test results and very probably run into catastrophe."

The climax of every student's course at the ETPS is the "Preview"—a full-scale foretaste of the work he will have to do. It involves three



ASP/AC-15

weeks of concentrated effort: some ten hours of day and night flying in a type of plane he has never piloted before, then writing a full report on its handling and performance. One of the best recent Previews was done by a syndicate of three students (an Australian, a German and an Israeli) whose assessment of a Lightning was so accurate that it matched the manufacturer's own figures.

Men as closely in tune with their planes as this are well equipped to meet sudden emergencies. Perhaps the most spectacular example of sheer piloting skill in a crisis occurred last year, when ETPS graduate Neil Williams was flying a Zlin Akrobat at only 500 metres, and one wing began to fold upwards. Williams turned the Zlin on its back to reverse the load on the wing, circled once, then dived to 12 metres before rolling the right way up again—and touched down on the airfield just as the wing collapsed.

The value of the Empire Test Pilots' School has long been proved by the contribution its graduates have made to international aviation. Commercial airliners fly more safely, military planes are more effective, thanks to men who learned in England the skills of perhaps the most demanding of all professions. Schools similar to the ETPS have been set up by the U.S. Navy and Air Force, and in France and Japan. A manual based on ETPS flight-testing methods is used by all Nato countries.

The test pilots of tomorrow, in training at Boscombe Down, face the challenge of planes growing ever faster, bigger and increasingly more complicated.

The Concorde—one of the world's most complex flying machines—is only the forerunner of a new generation of supersonic airliners. Swing-wing fighters and vertical-take-off aircraft like the Harrier point to the shape of things to come in civil aviation.

Simulators linked to computers are now used increasingly to analyse the aerodynamic behaviour of new planes. John Cochrane, for example, "flew" the Concorde for several hundred hours, experiencing such crises as engine failure, long before he took the actual plane off the ground.

But as Pat Chilton explains, "a plane may meet all the boffins' technical requirements, yet still be unpleasant to fly. "When it comes to evaluate an aircraft's handling qualities, nothing can ever replace the test pilot—and those who love the air find in their work a satisfaction that outweighs all other considerations.

"If flying is in your blood," says John Cochrane, "then testing is supremely worthwhile."

PATIENCE: The art of losing one's temper slowly.—"Today," BBC

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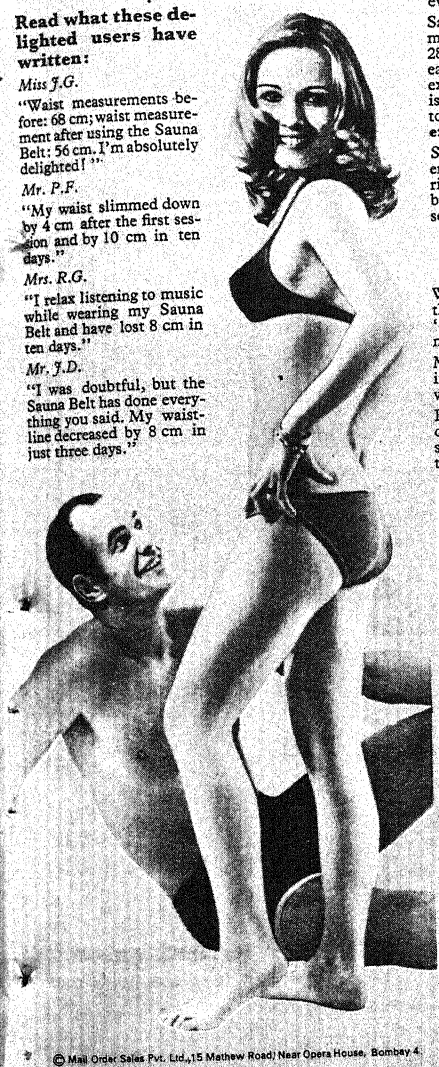
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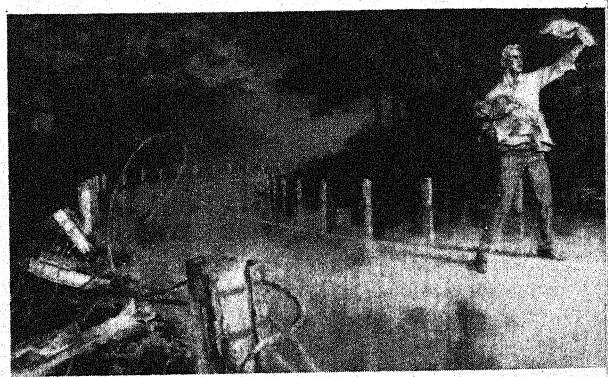
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Drama in Real Life

Donna's Race with Death

By Trevor Armbrister



The rain had stopped before midnight that June Friday, but the winding road was still wet as David Urey, 34, guided his car through West Virginia's mountains. It was now almost 1 a.m.; he saw few other cars or lorries in this sparsely inhabited area. His wife Donna, almost five months pregnant, dozed next to him. In the back slept their two-year-old son, Brian.

Urey made the four-and-a-half-hour trip from his home in McLean, Virginia, outside Washington, to his parents' home in Elkins, West Virginia, several times a year. He usually set out earlier but, as the host at an evening reception for fellow patent lawyers, he hadn't been able to break away until nearly 9 p.m. Even so, he thought, they would all be safely in bed in an hour.

Outside Petersburg, West Virginia, the road curved slowly to the

right. Urey turned—too sharply—and the right-hand front tyre slipped on to the soft shoulder. He yanked the wheel to his left. Suddenly the car was sliding sideways out of control. It shot across the road, plunged through a fence, tumbled down a nine-metre embankment, and came to rest with a sickening crunch.

Urey was bleeding from minor cuts. He saw that the jagged, chrome frame of the splintered windscreen had sliced into his wife's scalp like a tin opener. He tried her door, but it was jammed. "Honey, can you get out on my side? Please try!" he pleaded. Donna moaned, mumbled that she couldn't move.

In the darkness, Urey heard a faint cry—Brian had been thrown clear. Urey ran and scooped up his son, whose face was smeared with blood. Cradling the terrified child in his arms, he clawed his way up the embankment. Gasping for breath, he shouted and waved frantically as a lorry, then a car, roared past and vanished into the night.

Urey knew that unless help arrived soon Donna might die from loss of blood. He removed a bloody handkerchief from his pocket and vowed to stand in the middle of the road until the next car stopped—or knocked him down. He waited for what seemed an eternity.

At 1.30 Gary Arbaugh, 23, was driving his new Ford van home after an evening of running his big wheel at a carnival in Petersburg. Attendance had been good; with a few more nights like this one he would be able to pay for the engagement ring he had been promising his girlfriend.

Suddenly, just ahead, he saw a man in the middle of the road waving something. His face was bloody and swollen. Gary jammed on his brakes.

"Please help us! We've had a bad accident," Urey shouted. "Stop at the first house and call an ambulance. Then take Brian here to the hospital. My wife is down there in the car. She's hurt pretty bad . . ." Gary swiftly laid the sobbing child on the seat and raced back towards Petersburg.

Urey was beside himself with remorse as he climbed back and forth between the car and the road. What if Donna or Brian died? Could the unborn child possibly survive? He thought of the young man who had taken Brian away—he hadn't even asked his name! What if no help came?

Then he saw the flashing lights of an approaching police patrol car—and an ambulance! Driver Renee Schaefer, 22, and her 17-year-old brother, Tommy, scampered down the embankment. They pulled open Donna's door and lifted her on to a stretcher.

In the dim light, Tommy could see that her scalp was attached to her skull by only a sliver of

flesh. "Please hurry," Urey said. "Please don't let her die."

At 2.15 a.m., Dr. Robert Roberts, 42, was awakened by his telephone. "We have a wreck," the night supervisor of Petersburg's Grant Memorial Hospital informed him.

"Bad?" he asked, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Yes. You'd better hurry."

When Dr. Roberts entered the emergency room ten minutes later, Brian Urey was semi-conscious. He had suffered a severe concussion, a fractured skull, a broken neck. The first thing was to treat him for shock. While attendants gave Brian oxygen, Dr. Roberts started a "cut-down"—inserting a tube in a vein in Brian's ankle to carry blood and intravenous fluids. He was closing the boy's wounds when Donna Urey was carried in.

"Looks like she was scalped," he thought as he examined her. "Shock. No blood pressure. No pulse. Condition critical." He noticed that she was pregnant. She'd undoubtedly have a miscarriage—but that would be the least of her problems.

Dr. Roberts began a second cut-down. Donna received oxygen and four and a half litres of blood. A nurse cut her hair, cleaned her wounds and took her to the operating theatre. Roberts needed 60 stitches to sew her scalp into place.

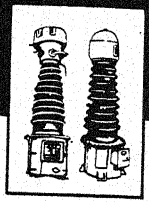
At 8 a.m. Donna regained consciousness. "Try to move your legs," the doctor said. She shook her head. She could feel nothing below her neck. X-rays showed that her back was broken, that she had a severe dislocation of the spinal cord. "There's hope," Roberts told Urey. "We get a faint knee reflex. She's not paralysed yet." But time was important. She needed an operation to relieve pressure on her spinal cord.

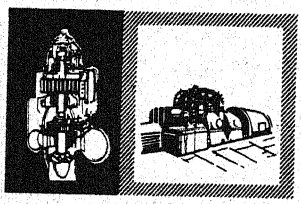
Dr. Roberts was not trained in neurosurgery, and he didn't have the necessary instruments. The nearest neurosurgeon was 132 kilometres away, over mountain roads. The ambulance's slightest lurch could snap Donna's spinal cord. Still, *something* had to be done.

At 10 a.m. Dr. Roberts telephoned Winchester. The neurosurgeon was on holiday. The only hope now was Washington, some 260 kilometres away. Roberts called several neurosurgeons there, but none was available. Then he had an idea. Years before, when he was practising on Maryland's eastern shore, the U.S. Navy had flown emergency patients from islands by helicopter. Why not get one now?

David Urey's cousin was an Air Force colonel assigned to the Pentagon. David telephoned, but Colonel Urey was out of the country. The colonel's wife suggested he try Andrews Air Force Base. The duty officer there tried to locate the generals who might authorize a flight—with no immediate success. Every minute that went by seemed to Urey

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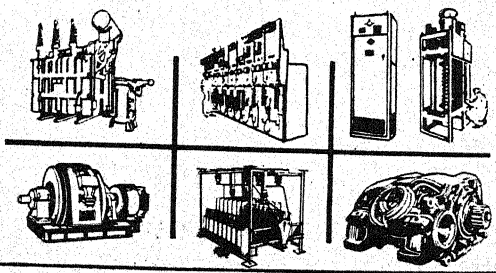
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to lessen the chances of his wife's recovery. There had to be a way to make the Air Force respond *now*.

FOR THE next two hours Urey telephoned everyone he could think of who might conceivably help—from West Virginia Governor Arch Moore, to Senator Barry Goldwater. But this was Saturday afternoon, and nobody could be reached.

At 2.15 Andrews phoned back. The flight was approved, but the small helicopters available couldn't make it without refuelling, and there was no place to refuel en route to Petersburg.

Urey paced back and forth in frustration. "There must be a chopper somewhere," he said. "I think I'll try the White House!" He got the number from the telephone operator, and placed the call "to the man in charge of helicopters."

The President's military assistant, U.S. Air Force Brigadier-General James Hughes, was at his desk when his telephone rang. Urey explained his predicament. "Stay where you are," General Hughes replied. "I'll be in touch." A call to Andrews confirmed Urey's story.

Hughes knew of at least one helicopter that would fill the bill; the President's. But Hughes had never authorized its use for a civilian evacuation, and didn't want to establish a precedent. He telephoned the duty officer at the Andrews base hospital. "Do you *really* think that we can do any good if we bring that woman back?" The reply: an unequivocal "Yes, sir!"

Hughes decided to go ahead. His assistant telephoned Petersburg: "We are dispatching the President's helicopter with an Air Force doctor and a medical orderly. They should arrive at 5.30."

At first, Urey didn't believe him. Then, realizing that help was actually on the way at last, he broke down and cried.

The rotors on the President's chopper were already turning as Lieutenant-Colonel John Wanamaker, 36, a cardiologist and trauma specialist, ran down the Andrews flight line, followed by a medical orderly. No sooner had they lifted off than they realized that there was no way to bring a stretcher through the helicopter's narrow doorway. "Why not stop at Quantico Marine Base," Wanamaker suggested, "and borrow a Marine Corps helicopter? With the White House behind us, we can get anything we need."

Changing at Quantico to a large helicopter with its doors removed, they set out through sheets of rain for Petersburg. Minutes after landing, they were headed back for Washington with Donna—sandbags next to her head and neck and along her sides to keep her immobile—and Brian, on a stretcher at her side.

AT 9 p.m. David Urey's neighbour in McLean, Dr. Robert Nirschl, was standing on the sports ground

adjacent to Washington's Georgetown University Hospital. In response to a frantic phone call from Urey, orthopaedic surgeon Nirschl had called a neurosurgeon, Dr. Alfred Luessenhop, alerted the police, secured an ambulance, even had flares placed on the field. Suddenly, he heard the chopper overhead.

Donna's condition was still critical. Yet, as they examined her, Nirschl and Luessenhop marvelled at the "fantastic" job Dr. Roberts had done. "Her spine's so badly fractured," Luessenhop commented, "that normally she would be completely paralysed." For several reasons—because she was very weak, because she still had a few reflexes, because she was now under expert supervision—the doctors decided to postpone surgery until she had gained strength. Even then, they agreed, her chances of ever walking normally were less than 50-50; her chances of keeping the unborn baby were even slimmer.

The operation took four hours. Then nurses took her back to her room. Suddenly her condition began to deteriorate. Luessenhop reopened the wound. A blood clot was pushing against her spinal cord. He operated again—this time successfully.

Despite his injuries, Brian did not require an operation; three weeks after the accident, he was discharged from the hospital. On July 22, Donna walked, with the help of a brace, down the hospital corridor. One week later, she went home. She was limping, but she hadn't lost the baby. That night, David and Donna Urey sipped champagne.

The baby was due the last week of October. When the date passed, Urey feared complications. Finally, on November 6, Donna began feeling labour pains. At 11.30 p.m. Urey drove her back to Georgetown University Hospital.

Waiting, he relived the agonizing hours he'd spent in Petersburg five months before. He thought about Gary Arbaugh, who had returned the cheque he'd sent him, explaining that he had a "moral obligation to help." He thought about General Hughes and all the others who had made this day possible.

Urey had not planned to be with his wife in the delivery room. But now, suddenly, he knew that he *had* to be there. Wearing a mask and gown, he held Donna's hand as the baby was delivered.

"It's a boy," Dr. George Stevens, the obstetrician, announced. "And he looks perfectly healthy."

As the doctor cut the umbilical cord, the baby started crying. But David Urey scarcely noticed, for he was crying too.

Outlord

ASKED to give a Member of Parliament a peerage, Winston Churchill replied: "Only if it's a disappearage."—John Colville, *Action This Day* (Macmillan)

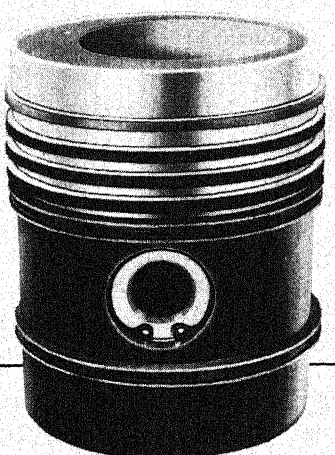
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The Miracle of the Pond

By R. M. Lockley

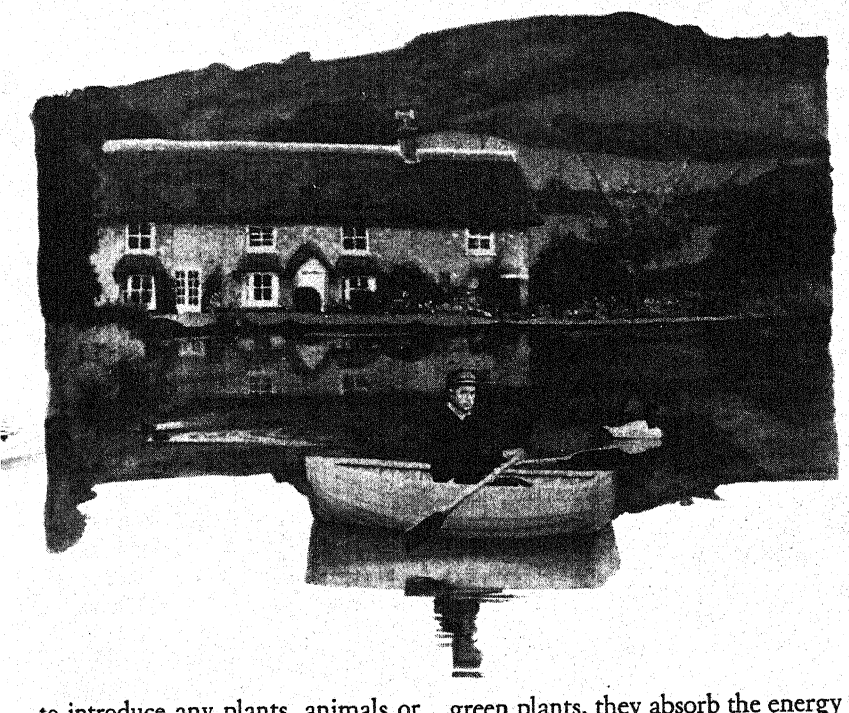
It was the fulfilment of a lifelong ambition—a teeming world in miniature, reflecting all the wonder of creation

One of my youthful dreams was to own a pond. As a naturalist I wanted to study something specially mine, a definitive area of water where I could be on intimate terms with its wildlife. It was in water that the first life on earth began, and my intention was to work out the beautiful and mysterious design of nature whereby each animal and each plant shares its environment with other individuals.

Five years ago my wife and I, seeking a country retreat, came upon a thatched cottage in a remote Devon valley. It faced a damp field where two strongly flowing springs meandered through rushes and golden kingcups; by good luck the base soil was a tight red clay. Instantly we said, "This is the place."

We hired an excavator. Powerfully it scooped tons of topsoil into heaps, then shifted a one-metre depth of clay to form a dam along the lower side of the field. In pouring rain—ideal for puddling clay, said the skilled operator—the embankment was pounded into shape and strewn with some of the topsoil. The rest was used to create two small islands, one with a tiny harbour. By the end of March, all was complete.

It was important to our plan not



to introduce any plants, animals or fish into the pond. We would simply watch and wait, leaving the rest to Mother Nature.

After several days, the springs filled the pond completely. Our cottage was charmingly reflected upside down in its shimmering depths and the surplus water cascaded over a rocky waterfall we had built. To study the first colonization of aquatic life, we started collecting twice-weekly samples of water.

Straight away we saw microscopic plants known as algae. Where they come from remains a mystery. In the miraculous process of photosynthesis common to all green plants, they absorb the energy of sunlight and thereby effect a chemical reaction between water and carbon dioxide to produce carbohydrates and oxygen. These are needed by the tiny water animals which plunder plant life, and which in turn yield carbon dioxide to renew the cycle.

In the first warm days of that spring the algae started reproducing rapidly, turning the water a cloudy green. We frowned, but before midsummer millions of tiny animals had begun to clear the algae sufficiently for us to see the amazing events taking place in the pond.

Amoebae—smallest among the

animals—appeared as a mass of naked protoplasm, their full beauty visible only under powerful enlargement. Some were attached to solid objects, but most swam around freely. Very soon we were finding larger primitive creatures, resembling sea-anemones. These were hydras, so named because with their several tentacles they suggest the many-headed monster of Greek mythology; when cut up, each piece of the hydra grows into a separate whole individual. We made a glass-bottomed viewing-box and by pressing it below the surface film, over the side of our boat, we could see the hydras clearly. Attached to mud and stones, they grew and grew, absorbing plankton with insatiable appetite.

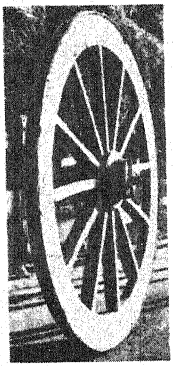
Breeding and Feeding. The hydra can reproduce by means of eggs, or by budding like a plant to form its offspring. These are hollow at first and feed umbilically through the gut-like stomach of the parent. Soon the buds grow their own food-gathering tentacles, and begin to vie with their parent for passing prey. When the bud can feed itself properly, the parent seals off the connexion and the young hydra breaks away to live independently.

With their sting cells, harmless to humans, the hydras were slaying and ingesting countless tiny crustaceans, worms and flukes which had mysteriously filled the pond. Each day we saw the fascinating struggle to survive among the crowded inhabitants of our Lilliputian underwater jungle. We recorded the build-up of the food chain from the simple algae to the extremely complicated vertebrate birds and mammals which soon appeared.

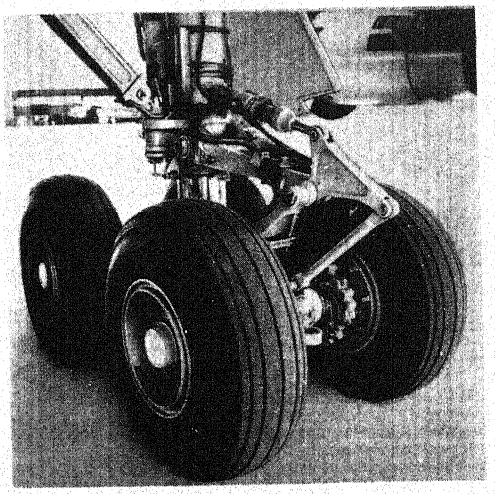
One night we heard the quacking of wild ducks, and wondered what they were feeding on. Next morning we found numerous water snails, a common food of the mallard, on the leaves of pondweed which we had certainly not planted. The weed had either grown from seeds dormant in the swamp before the pond was made or, more likely, the ducks had brought them on a previous visit, for we knew that water birds spread the seeds and spores picked up by their plumage or legs.

In due course tiny eels appeared, having reached the rivers of Devon after a three-year journey from the depths of the Sargasso Sea in the North Atlantic. Encountering our one-metre-sheer waterfall, the elvers assembled in the little pool below. As I watched, some wriggled up to the pond through moss and cranny; others crawled over the dew-wet grass at night, looking like giant worms under the light of our torch.

In late summer the stately heron came regularly to fish for the more mature eels which had entered the pond from upstream on their way to the ocean to spawn. From the cottage window we saw the tall grey bird waiting patiently by the water. Then came the sudden stab, the



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lifting of the wriggling metre-long eel in the air, the struggle to swallow it, the eel resisting with its slimy coils around the bird's neck. At last it went down. Then, its meal digested, the heron cleaned its fouled plumage by dusting head, beak and neck with fine powder-down from the skin of its breast.

Now, too, the gorgeously attired blue and chestnut kingfisher visited us from its breeding haunts on the river. Spying from overhanging branch and plant, it plunged upon the shoals of minnows, sticklebacks and tadpoles.

Borne on the dry summer winds, innumerable seeds and spores had flown through the air to settle upon the pond's naked red shores. Even in that first summer, tiny ferns appeared amid thousands of swiftly growing grasses and rushes.

In Full Bloom. By the second spring the banks of the pond were a riot of taller waterside plants: beautiful willow-herbs, moon-daisies, meadowsweet, figworts, sorrels, thistles and teasels. Prolific Canadian pondweed sprawled over the pond, until after a few seasons it settled down to sharing the habitat less aggressively with other plants. And always the vivid floating duck-weed sailed before summer zephyrs hither and thither over the surface. Multiplying rapidly, it too might have covered the pond completely, had not the ducks and so many other creatures browsed it down.

After four years, every centimetre of the pond was full of life. Examining a drop of water under a microscope, we saw innumerable teeming rotifers. Out of water, each rotifer shrivels into a tiny cyst. In this state it is almost weightless and will blow away on the wind, perhaps to fall into some distant water, where it revives to swim, feed and breed once more.

Gradually the bare clay of the pond floor became covered with a thick layer of decaying vegetable and animal matter. A whole new world of creatures inhabits this lowly stratum—worms which eat rotting vegetation, leeches lurking to suck the blood of larval insects, of snails and frogs, even of swimming birds. In the brief interregnum of winter, these haunters of the humus are as quiescent as the seeds and eggs of plant and animal around them. Even the fish are sluggish, as if in a state of suspended animation.

Water-life quickens once more as the temperature rises. Eggs of the crustacean inhabitants hatch into myriads of tiny seed shrimps, copepods and water fleas. They spring-clean the pond by feeding on the green algae and tiny dead organisms. Soon the thousands of larvae of aquatic flies and beetles inhabiting the pond metamorphose, ready for their winged adult life. But this is often only a brief honeymoon. The males dance in the sunlight for an hour or two, then mate and perish without touching food. The females

deposit their eggs, and they too die —their mission in life fulfilled.

To us the most fascinating of these winged insects are the gaudy dragonflies which adopt the pond in summer. True lovers of the sun, they swarm on hot days. The male flits over the waterside vegetation, alert for the arrival of the female, at intervals darting upon some luckless fly for a quick snack. Meanwhile, the female hovers in her feeding ground on dry land, safe from the importunate male. Not until she is ready to lay her eggs does she come to the pond.

Each male, excited by the heat, has already transferred sperm from the genitals near his tail to a pairing organ near his thorax. The mating process is unusual: the male seizes the female by her neck in a special pair of claspers at the tip of his tail. She instantly curls her tail beneath his body so as to reach his pairing organ. After fertilization she lays her eggs either in the water or in slits she makes in aquatic plants.

On these fine days the pond is very beautiful, its banks smothered with kingcups, irises, mimulus, and the handsome bottle-brush of the tall reedmace, which splits open to release downy parachutes bearing the fruit. A host of swallows and martins feed, drink and dip-bathe there, obligingly sweeping away the midges and mosquitoes emerging from its teeming depths.

The pond is a world in miniature, balanced so that no one species overwhelms the others. That gash we made in the red clay five years ago became a submarine wildlife reserve and a nature-lover's paradise. From its man-made beginnings it developed into a testament to the miracle of natural life, a constant reminder of how, left alone, nature so beautifully heals the wounds made by man, with her endlessly repeating wonder of creation.

House Rules

THE men's bar of the U.S. National Press Club in Washington displays a quotation from the Holy Rule of St. Benedict, a directive for conduct issued by the early monastic order:

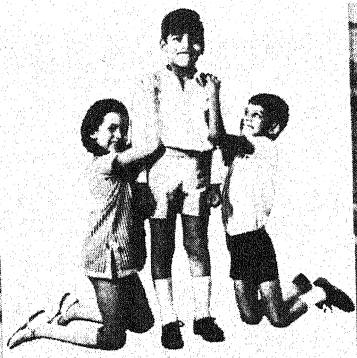
"If any pilgrim monk come from distant parts, with wish as a guest to dwell in the monastery, and will be content with the customs which he finds in the place, and do not perchance by his lavishness disturb the monastery, but is simply content with what he finds, he shall be received for as long a time as he desires. If, indeed, he find fault with anything, or expose it, reasonably, and with the humility of charity, the Abbot shall discuss it prudently, lest perchance God had sent him for this very thing. But, if he have been found gossipy and contumacious in the time of his sojourn as guest, it shall be said to him, honestly, that he must depart. If he does not go, let two stout monks, in the name of God, explain the matter to him."

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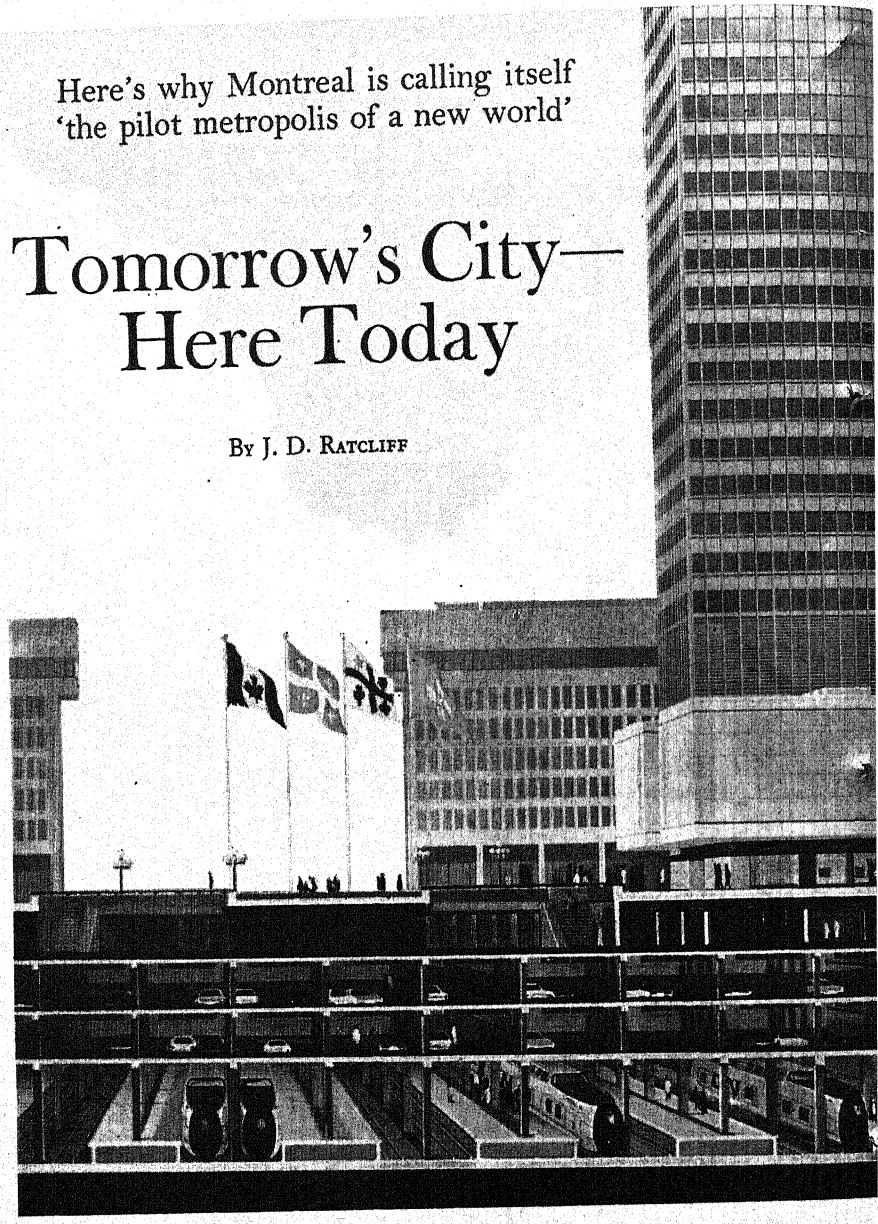


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Here's why Montreal is calling itself 'the pilot metropolis of a new world'

Tomorrow's City—Here Today

By J. D. Ratcliff



ARE CITIES doomed to be clamorous, dangerous places of filth, fumes and strangling traffic? Not this one! Here it never rains; the temperature never varies from a comfortable 22 degrees centigrade. There is pure air to breathe, and there are no screeching car sounds. It's the city of the future: underground Montreal.

There may be 80 centimetres of snow on the ground above (Montreal averages 274 centimetres annually), but under the freezing streets you may stroll, without overcoat, through several kilometres of attractive promenade. Choose among more than 300 strikingly attractive shops, a dozen cinemas and theatres, 62 restaurants, snack bars and pavement cafés.

There is no sense of being confined in a tunnel—you wander on broad, traffic-free avenues. One plaza has leafless trees softly illuminated; another, a colourful, three-ton Murano glass sculpture—the largest of its kind in the world.

In this dazzling subterranean city you can buy groceries, have a sauna bath, purchase a suit of armour or a canary. You want to be married? A score of shops provide wedding dresses, and one can enter a church without setting foot in the snow. You could work and play here a lifetime.

As long as cities have existed, they have been associated with din, dirt, confusion. Leonardo da Vinci had a novel solution for big-city traffic problems: carts at street level, pedestrians on elevated walk-ways. Modern city planners have long agreed that traffic should be segregated: trains and underground railways at one under-street level, parking at another, and pedestrian concourses at a third. But costs and mechanical difficulties stood in the way. Then a unique situation arose in Montreal.

The core area of the city was a sad spectacle: ageing buildings surrounding a three-hectare eye-sore, the pit-yards of Canadian National Railway. For a generation, railway officials had talked of developing this dismal tract, but until 1956 there was no action. Then they called in American property developer William Zeckendorf, who proposed construction of a group of buildings featuring a 42-storey, cruciform tower over the pit. Up to this point, Place Ville Marie, as it was to be called, was little more than a conventional property development which would cost more than Rs. 75 crores.

What made it unique was the fact that with Zeckendorf's chief architect, I. M. Pei, came Vincent Ponte, a Boston-born, Harvard-educated city planner. Ponte saw his opportunity. Here was the chance to collaborate with architects to achieve a weatherproof underground city that would be far more dramatic than the proposed skyscraper.

Ponte went into a sales spiel with

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the project sponsors. In all probability, Place Ville Marie would trigger a boom. As new buildings rose, they could tie into the underground city. Thus, it would eventually spread, root-like, under most of the city's 80-hectare core, linking four luxury hotels, two railway stations, three giant department stores, and underground garages with space for 10,000 cars.

Bold Arguments. Naturally, there were objections. Critics thinking in terms of unattractive tiled tunnels asked: Wouldn't people shun under-street shops? They hadn't in the area under New York's Rockefeller Centre, Ponte replied. After all, people didn't like being splashed with slush in winter or seared in summer. Wouldn't people feel hemmed in, claustrophobic? Not, said Ponte, if "streets" were wide and attractively lit. To clinch the argument, Ponte reminded building managements who rented out basements as storage space for some Rs. 200 per square metre a year that underground shops would pay four times that much.

When Place Ville Marie opened in 1962, the popularity of underground living in weatherproof comfort was instant. Daily pedestrian traffic—still soaring—was estimated at about 100,000. Merchants clamoured for space and almost without exception prospered. One haberdasher who turned down space ruefully notes now: "I want to cut my throat every time I pass that place."

Other giant complexes began to rise in the area. Ponte worked with their architects, planning the monumental substructure that would connect each with his expanding underground city. Place Bonaventure, the second largest commercial building in the world (after Chicago's Merchandise Mart), opened in 1967.

The trade centre offers display space to 1,200 manufacturers with a luxury hotel on top. Since it sits on a slope, depth of the underground portion varies; in one place it goes down eight storeys. Ponte provided two shopping levels, ramps and docks capable of handling anything up to articulated lorries, parking space for 1,000 cars.

As Place Victoria (its tower houses the stock exchanges), Place du Canada and others hooked in to the underground city, the concept was catching on in surrounding areas. A kilometre and a half from the city core, magnificent Westmount Square shot up—two blocks of flats, one office building. And, of course, a below-street area for elegant shops, restaurants, theatres. This, in turn, connected with nearby Alexis Nihon Plaza.

At the outset it was feared that this vast expansion in Montreal's centre would bring on a transport crisis—drawing tens of thousands of office workers and visitors into a limited area. In a curious way it *prevented* it. For years Montreal had wanted an underground railway but lacked the funds to build

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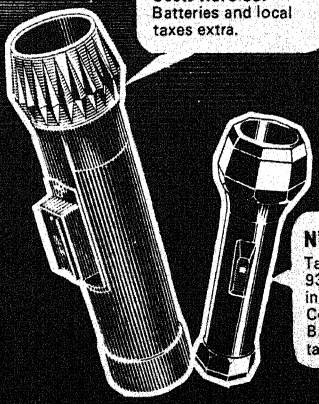
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one. New taxes provided by the skyscrapers sufficiently increased the city's borrowing power to enable it to build one of the world's finest Metros, with quiet, spotless, air-conditioned, rubber-tyred cars.

The spreading underground city is also adding new dimensions to living—not the least of which is safety. During the window-breaking and looting that accompanied last year's police strike in Montreal, things below ground remained tranquil. Looters apparently don't like brightly lit places where there is no place to hide and no safe place to park cars to transport stolen goods.

Unlimited Scope. What is the future of this idea—a city offering safety, good air, an ideal climate? Ponte has projections up to the turn of the century for Montreal. As old buildings come down, new ones will tap into the underground—with an eventual ten kilometres concourse. At present the underground has its Metro stations and links to two railway stations—a businessman in Place Ville Marie can board a train for Florida, more than 3,000 kilometres away, without wetting his feet—and plans for underground bus terminals to tie into the new trans-Canada highway system.

Ponte sees the underground concept as the saviour of cities everywhere. Controlled environment is as attractive in the tropics as in the wintry north. But ownership of a huge tract of land by a single organization is rare, and acquiring property piecemeal can be a costly, time-consuming process. There is also the cost of burrowing under existing buildings plus the engineering problems involved.

Is the door then closed for others? By no means. Several European cities—Berlin, Frankfurt, Vienna—are thinking of utilizing the land under parks. Ponte has a dazzling idea for New York. There are two levels of railway tracks under fashionable Park Avenue, but with today's reduced rail traffic one is sufficient. Why not use the upper level for an all-weather shopping promenade?

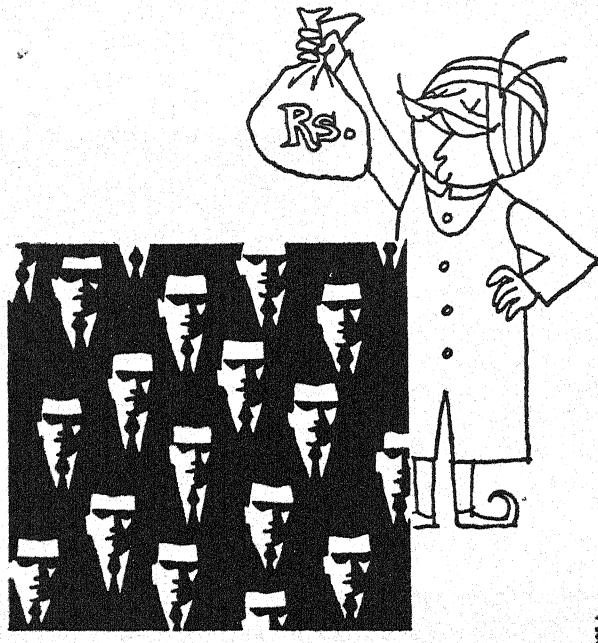
And, difficult as it may be, land *can* be accumulated elsewhere. Under Ponte's guiding hand, a master plan is emerging that by 1985 should give the centre of Dallas an underground city more than a kilometre long and 800 metres wide.

The enormous scope and boldness of Ponte's new concept for cities are getting world-wide attention. He is working on schemes similar to the Dallas plan in Paris and Melbourne, as well as in the U.S. cities of Miami and Atlanta.

It appears that from now on any city can come in out of the cold—or heat. Man, who emerged from the cave a few thousand years ago, may now be returning to it—but with a quiet, pleasurable difference.

TO BELIEVE is difficult. Not to believe is impossible. —Victor Hugo

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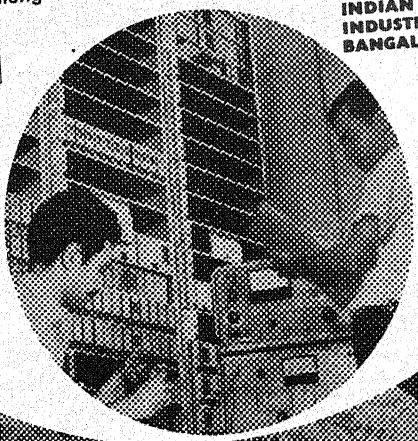
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Caricature of Collodi by one of his contemporaries, Angelo Tricca

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He Wrote 'Pinocchio'

By Alice-Leone Moats

The story behind the best-loved book

To anyone but an Italian it is a difficult-looking word, yet almost no one has difficulty pronouncing it: *Pinocchio*. This tale about a mischievous but good-hearted puppet who turns into a real, live boy, has sold countless millions of copies since it first appeared in 1881.

There have been hundreds of editions in Italy alone and more than a thousand other editions around the world. Today *Pinocchio* stands as one of the foremost children's classics, with translations in more than 200 languages and dialects, including Esperanto.

But despite the broad impact of the book, its author remains almost unknown. Some people seem to think that the tale derives from ancient folklore. Others tend to associate *Pinocchio* with Walt Disney. Actually, it is the brainchild of a relatively modern Florentine author named Carlo Collodi.

A minor civil servant and an occasional political pamphleteer who claimed to have begun writing for children only because "adults are too hard to please," Collodi's real name was Lorenzini. He assumed the pen name Collodi (after his mother's native village) in 1860,

as a safeguard against the day that a controversial political article he had written would see print.

Collodi was a friendly but moody bachelor with a talent for making others laugh. In 1875 he was commissioned by the publisher Paggi to translate a French book of fables. The book was a great success and other commissions followed for humorous textbooks, including a grammar, a mathematical primer and four geography texts. Then, in 1881, he got an assignment for some articles from Rome's *Giornale per i bambini,* a weekly periodical for children.

Collodi was short of money and swiftly filled several sheets of his pale-blue stationery with the first two chapters of *The Story of a Puppet.* A note to the publisher read: "I send you this childish bit of nonsense. Do what you like with it but if you print it, pay me well so as to make me want to continue."

The record of what happened next is blurred. Perhaps Collodi became bored with his creation. At any rate, the following instalments appeared irregularly, the publisher had to press for them, and letters of protest from young readers began flooding in. Despite the enthusiasm of his audience, Collodi wearied when his story was only about a third complete and wrote *finis* at the end of an October instalment. Once more the letters of protest poured in. The editor of the *Giornale per i bambini* announced, "Mr. Collodi writes me that Pinocchio is not dead; in fact he is more alive than ever and things have happened to him that are amazing!" And four months later the serial reappeared under a new title, *The Adventures of Pinocchio.*

Collodi's erratic method of writing led to certain discrepancies in

"Pinocchio" around the world, from left to right: The frontispiece for the first edition of this famous children's tale, printed in Florence, Italy; An illustration from a Brazilian version; The boy with the wooden legs leaps over the Iron Curtain. Here he adorns a Russian book; The Japanese version has an oriental flavour; "Pinocchio" in films: a modern illustration by Walt Disney





ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY OF THE FONDAZIONE NAZIONALE CARLO COLLODI

the story. In one episode he had Gepetto forgetting to carve ears for Pinocchio; later on, the puppet is revealed to have them. Early on, Pinocchio sells his text book and stays away from school; later he is revealed as being able to read. However, Collodi apparently brought to his writing a fine feeling for how much inconsistency young readers would accept, and there exists no record of any complaints.

Collodi sold the rights to his story to the Paggi publishing company for a small sum and the serial was published as a book in 1883. Up to the time of his death there was little reason for him to regret this—parents of the time were discomfited by a hero who seemed to encourage in young readers a sense of mischief, and sales of *The Adventures of Pinocchio* remained slow.

But the book simply would not disappear because a generation of Italian boys and girls kept *Pinocchio* alive in a kind of underground movement. Soon the phenomenal rise to popularity invited serious critical interest and study. Today, some 200 learned analyses and studies of the tale exist.

Many contemporary scholars think that *Pinocchio* is really a lusty, action-packed reflection of the life and the times of its author. The







Showman, who is the boss of the marionette show that Pinocchio visits, derives from one of the foremost Italians of the time, Grand Duke Leopold II. A sequence involving the evil Fox and Cat (*gatto* in Italian) is believed to have been based on a man named Gatto who was a notorious chicken thief in Collodi's district.

Then there is the scene in which Pinocchio is eaten by the Terrible Shark. Inside The Shark he meets Gepetto, his father, and a fish. The

episode draws on an experience Collodi had with a wealthy Florentine, Pagliano. Collodi's father had borrowed money from Pagliano but the enormous interest rates overtook him, and he was "swallowed up" by his debts. Collodi had been forced to come to his father's rescue. While settling accounts, Collodi also helped out a young friend, possibly a model for the fish who repays Pinocchio by helping him and Gepetto swim ashore.

By now generations of readers have chuckled their way through *The Adventures of Pinocchio,* and there has been all sorts of fall-out from *Pinocchio's* explosive and enduring success. In Italy in 1952 the National Committee for the Monument to Pinocchio (now renamed the National Carlo Collodi Foundation) began raising forty million lire (about Rs. 5 lakhs) for a park to be set on a large tract of land near the village of Collodi. A quarter of the money came from Italian schoolchildren, while a million lire (some Rs. 12,000) was donated by well-wishers in 22 other countries.

The park was opened in 1956 and features a towering bronze group-sculpture of Pinocchio, the Child-Fairy and a bird. It is situated on a lawn and is surrounded by a "Magic Square" with mosaics depicting episodes from the book, a children's playground, and a permanent exhibit of Italian and foreign editions of *Pinocchio.*

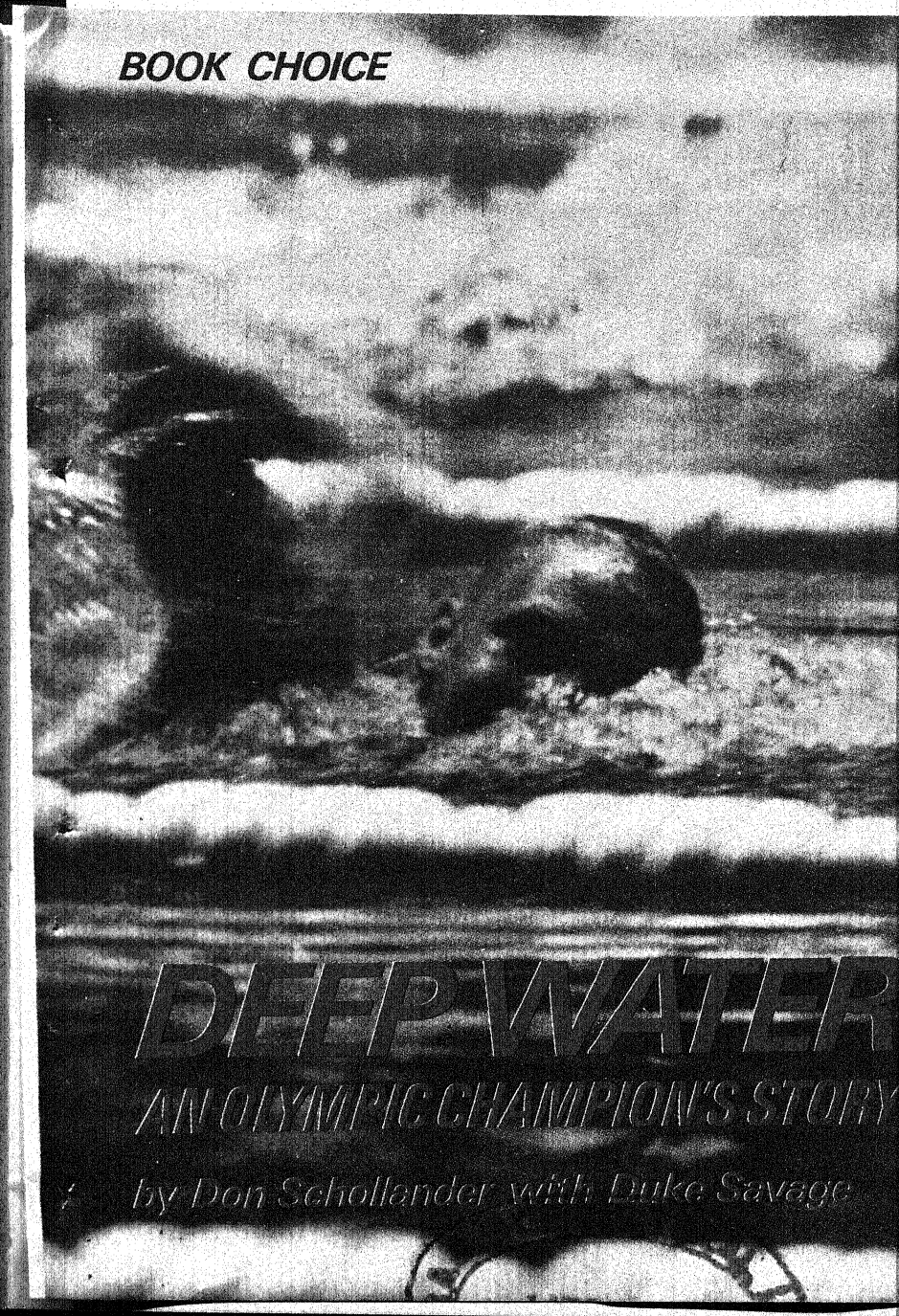
Modern "sequels" of *Pinocchio* have proliferated—*Pinocchio Drives a Car, Pinocchio Faces Marriage.* But none have quite succeeded in capturing the impish charm of the original. Tens of thousands of Pinocchio dolls are sold every year in Italy alone. A full-length animated cartoon is in the making in Italy and scheduled for completion this year.

Meanwhile, the book remains a best seller and Collodi's puppet has become a permanent member of countless families. Italian parents warn their offspring that they will grow donkey's ears if they do not study—a reference to what happened to Pinocchio when he chose to go play in Toyland rather than attend school. And the test of a child's truthfulness is often whether the dimensions of his nose remain stable—or whether it grows longer, as Pinocchio's did when he told a fib. Thus, in a sense, Pinocchio is not merely a character in a book, but has become a flesh and blood person—one whose puppet existence shows the suffering that mischief can cause and whose transformation into a human being shows the rewards of true goodness.

Or, as the last two lines of Carlo Collodi's classic put it: "How ridiculous I was when I was a marionette! And how glad I am that I have become a real boy!"

THE reasonable have endured. The passionate have lived. —Chamfort

BOOK CHOICE



DEEP WATER

AN OLYMPIC CHAMPION'S STORY

by Don Schollander with Duke Savage

BOOK CHOICE

DEEP WATER

AN OLYMPIC CHAMPION'S STORY

by Don Schollander with Duke Savage



WIDE WORLD

'I was voted the best athlete in the world when I was 18. I competed in two Olympics and set 22 world records. In all this, I competed as an amateur. But let me tell you what that was really like.

'For in today's top-level athletic competition there is no such thing as an amateur. The pressure is so great, the training so intense that you sacrifice everything for your sport. There is no longer room for a boyish, starry-eyed belief in good sportsmanship or good luck. You'd never make it to the top.'

My FIRST race at the eighteenth Olympic Games was going to be the 100-metre free-style and I was a decided underdog. My previous attempts had all been far off the record time, and many experts were tipping me to finish fifth.

But because it was my first event, I felt that it could make or break me for the rest of the Games. I was going to compete in three other races as well and if I won the "100 free" it would give me the psychological lift that is so important in Olympic competition.

I had arrived in Tokyo late in September 1964, two weeks before the Games were to open. I was 18 years old, a member of the United States Olympic Team. Most of my training had been to build endurance for the 400-metre free-style. Now I began concentrating on the 100-metre — quick starts, quick turns, quick bursts.

This, of course, provided my competitors with ammunition. "Do you really think that you can swim the 400 *and* the 100?" they asked. "That's a tough combination." This tactic is known as the "psych-out," and it is commonplace at the Olympics. You've got to be able to take it and you've got to be able to do it.

Take Alain Gottvalles, the Frenchman who was then the holder of the world record in the

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100-metre free-style. Gottvalles had been making derogatory remarks about the Americans ever since his arrival. He laughed at our training rules and boasted that he drank a bottle of wine every day—and still set records.

Eventually, I got back at him though. One night, when several of us were sitting on a long bench waiting for a heat, I got the feeling that I bothered him.

Gottvalles was highly-strung. So I moved closer to him. This upset him, so I moved closer still, until I was right next to him. He moved away, and I edged up again. Finally he got off the bench and headed for the locker room. I followed. He stepped up to a urinal, and although there was another free one, I stood behind him and waited. He turned and almost ran out.

Training, conditioning, natural ability are not enough. A race is won in the mind. In the 100-metre event I was up against the seven fastest sprinters in the world. Five of them had trained for nothing else. I had to psych-out the whole field.

Most of the probable finalists I knew liked to swim the first 50-metre lap fast and then try to hold their lead in the second lap. I was the only one who liked to make his move in the last lap, primarily because, as a distance swimmer, I had endurance.

So I began to talk about my second lap. Whenever someone asked me how things looked in the 100-free, I would say, "Well, I'm a distance swimmer. I may not have much speed, but I have a good last lap." I wanted everyone in that race to think that if he was going to beat me, he had to do it early—because he would never do it on the second lap.

As the opening day grew closer, I could see other people getting edgy, practically saying, "Oh, my God, if I don't win . . . !" I made an effort to stay calm. Certainly I wanted to be mentally keyed up for the race. I wanted to be excited about it, but not so much that I would be upset.

I concentrated on living according to schedule, training, going to bed and getting up at the same times every day, eating the right food. I took off some weight so that I would be lighter than my training weight, and I never swallowed so many vitamins in my life.

Then, with only a couple of days to go, I started eating more carbohydrates. They give you the fast, quick-burning energy you need for the sprint. I was peaking—reaching my highest potential—very carefully, building inner tension, worrying about the event, but trying to keep everything under control and guarding against the psych-outs of others.

When I went to bed I would repeat to myself, "You've worked for this for a long time. You've done everything right. You are ready

—now think, keep cool and don't bungle it. Just get in there and see what you can do."

Making of a Champion

IN TOP competition a whole new ingredient enters swimming—pain. You learn the pain in practice and you will know it in every race. It begins as you approach the limit of your endurance, coming on gradually, hitting your stomach first. Your arms grow heavy and your legs tighten—the thighs, the knees.

You sink lower in the water, as if someone were pushing down on your back. You can't hold yourself up. Your perception changes. The sounds of the pool blend and become a roar in your ears. The water takes on a pinkish tinge. Your stomach feels as though it's going to fall out; every kick hurts like hell —and suddenly you hear a shrill, internal scream.

Then you have a choice. You can slacken off, or you can force yourself to drive to the finish, knowing that the pain will become excruciating. Right *there,* the great competitors separate from the rest, for it's those last few metres that count. Most swimmers back away. If you push through the pain barrier into real agony, you're a champion.

In the beginning, swimming had not been this special to me. At Lake Oswego, Oregon, where I lived, that was all the young people did in the summer, and when I began to enter races, I did it because it was fun. Of course, I wanted to win—and I did. When I was ten I held the national record for the 20-yard backstroke for boys aged ten and under, and state records for backstroke, free-style and butterfly.

During my first year in secondary school, I made the No. 1 swimming team, and by the next year I was beating swimmers from all over the state, some of them university students. I was getting good marks in class; I was popular and extremely happy.

And then—when I was 15—my parents asked me if I wanted to leave home and try to do something really important in swimming.

"You can stay here in Oregon," my father said, "and be the best swimmer in the area, or you can go where there's a challenge and see what you can do."

At first I rejected the idea. "I don't want to go anywhere," I said. "I want to stay with my friends. Swimming isn't that important."

For a month we discussed the idea, and more and more I realized that my father was presenting me with a marvellous opportunity. Finally I said, "Let's give it a try."

On January 21, 1962, I moved to Santa Clara, California, alone, and began my training under George Haines, the coach at the Santa Clara Swim Club. George was about 38 and looked much younger, a tall, tanned, handsome man with a swimmer's build and squint lines round his blue eyes. To me,

when I first went there, he was more than the most knowledgeable swimming coach around—he was a substitute father. He found me a place to live, he cared about my problems, asked about my schoolwork, and he had faith in me. "You can do this, you can do that," he would tell me during training, and I believed him.

In Oregon I had done well training one hour a day. In California I was in another league. We arrived at the pool at 6.30 a.m. and George, striding up and down with a megaphone, would order a 500-metre warm-up swim. Then we would swim another 500 metres "pulling" —using only our arms. Next came 50-metre repeats: Swim 50 metres, stop to check your time on a wall clock, swim another 50, check your time again—ten times in all. Called interval training, this enables you to develop a sense of pace, a sort of built-in speedometer. Without that, you can't be sure of yourself or your strategy in tough competition.

Then we did another 500 metres with a kickboard, working only our legs. Next, 100-metre repeats, probably five. Another long swim, more repeats, drills on breathing, turning and starting. One more long swim and we were finished for the morning. In the afternoon we were back for more. At the peak we were swimming more than 12 kilometres a day.

Three months after I moved to Santa Clara I went to the Spring National Championships, the climax of the winter season. Much to everyone's surprise, I made the finals in the 220-yard free-style and finished third. The next night in the 440, I came third again.

For the first time I realized I had a good chance of making the 1964 Olympics. I would only have to be the fourth-fastest 200-metre man in the United States to make at least a relay team. And here in 1962 I was already third.

I went home for a week in June and another week at the end of the summer, but after that I never really went home again. I stayed in Santa Clara and trained. This was to be my life for a long time.

Strategy for Gold

THE PROCEDURE for choosing the U.S. Olympic Team differs from that of any other nation. Most of the major powers select their final team on the basis of the athletes' over-all performance during preceding months. We make up our team from the winners of a single, four-day meeting called the Olympic Trials, usually held only six weeks before the Games. Even if you're the best in the world in your event, if you don't perform that one day, you don't make the team.

I object to this one-shot policy. We force our best athletes to peak —to give everything they've got— just to make the team. Then, after demanding the best from them in

competing with each other, only six weeks later we ask them to peak again in the toughest competition in the world.

In swimming particularly, peaking is a carefully worked out procedure. For several months before a major meeting you train very hard, swimming four or five hours a day, covering 9,000 to 12,000 metres. Then four or five days before the meeting you stop this intense training and begin to peak.

You change your whole way of life. You reduce training time to a half-hour or an hour a day—just enough to stay calm. You adopt the routine you will keep during the meet. You do nothing that will dissipate your energy. If you're at school you cut down on studying, give up dates, rest in the afternoon. You read, you watch television, you eat and sleep. You indulge in no outlet for your tension, and that tension builds and builds inside you. The idea is that in competition you're just going to explode.

Finally, just before the meeting, you shave most of the hair off your body. This is partly for a physical reason: tiny drops of water would collect on the hair and make you less streamlined. But it is psychological, too, even symbolic. With this final gesture you feel that you've done everything you can to get ready for this race. The idea of peaking works. And it drains you—totally.

In April 1964, a few months before the Olympic Trials, George and I talked for hours about how we could plan for the three meetings now coming up: the Outdoor Nationals at the end of July, the Olympic Trials at the end of August and, six weeks later, the Games themselves. Physically and psychologically it would be impossible to peak for all three.

George and I came up with a radical strategy. What if I peaked for the Nationals in July, and then did *not* peak for the Olympic Trials? It was a calculated risk, but I thought I could do it, and George did, too.

However, it's easier to decide on a risk than it is to live with it. The first part of the strategy worked fine. I won three events at the Nationals. But, of course, I had peaked, and a lot of people hadn't. And the week before the Olympic Trials, as I watched everybody at Santa Clara easing off, lounging around and shaving down before we left for New York it began to worry me psychologically. By the time we reached the Trials I was really nervous. By not peaking I could conceivably have bungled it all. I might not even make the team. I couldn't sleep for four or five days.

As expected, I didn't take any firsts at the Trials, but I did manage seconds in my two events, the 100-metre and the 400. This put me automatically on the 4-x-100-metre relay (four men each swimming 100

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metres). I also won a spot in the 4-x-200-metre relay. I was satisfied. I was on the team and, after four weeks of training camp, would be on my way to Tokyo.

Of course, everybody else was saying, "What's happened to Schollander? Is he going downhill? Is he tensing up under pressure?" Only much later did they find out about what came to be called my Strategy for Gold.

One-Tenth of a Second

On October 10, at Tokyo's National Stadium, the eighteenth Olympics began. The flags of 94 competing nations rimmed the arena and, on the scoreboard, lights spelt out the Olympic creed: "The most important thing in the Olympic Games is not to win but to take part, just as the most important thing in life is not the triumph but the struggle."

In the opening ceremony, thousands of athletes paraded round the stadium, many of them in colourful native costumes. Some delegations, such as the American and Russian, were very large, and some very small—a flag-bearer and three men from Madagascar, one athlete and one flag-bearer from Liberia.

The next morning I swam my first race: the qualifying heats for the 100-metre free-style. Waiting for my turn, I watched two or three earlier heats and saw that most swimmers were taking out the first 50 metres in 25·1 or 25·2 seconds. I probably could have gone down in 25·4 but I took the first lap in 25·9, and in the 100-metre a half-second is a big difference. Then I came hauling back fast enough to qualify, closing the gap in the last lap.

That night in the semi-finals, I did the same thing. The list for the finals shaped up about as I had expected. There were eight in all, including Alain Gottvalles, the record holder from France, Bobby McGregor from Great Britain, Hans Klein from Germany, and Gary Illman, Mike Austin and me from the United States. In his semi-final, Illman, an old friend from Santa Clara, set a new 100-metre Olympic record.

The 100-metre free-style is a short, fast race, and in the Olympic finals the first and the eighth man could finish within one second of each other. Everything has to be perfect: the start, the turn, the end. At the finish, you should be accelerating and reach the lip of the pool "in phase"—your touch to stop your clock must be part of the downward motion of your final stroke. If you come in "out of phase," you will have to take an extra stroke and four others will finish ahead of you. It's that close.

The best start is the quickest start. When the starter calls, "Swimmers to your marks," you begin to come down and forward on the balls of your feet very slowly and then, in position, you stop. The starter will



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not shoot the gun while any swimmer is moving. Thus, the perfect start is to come down so slowly that, although you appear to be perfectly motionless, there is still an imperceptible forward motion, if only in your muscles. When the gun is fired, you still have the momentum to be the fastest man off the blocks.

That is what I wanted to do. I knew that if I went too soon, I would only cause a false start. Either way, I'd be ahead. For if it was a false start, it would add to the pressure and I honestly felt that I was in better control of my emotions than the others in the race.

I edged forward—slower and slower—barely moving, just short of stopping, and then, before the gun sounded, someone *else* took off. The tension piled up. A second time we came down slowly, slowly. The gun sounded and we were off.

And I just blasted out that first lap. This was my strategy. All week I had worked to convince everyone that I was a dangerous man in the second lap. In the heats and in the semi-finals I had held back at the start and shot ahead in the second lap. Now I was trying to be right with the rest at the turn. I hoped this would cause them to panic for an instant and think, "What's wrong? Did I go out slower than I meant to? If he's level with me now —what will he do to me in the second lap?"

Actually, everyone tore up the pool on that first lap—McGregor, Illman, Klein, Gottvalles. And at the turn, I was with them. In the heats and semi-finals I had gone out in 25·9; now I was down in 25·3.

For me, Illman had seemed like the man I would have to beat, but coming out of the turn, he ran into trouble. As eight men streak through a pool, they create big waves in the water that quieten down again after they have passed. But at the wall you turn round and have to go right back through these waves before they can subside. You absolutely must hold your breath for four strokes, stay streamlined, keep your head down and knife through the choppy water. Illman knew this as well as anyone, but for some reason, after two strokes, he turned his head and breathed. I saw this later on films. He was a little ahead of me and as he turned, he hit a wave, bounced—and dropped about 30 centimetres behind me. By the time he recovered, I had pulled ahead.

On the last lap, because I breathe to the right I could see the field to my right, and I was ahead of all of them. But I couldn't see McGregor, to my left, in lane 2. Ten metres away from the wall, I actually had the thought—and I'll never forget it—"I'm going to win! I'm going to win!" Actually, McGregor was ahead of me.

With five metres to go he was still ahead, though I didn't know it. He had gone out so fast that, if I had not done the same, there would have been no way I could have


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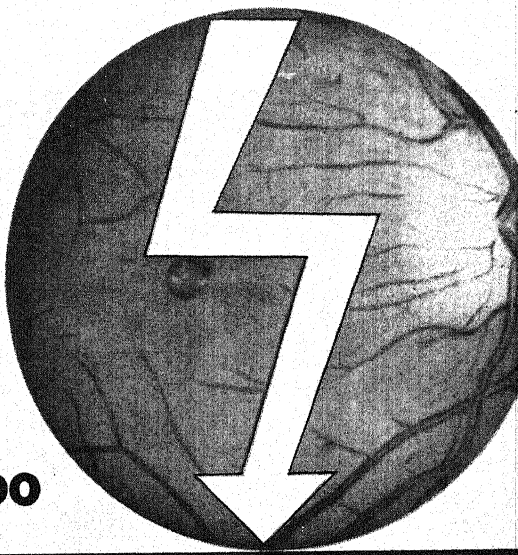
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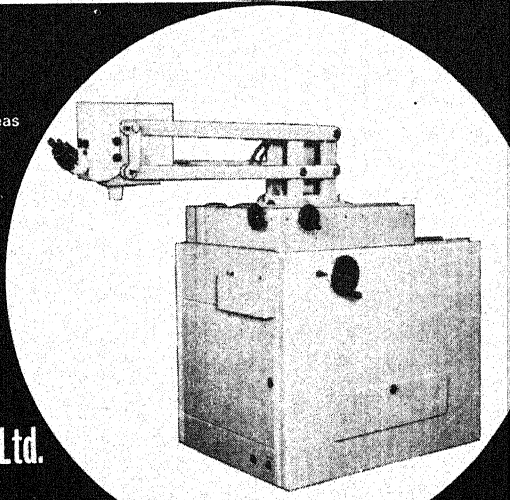


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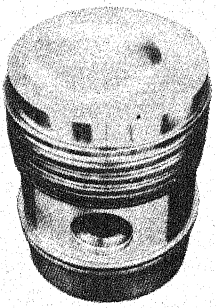
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caught him. But McGregor had started so powerfully that during those last metres he was decelerating and I was accelerating. I touched him out—*by one-tenth of a second*.

THE DAY after the 100-free I was elated. My toughest event was behind me. I felt good about winning and I felt good about the way the Japanese people had cheered me.

My next race was the 4-x-100-metre relay. I swam the anchor leg, and the American team won, which gave me my second gold medal.

After that came the 400-metre free-style. And I managed to do the last two laps in something like 1.01·4, breaking the world record.

My final race was the 4-x-200 free-style relay. Again I swam the anchor leg, and our team had a body-length lead by the time I took off. To win, I didn't have to go all-out. If I did my leg in just under two minutes, no one would catch me. But I didn't want to lose even part of the lead the others had picked up. It was a matter of pride. I reckoned I could give it everything I had just once more.

I went down and back that 200-metre leg in 1.55·6—two seconds faster than my own world record. The American swimming team won its sixteenth Olympic gold medal, and I became the first swimmer in history to win four gold medals. In the process, however, I came to understand something that would be true for many years to come: that I would be swimming, not only to win, but *not to lose*—and that others would be swimming not only to win, but to beat Schollander.

ON SUNDAY, October 25, the eighteenth Olympics came to a close. I was to be voted the outstanding athlete of the Games, and my own country had chosen me to carry the flag at the head of our team in the closing ceremonies. I was deeply moved. It was the highest honour I have ever received in sports.

Cut-throat Rivalry

THOSE four gold medals changed my life. Back in the United States I was bombarded with invitations to make speeches, give interviews and appear on television. Lake Oswego began to prepare for a day in my honour, and at the city limits a new sign read, "Home of Don Schollander." But I was seldom home any more.

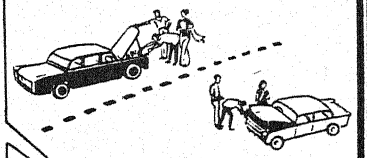
One day late in 1964, the AAU (American Athletic Union) rang me to confirm that I had been invited, with Gary Illman, to visit France. We were to put on a few exhibitions, swim in some races and have a chance to see the country. It sounded great.

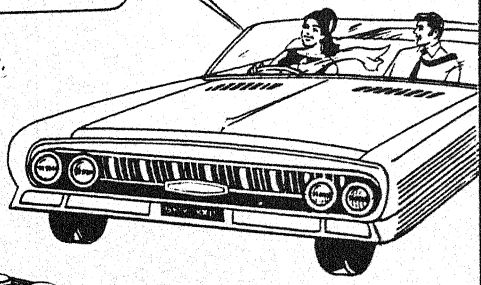
We arrived in Marseilles and found that there was to be an exhibition; we were to take part in one individual event and one relay. I asked if we would be competing

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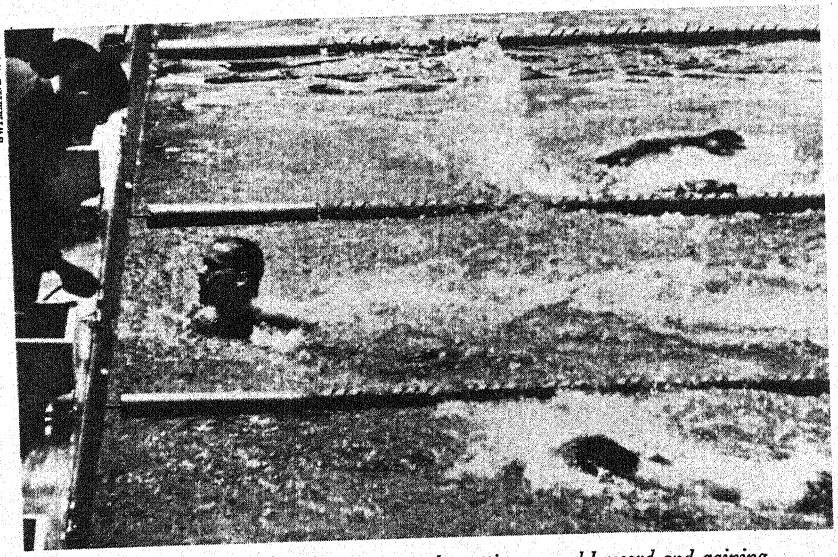
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against Alain Gottvalles in these events. The answer was no.

Our hosts also asked us whether we had finally made up our minds to be in the big race that was to take place in the harbour after the exhibition. We declined, because we had never raced in cold water.

I touched him out to win. Gottvalles explained that this was our usual strategy—prearranged. Without someone to pace me, he implied, I could not win.

Some of our French friends resented this attack, and they told us that people definitely expected us to



Schollander wins the 400-metre free-style, setting a world record and gaining his third of four gold medals at the Tokyo Olympics

For the time being nothing more was said.

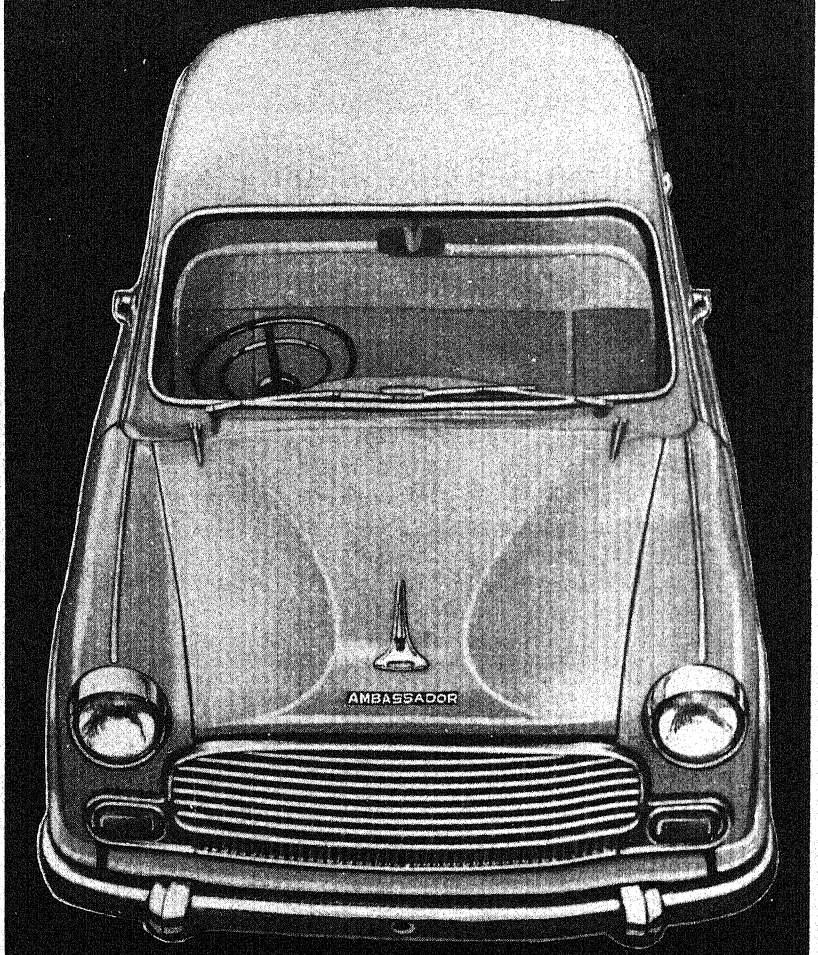
The exhibition began at 9 p.m. and just before it, Gottvalles turned up—as a television commentator. Later we learned that during the broadcast he roasted Gary and me. We swam in a 100-metre free-style race against six French swimmers, and it just happened that Gary led for the first 90 metres and at the end

swim against Gottvalles the next day in the annual harbour race, the "Coup de Noël." Gary and I were furious. We were not prepared for this kind of race. But our friends implored us to accept the challenge. "Be good sports," said one. "It's already been announced in the newspapers!"

They had us. We could visualize the headlines about "ungrateful

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Americans" and we felt a responsibility. So we agreed to swim.

When we got to the harbour the next morning, there was a huge show in progress—water-skiing, hydroplane races, rowing races. It was a drizzly day, and there were about 3,000 spectators.

The starting point was a launch anchored in the harbour. As we headed out to it in a speedboat, I saw that the water was filthy with rubbish and rainbow-coloured streaks of petrol. The thought of swimming in that muck really appalled me. Then I reached over the side. Man, it was cold!

I had about two minutes to decide how to swim the race. Very cold water can be dangerous when you aren't conditioned to it. It tightens your muscles and accelerates your heartbeat. I knew the thing to do was to start slowly. But that raised a problem. There were more than a dozen swimmers in this race, and the harbour wasn't roped off into lanes. If I held back I would get boxed in. Even at the starting line it was crowded, as the other swimmers bunched together round Gary and me.

Then I saw that Gottvalles was standing a little to one side, with plenty of space, in the bow of the boat, where he could get away in the clear and clobber us. In that instant I became convinced that this was a set-up job. Gottvalles must have been preparing for this race for months, training, conditioning himself to the cold water. And what had I been doing? Attending banquets and making speeches. I looked at Gary hemmed in at his end of the boat, and at those crowding round me, and then I got mad.

The starter ordered us into position, and I climbed up on the side along with everyone else. But suddenly I jumped back down and ran towards the bow. When the starter sent them off, I was still running. I jumped in behind the rest of the field, but now there was only one man between Gottvalles and me.

The cold shot through me like a knife. I saw that Gottvalles wasn't starting fast. However, the swimmer between him and me, instead of heading straight towards the shore, was angling over towards me. It looked as though I had a cut-off man.

To clear him before he got in my way I would have to go hard immediately. And if I did, cramps were inevitable. I asked myself, what do you care? If it means so much to them, why fight it? But, damn it, I *did* care! I was young and foolish enough not to want to lose. I wasn't going to be anyone's pawn. I was going to beat Gottvalles right here in this harbour!

As many times as you have felt the pain, you still forget how bad it is, until it hits. I could feel it starting in my stomach and moving to my legs, and I was afraid that the cramps would come before I reached the shore. I kept going hard—

my one thought was that the faster I went, the sooner it would be ended—and then my fingers touched the concrete landing.

I staggered to my feet. This is something you never do. You must let your heartbeat return to normal while you're still buoyed up by the water. But I was so cold and the pain was so overwhelming that I had to get out. Seconds later Gary struggled on to the landing.

Someone threw a blanket over me, and two men worked at the cramps in my legs. Then Gary doubled over as cramps hit his legs and stomach. Doctors had to take care of him. But the important thing was that we had finished first and second. Gottvalles came third.

On a Treadmill

I HAD been accepted by Yale University. But because of the Olympics I was allowed to miss the first term (I made it up later) and enter at mid-term. So, not long after my return from France, I moved to New Haven, Connecticut.

I wanted university to be the beginning of something new. I was coming to Yale as a student, not as a swimmer, and I hoped that other people would see it that way, too. But within a few days I began to feel like a campus monument. Everywhere I went people stared at me. Students would point me out to each other or to their dates. I would look away and try not to be self-conscious about it, but when I looked back they would still be staring and whispering.

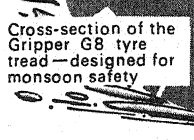
Almost from the start I began to get hate letters and crazy phone calls. School girls called and openly offered their services in bed. Little kids telephoned me for tips on swimming, and I would talk to them. On top of everything else, there was a film about me that made me wince every time I heard the title: *The Boy Who Swims Like a Fish*. When I arrived at Yale, it was being shown at a local cinema.

My biggest problem was time. Even before classes began, the rat race started. The day after arriving at Yale, I took off for a pair of dinner engagements in Ohio. A week later I went to New York to tape a television show.

I began falling behind in my studies, but almost every week-end I would be off somewhere getting an award or making a speech. My room-mate used to ask me why I accepted the invitations. In a way I felt an obligation. How could I say to these people, "No, I don't want your award"? I knew how much it meant to them and I couldn't say it.

Often I would return to Yale on Sunday night, stay up late to study, go to four classes Monday morning and then collect the pile of mail that arrived in my box every day. I'd spend nearly an hour just separating the important letters from the fan letters and the hate letters. I

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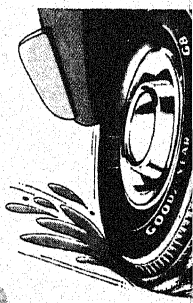
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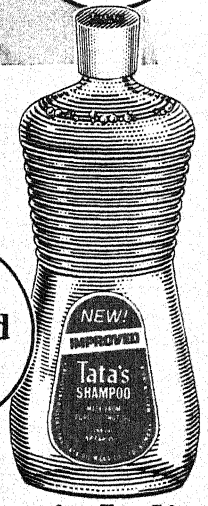
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began to consider a fan letter an imposition because I had to give two minutes that I couldn't spare to answering it.

In the evenings I studied, trying to accomplish in three hours what most students were doing in eight. By 11 the others in the dormitory would start to fool around, and I wanted to fool around, too, and try to make some friends. But I had to study. Then it would be Friday and I'd be off again on the banquet circuit.

It was even worse in the pool. I was swimming regularly in the Yale first-year students' team and I kept telling myself that I ought to get into condition, but I never had the time. I would turn up at a meeting and swim my events almost mechanically. I never thought about the race in advance. I always had too much work; I was always running; I was always tired. Five months ago I'd been a champion—on top of the world. Now I felt that I couldn't cope any more.

Then, unexpectedly, George telephoned. I poured out everything—the academic pressure, the pressure of public demands that made it impossible to get into shape. I told George that I was in terrible condition. I said that I felt I was going to be beaten in the Harvard meeting, not so much by a better swimmer but by my own success and the consequences of it.

George talked quietly and firmly. He told me that my performance depended not so much on my training this year as on the year before. Last year I had probably been the best-conditioned swimmer in the world, and he was confident that this training would pull me through. Anything built up so carefully over such a long period would break down very slowly.

But he warned me that I had better get back to Santa Clara and strict training that summer. He knew from experience that if a swimmer went a whole winter without serious training and then took the summer off, too, he fell too far behind in the sport to ever catch up again. I made up my mind to do just that, but I was a lot closer to being finished than anyone realized.

A Free Man

I HAD several invitations to go to Europe that summer, but in order to get back to Santa Clara and training, I limited the trip to three countries—Germany, Switzerland and Belgium. I landed in Germany on June 16 and was listed to compete against Hans Klein the next night. In January I had told Hans that I wouldn't be in condition and he had laughed and said, "Neither will I. We'll probably swim the slowest race in history." But he was in condition and he beat me—badly.

By the time I reached Switzerland I felt rotten. I swam the 200-metre ten seconds slower than my normal time. After the race, when I tried to pull myself out of the

pool, I couldn't. I tried again. I got half-way up and my arms gave out; I slipped back into the water. I just hung on to the edge until a couple of people pulled me out. Then they rushed me to hospital.

The next morning a doctor told me I had mononucleosis. I thought, "Good," and rolled over and went back to sleep. For four or five days my condition grew worse. Then the fever broke and I woke up one morning feeling fine. By the time I could sit up and read I had received hundreds of concerned letters and telegrams from Europe, America, Japan. That is the good side of being a world figure. But my championship days seemed to be over.

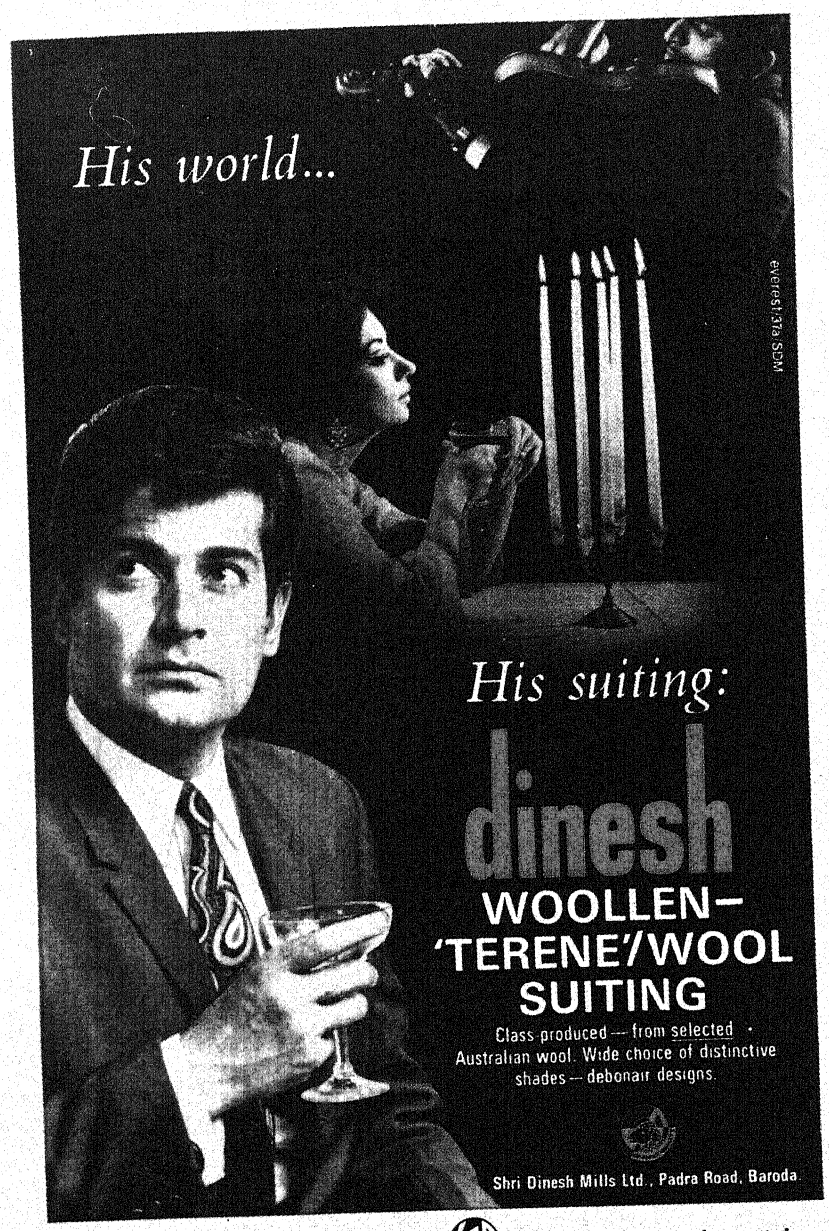
Few swimmers last more than two years after they reach the top, anyway. Most peak at about 18 or 19 and last until 20 or 21. Swimming is such a demanding sport that swimmers simply run out of energy and motivation. I had been at the top for more than two years already. Just as bad, I had been away from serious training for too long; I knew nothing of the new techniques and training methods, or of the new psychological approaches being developed. Now I had a debilitating disease that was sure to destroy the endurance I had built up over the years.

I spent two beautiful weeks in that hospital. It was nestled in the mountains, and my room had a terrace overlooking the Alps. I devoted a lot of time to thinking out there. I wondered if I really was finished. Even more, I wondered if I cared. I suppose I did. I had enjoyed swimming and I had enjoyed competing. I admired the people involved in sports and, tempting as it was to complain, I liked many of the rewards that winning had brought me.

Still, I was tired of swimming and training, tired of fighting to save my reputation, tired of publicity and of obligations. When the doctor announced that I wouldn't be able to swim all summer I thought, "Put that in writing!"

I hadn't been home for the summer in four years. I flew into Portland late in the afternoon, over the Columbia River Valley gorge, and with the sun beginning to set, it was the most beautiful sight in the world. Our home in Lake Oswego is in the middle of thick woods and high mountains, and to me it represents everything that is beautiful and peaceful and quiet.

That whole summer, I lay in the sun all day and slept all night. Back at Yale that year, I was a free man. Now I had *time*—for football games, plays, special lectures, girl friends. I had time to study, and my marks jumped. My room-mate and I, who had made no close friends the year before, moved in with nine other students. We had a combination of suites that became legendary during our time there: seven bedrooms, a living-room, a den and a bar. This was the kind of



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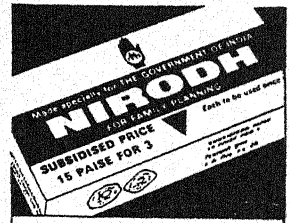


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great university life I had dreamed about. I couldn't believe what a simple case of mononucleosis had done for me!

The Russian Caper

By December, when swimming practice began, I was feeling fine. I was beginning to look forward once more to training. My interest in competition had revived along with my health. I made it known that I didn't intend to retire; I refused to admit I was finished at 19. But, of course, I would be starting all over again, from the bottom.

The training at Yale was not really the kind I needed. I managed to win the races I swam for Yale, but that didn't mean I was back in condition, and I knew it. As soon as term finished in June, I reported to Santa Clara, and that first morning swam more than 4,500 metres.

I made such good progress that George and I decided that some foreign competition might be advantageous. In July I joined a team of 15 American boys and girls who were going to compete in Moscow. To me the most valid reason for sending athletes to other countries is to create goodwill. Sports are an international language which can bridge the barriers between people. But if an athlete is exploited, if he is made the victim of a set-up for propaganda purposes or national pride, the inevitable result is ill feeling all around.

From the moment we reached Moscow there were unmistakable signs that we had walked into a Russian set-up. Our accommodation was crowded and uncomfortable; the reception was cold. And then there was the last-minute cancellation of a Russian-American track meeting which had been arranged for about the same time as our swim meeting. The Russian athletes said they refused to compete until the United States stopped its war of aggression in Vietnam.

Naturally we wanted to know if the swim meeting was cancelled, too. The answer was no—and we began to catch on. The United States had a strong track team and the Russians had a weak one. So they had cancelled the meeting because of the war. But the Russian swimmers were strong and they were ready to go.

In fact, on paper, we were going to lose. Comparing times, out of 17 events we were sure of winning only four or five. Unlike most meetings, no points would be given for second and third places. Russia was counting only firsts because she had a good front line of swimmers and no depth. For the same reason, there would be no relays.

Even though our coach had agreed to permit the Russians to film and test our team while training, I was annoyed when, at practice, a Russian woman appeared and began following me up and down the pool with a stopwatch. It is important to see your competitors

swim, to know their split times, their pacing, to watch their starts and turns. However, neither we nor the Russians had had an opportunity to observe each other. I reckoned it was this woman's job to report.

I did everything I could to deceive her, kicking and stroking erratically, breathing in either direction, swimming slowly. I could see my Russian Mata Hari beginning to boil.

But she returned to the next practice session, and this time there was also a camera in a window near the bottom of the pool. Pictures would be even more valuable than reports. So I frustrated them. When in range of the camera, I either dived at it or flipped over on my back.

The Russian woman complained to Don Gambrill, our coach. This was a cultural exchange, she said, and I wasn't co-operating. Don reminded me that the State Department had asked us to co-operate. I said that I didn't care. These people were obviously setting us up; I would be co-operative out of the water, but in the pool I wasn't going to show them a damn thing.

We all felt the harassment. We felt it so much that almost every member of our team made the decision to peak for the meeting, though we would all have to peak again for the Nationals soon after our return home. I remember that American team with pride. They were young and relatively inexperienced, and the pressure was terrific —but so was their desire to win.

As for me, I was mad, and when the gun sounded for my first race, the 100-metre free-style, I just blasted off the blocks. And everything clicked. It was one of the best races of my life. My time was 53·2 seconds, two-tenths of a second faster than my Olympic record. A Russian came in second.

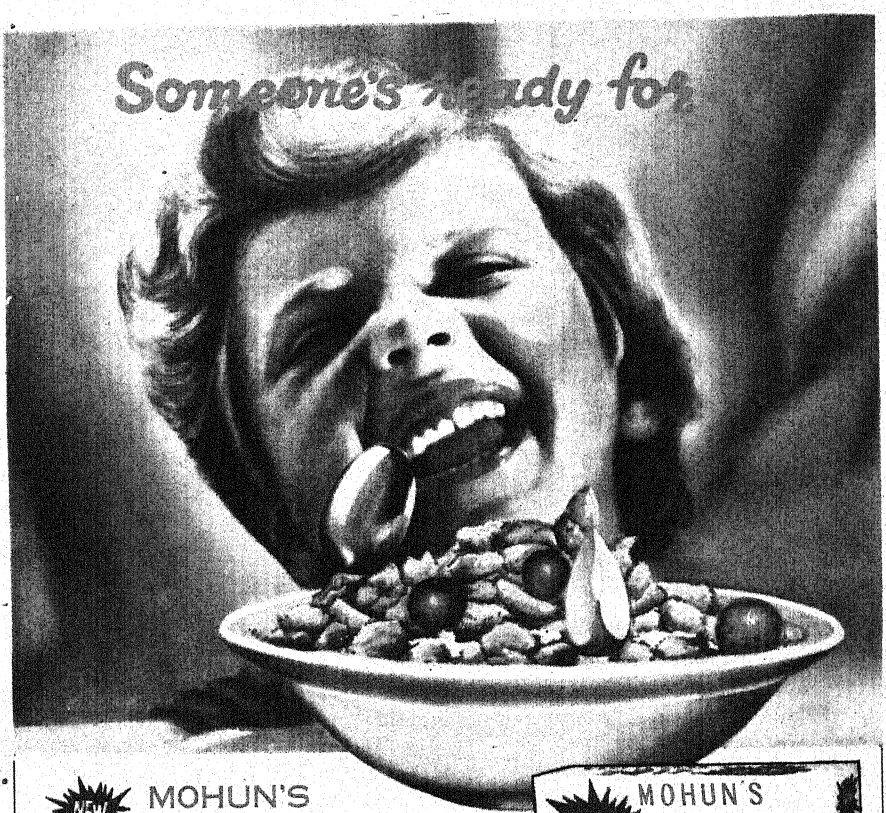
At the end of the first night, the U.S. team was ahead, 5–4, and the next night we won the meeting 11–6.

In the morning, the Moscow newspaper reported only that two Russian girls had broken world records, which was true enough. They didn't mention the other events at all.

The "Problem" Olympics

I HAD now made up my mind to stay on top until the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City. The odds were against me, and I knew it. At Yale I couldn't train properly—to put in the hours I needed at the pool would have been cheating myself of all that university can offer. To keep pace, I returned to Santa Clara for the summers and tried to accomplish during June, July and August what my competitors did in a whole year.

That summer of 1967 was a crossroads in my life. I did some winning, but I did some losing, too, to the new young crop of swimmers. George told me that if I hoped to win in Mexico, I would have to

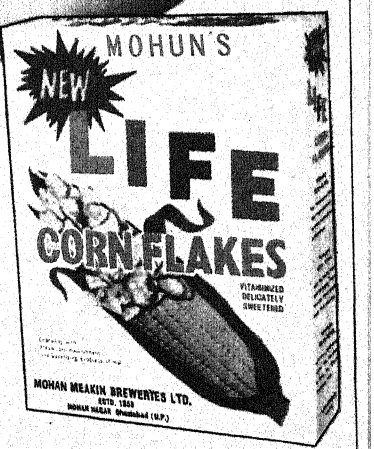


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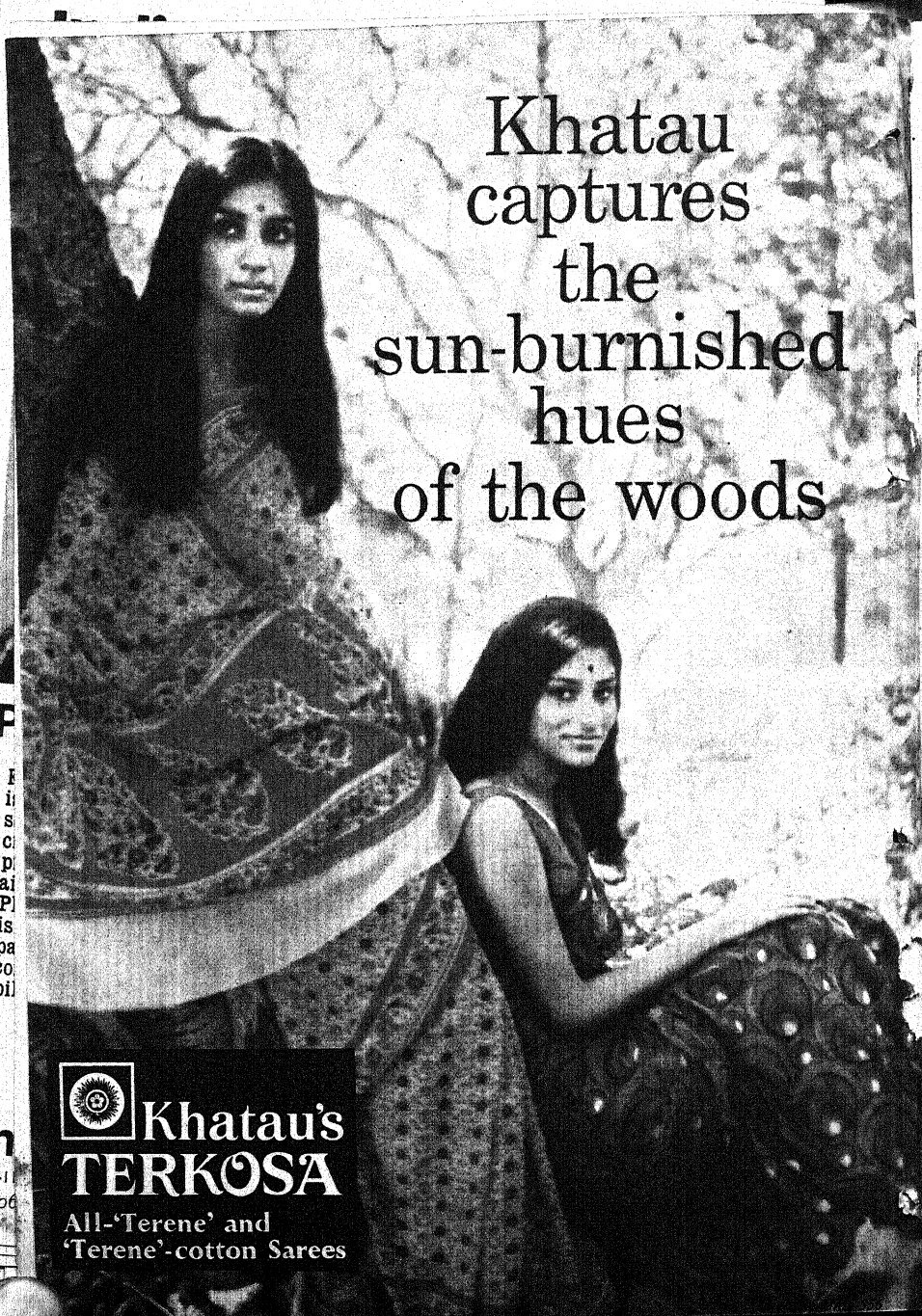
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drop out of Yale for the beginning of 1968 to get into condition. For a while I thought of doing it. But at the end of the summer I decided not to. I couldn't leave the last term of my final year just to train for the Olympics. I had come to terms with myself. I didn't have to be the best swimmer in the world any more.

The '68 Games became known as the "Problem Olympics." It was clear there would be trouble long before they took place. The first difficulties arose in February over the issue of South African *apartheid*. In 1964 South Africa was banned from the Games for refusing to give its black athletes a chance to participate. In 1965 the South Africans said they would allow blacks to take part in 1968, and an integrated team would be sent to Mexico. The trials held in their own country, however, would still be separate.

Protesting at these try-outs, 32 black African nations voted to boycott the Games altogether. Red China, which doesn't even send athletes to the Olympics, loudly supported this protest and pointed out to the African nations that Russia hadn't said anything about joining their boycott. That put Russia on the spot. And if Russia withdrew from the Olympics, it was hinted, the Eastern European countries would follow. With half the world on the sidelines there would be no Games. So the IOC (International Olympic Committee) backed down, and South Africa was again barred.

Meanwhile, American black athletes were threatening a boycott, at first in support of the protest against South Africa, and then as a vehicle for dramatizing the American Negro's problems. I can only say this: At the Olympics, on the U.S. team or any other, there is no such thing as race or colour; there are only athletes. For a Negro to boycott the one movement in which he has always been respected and equal, to me seemed very sad.

In the official definition of the objective of the Olympics, it is stated that the Games are held "not merely to give contestants a chance to win medals, nor to entertain the public, nor certainly to demonstrate the superiority of one political system over another." The true objective is "to create international amity and goodwill, thus leading to a happier and more peaceful world." But before the '68 Games even began the whole vocabulary of world dissension had attached itself to the event.

The new problems did nothing to dissipate the old ones. They were all still there, full-grown and twice as ugly, and it took only a day or two after my arrival in Mexico to see them. For the first time, there were to be tests for drugs—the same as with a racehorse—to detect that little pill that can drive you harder to win. There were even chromosome tests to prove that women

competitors were really women. A Polish contestant failed the test and was rumoured to be near suicide, and there was a rash of scratched entries, especially among the women from the Iron-curtain countries.

Finally, it was said that the Olympic Village was teeming with manufacturers' representatives, ready to pay athletes to use their equipment in competition. We heard that they were slipping 500 dollars (Rs. 3,750) in cash to athletes of all countries. There was even one wild story that an athlete tried to cash a shoe-company's cheque right in the Olympic Village. None of us doubted the stories. That money was changing hands under the table was an open secret.

A few days before the Games began, I attended one of the many cocktail parties at which Olympic Committee officials and their friends gather. Nobody talked about any of the problems I saw and of which all the athletes in the Village were aware. My frustrations boiled over. I left the party and walked for a long time, thinking.

The Olympic movement was in a state of crisis that the leaders didn't even know existed. I had strong emotional feelings about the Games. They had meant so much to me, and I felt that I wanted to repay some part of the debt.

I went back to my room and wrote a speech. My plan was to call a press conference the next day and talk about all the things that I felt were wrong. Then, to dramatize my protest, I was going to leave Mexico immediately without swimming my events.

But then I talked to an old friend, Mike Wall, and we spoke about George. I felt I owed it to George to tell him what I planned to do. I found him in his room after breakfast and showed him the speech. He read it through without a word. When he had finished, he looked at me and said, "Don, if you did this, I think I'd pack my bags and go home before the Olympics even started."

As soon as he said that, I knew there was just no way I would be able to make that speech.

I had qualified in the Trials for only two events, and I swam them. As anchor man in the 4-x-200 relay, I turned in a very fast time—1.54.6. The event gave me my last gold medal. Even I was surprised at how fast I went. Two days later in the individual 200, however, I had slowed down. Also, by then I was telling myself with joy, "My last race!" The event went to Mike Wenden of Australia. I expected him to slow down over the last 50 metres, but he didn't and I came in second.

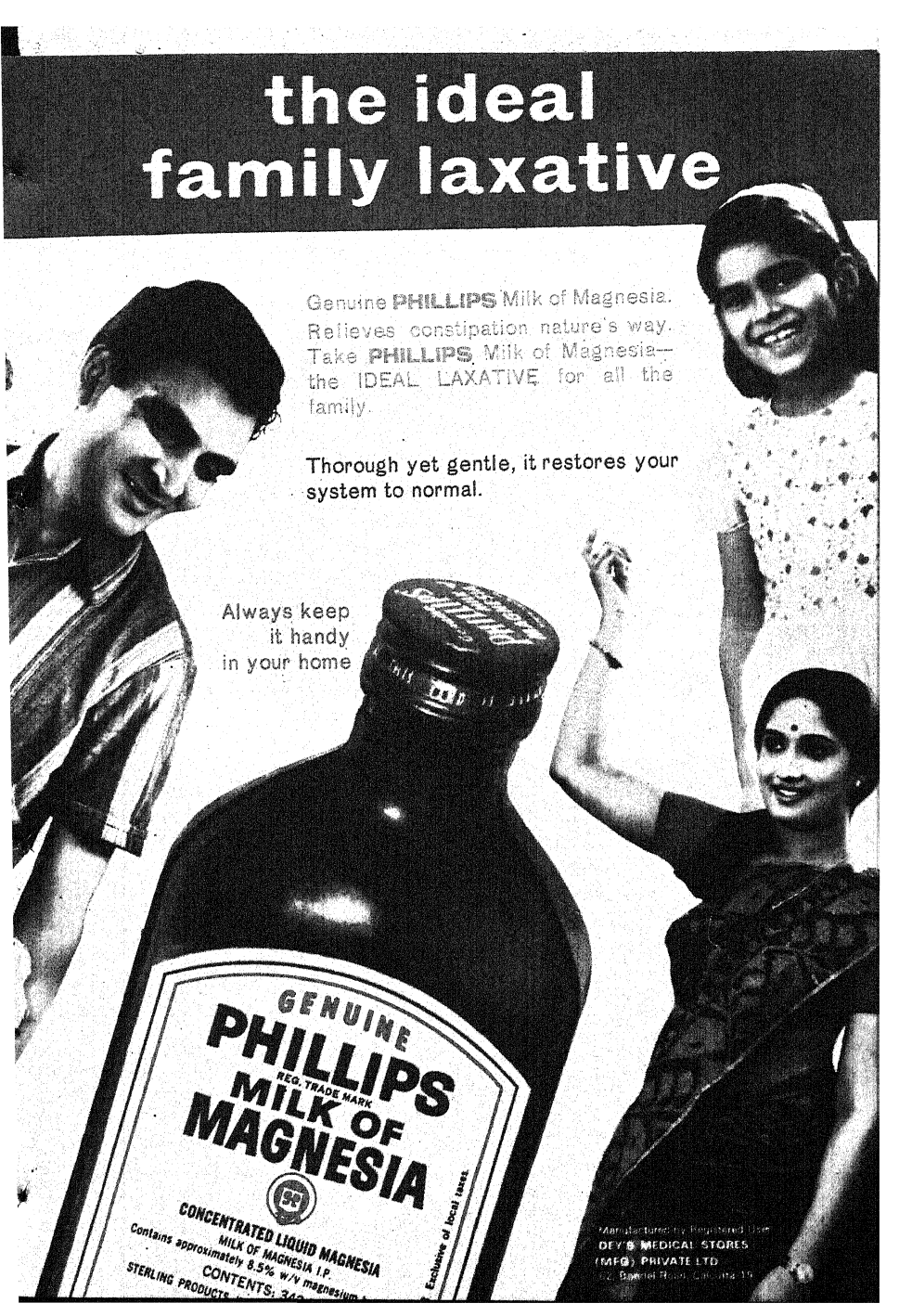
I would have liked to have gone out a winner, but at the closing ceremonies that was not very much on my mind. I kept thinking I was glad it was over, and then while I

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looked at those optimistic words, "Munich 1972," I began to ponder the difficulties for the Olympics that lay ahead.

Can the Games Be Saved?

MY CAREER as a swimmer is over now, but my concern for the preservation of the Olympics continues. The fact is that "amateurism" is dead, and the crowning event of amateur sports—the Olympic Games—is in danger of dying.

Where should change begin? I have several suggestions:

Get politics out of the Olympics. For many years before 1968, governments used the Olympics as a propaganda *tool,* but in 1968, something more sinister was added. With the South African affair, the Olympics became a weapon—a lever against existing governments to force a change in political policy. Red China pressured the Soviet Union and succeeded in changing the Olympic movement. And the IOC let it happen.

Once you let world politics dictate the policies of the Olympics, where does it end? If the IOC has the right to dictate to South Africa on a matter of internal affairs, can it also tell Russia that its athletes must not serve in the Russian army? Can it also, for example, order the Eastern European countries to hold free, two-party elections?

When the black African and the communist-bloc nations threatened to withdraw if South Africa was permitted to participate (even with a bi-racial team), the IOC should have said, "All right, we're sorry you won't be there. We'll hold the Olympics with half the world, and when you're ready to come back, you'll be welcome."

By refusing to stand its ground, the IOC gave to any bloc of nations the power to end the Olympics. If a similar crisis arises in 1972, and again in 1976, is it not inevitable that the Olympics will die? Will athletes train for years, only to have the competition aborted by politics?

Revise the rules of eligibility. The IOC's definition of amateurism is hypocritical, obsolete and unenforceable. For instance, there is a rule that an athlete is ineligible if he has capitalized in any way on his athletic success, profited commercially, secured employment or promotion because of his sports success.

In fact, very few countries still hold a firm line between amateurism and professionalism. The communist-bloc nations, we are told, take their best athletes into the army, where their year-round assignment is to train in sports. In France the best athletes have jobs at which they do little or no work, in order to permit them to concentrate on training.

If the IOC attempted to enforce its eligibility rule, it would have to eliminate every Russian athlete, because he is probably in the army; every European athlete who has a

good job because he is a sports idol; any athlete in the U.S. Army who has an assignment related to his sport; and any amateur who is employed because of his sports fame.

The IOC cannot enforce such rules—it does not even attempt to—and yet it continues to pay lip service to an archaic definition of amateurism.

I firmly believe that the amateur athlete should be allowed to make some money—in a regulated, controlled way. The present rules merely penalize excellence. Why should a great swimmer not be allowed to teach? The only real amateurs, who never earn money in any way related to their sport, are the ones at the very top, the few who are too conspicuous because of their excellence to take a chance.

Reorganize the Olympic movement. I don't think the IOC, as it is presently constituted, will undertake the necessary reforms. Its loftiest goal remains the preservation of an amateurism that no longer exists. It cannot see that it is worshipping a corpse, and because it is a self-perpetuating body, there is today no effective remedy for change.

With this in mind, I would like to call for former athletes to convene every four years, during the Games and immediately afterwards, to discuss what is happening to the Olympic movement and to organize groups to try to bring about necessary changes more rapidly. Former participants have a special feeling for the Olympics. Their voices should be heard. Working in concert we can put pressure on the international group and, in time, make the IOC aware of its problems and institute reform. That, to me, is absolutely essential if the Olympics are to be saved.

I hope the first such meeting of athletes can take place in Munich in 1972.

WHEN I left Lake Oswego at age 15 to go to Santa Clara, I thought it was the biggest sacrifice of my life. Was it worth it—working like hell, giving up so much? My answer is yes. Even without the medals and acclaim I won, it would have been worth it.

I think that I swam in the best of times. There were great competitors, and we changed the sport. We were the pioneers of modern competitive swimming, and we had all the fun and excitement that go with trail-blazing.

You get so many intangibles out of swimming—discipline, confidence, experience. Most of all, I think, I learned to know myself, and to test myself against the best, whether I won or lost.

"The most important thing in the Olympic Games is not to win but to take part, just as the most important thing in life is not the triumph but the struggle. The essential thing is . . . to have fought well."

THE END

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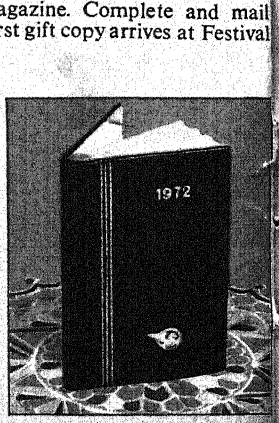
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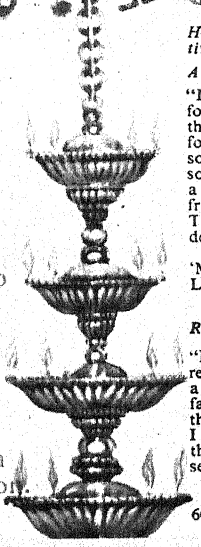


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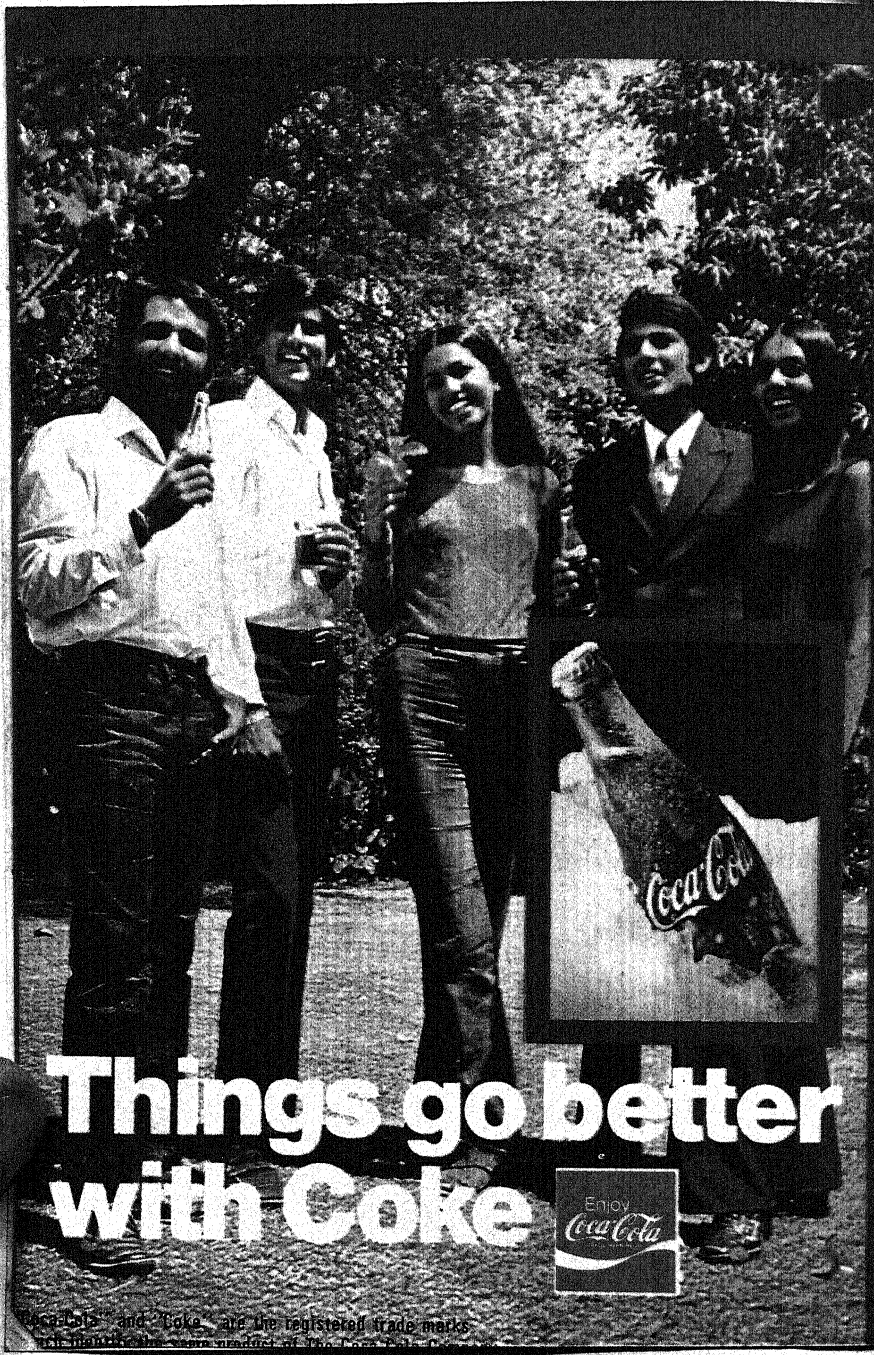
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TREATIES are like roses and young girls. They last while they last.
—Charles de Gaulle

NOT everything that is faced can be changed. But nothing can be changed until it is faced.
— James Baldwin

EVERY GENERATION revolts against its fathers and makes friends with its grandfathers.
—Lewis Mumford, *The Brown Decades*

IF IT'S painful for you to criticize your friends, you're safe in doing it; if you take the slightest pleasure in it, that's the time to hold your tongue. — Alice Miller

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

"The Spanish Steps"
(Painted for Reader's Digest by Ben Wohlberg)

One of the world's most famous and spectacular staircases, the Spanish Steps were completed in 1726. They climb from Spanish Square in central Rome to the church of Trinità dei Monti, about 25 metres and 137 steps above.

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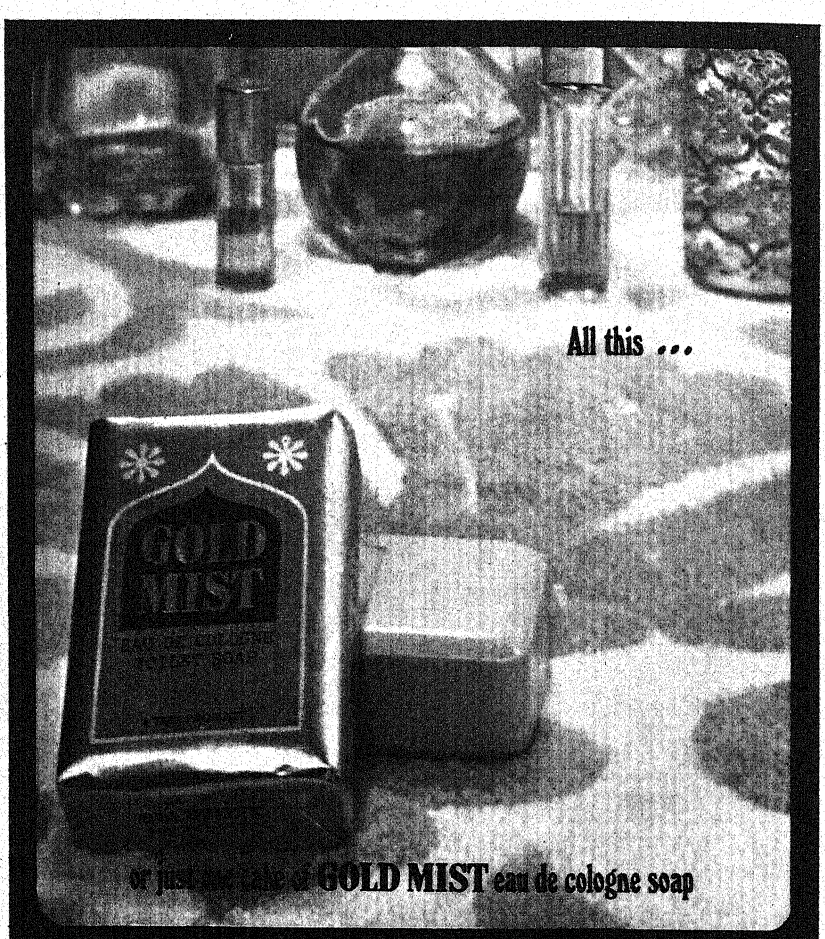
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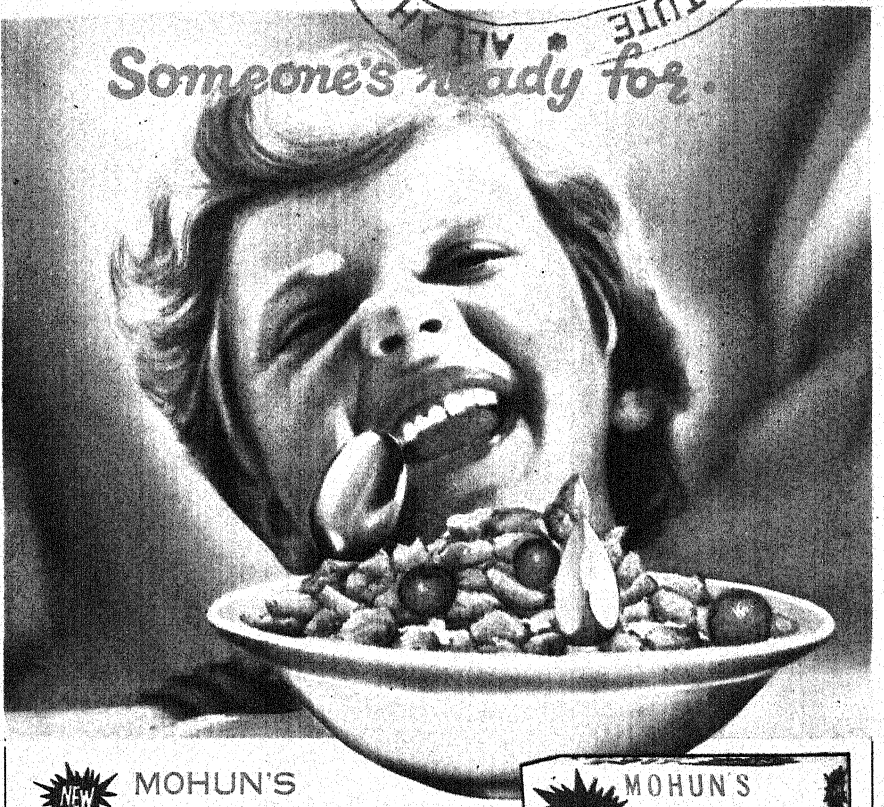
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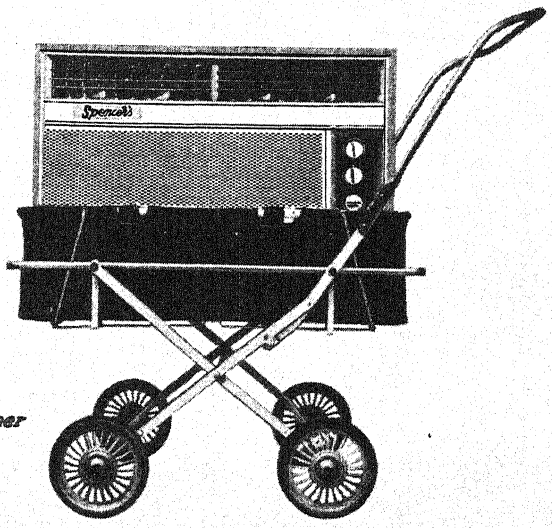
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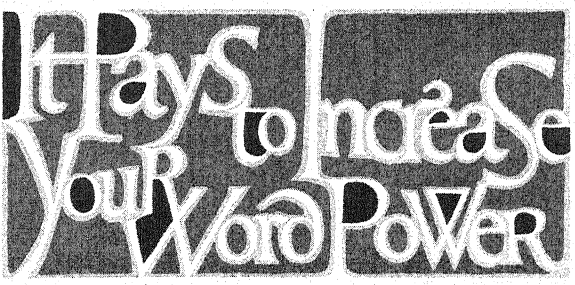


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By Peter Funk

In the list below, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

(1) **parochial** (pa roh′ ki al)—A: religious. B: limited. C: pertaining to teaching. D: controversial.

(2) **euphoria** (yew for′ y a)—A: sense of well-being. B: vagueness. C: enthusiasm. D: loss of memory.

(3) **implicit** (im plis′ it)—A: accurate. B: obvious. C: understood. D: subtle.

(4) **therapeutic** (ther a pew′ tik)—A: based on theory. B: cautious. C: sleep-inducing. D: curative.

(5) **aura** (aw′ ra)—A: crown. B: atmosphere. C: setting. D: piety.

(6) **curfew** (kur′ few)—A: vespers. B: warning. C: restrictive regulation. D: bell tower.

(7) **provocative** (pro vok′ a tiv)—A: noisy. B: pleading. C: cranky. D: stimulating.

(8) **dexterity** (deks ter′ it ee)—A: adroitness. B: precision. C: superficiality. D: vigour.

(9) **vituperative** (vye tew′ per a tiv)—A: abusive. B: ugly. C: explosive. D: touchy.

(10) **ephemeral** (e fem′ er al)—A: luminous. B: fragile. C: short-lived. D: oblivious.

(11) **enigma** (e nig′ ma)—A: nonsense. B: complication. C: puzzle. D: blemish.

(12) **petrify**—A: to worry. B: bewilder. C: preserve. D: harden.

(13) **quadrant** (kwod′ rant)—A: quarter of a circle. B: square dance. C: courtyard. D: singing group.

(14) **collegial** (ko lee′ ji al)—Relating to A: ancestral descent. B: assembly of diverse fragments. C: security for debt. D: group of colleagues.

(15) **indigent** (in′ di jent)—A: native. B: poor. C: angry. D: ill.

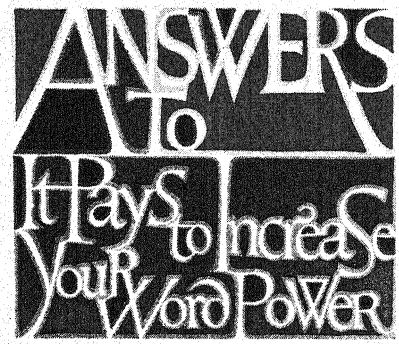
(16) **artefact** (ar′ ti fakt)—A: fake art object. B: rumour. C: man-made object. D: trick.

(17) **propitious** (pro pish′ us)—A: ridiculous. B: favourable. C: pushing. D: foreshadowed.

(18) **contingent** (kon tin′ jent)—A: adjoining. B: dependent. C: agreed upon. D: strict.

(19) **gregarious** (gre gair′ i us)—A: sociable. B: talkative. C: casual. D: jovial.

(20) **infringe**—A: to encircle. B: decorate. C: add to. D: encroach.



(1) **parochial**—B: Pertaining to a parish, hence limited in scope or outlook; narrow; as, a *parochial* viewpoint. Latin *parochia*, "parish."

(2) **euphoria**—A: Sense of well-being or elation; as, to experience frequent spells of *euphoria*. Greek.

(3) **implicit**—C: Understood, though not expressed; implied; as, an *implicit* agreement; also, absolute; unquestioning; as, *implicit* faith. Latin *implicare*, "to involve."

(4) **therapeutic**—D: Curative; having healing properties; medicinal; as, a *therapeutic* drug. Greek *therapeuein*, "to treat medically."

(5) **aura**—B: Atmosphere diffused by a person; subtle radiance or air about a person or thing; as, an *aura* of success. Greek *aura*, "breath, breeze."

(6) **curfew**—C: Regulation ordering people off the streets and closing business establishments at a specified hour. Old French *cuevrefeu*, "to cover the fire"—a nightly signal during the Middle Ages to cover or extinguish the hearth fire.

(7) **provocative**—D: Stimulating; giving rise to anger or comment; intentionally irritating or challenging; as, a *provocative* play. Latin *provocare*, "to call forth."

(8) **dexterity**—A: Adroitness; skill and ease in using the hands; mental skill or quickness. Latin *dexter*, "right-hand side."

(9) **vituperative**—A: Abusive; railing; as, a *vituperative* rabble-rouser. Latin *vituperare*, "to blame in strong language."

(10) **ephemeral**—C: Short-lived; fleeting; transitory; as, *ephemeral* popularity. Greek *ephēmeros*, "lasting a day."

(11) **enigma**—C: Puzzle; riddle; baffling problem; inscrutable or mysterious person. Greek *ainigma*, from *ainissesthai*, "to speak allusively."

(12) **petrify**—D: To harden; convert into stone; also, to stupefy or paralyse; as, to *petrify* with fear. French *petrifier*, "to turn to stone."

(13) **quadrant**—A: One quarter of a circle; any of the four parts into which a plane is divided by two lines that intersect each other at right angles. Latin *quadrans*, "fourth part."

(14) **collegial**—D: Relating to a collegium or group of colleagues, with common functions and rights; as, a *collegial* board of trustees. Latin *collega*, "colleague."

(15) **indigent**—B: Poor; needy; as, *indigent* Eskimo children. Latin *indigere*, "to want, stand in need of."

(16) **artefact**—C: Man-made object, such as an ornament, tool or weapon; as, an *artefact* of ancient Etruria. Latin *arte*, "by skill," and *facere*, "to make."

(17) **propitious**—B: Favourable; advantageous; opportune; as, a *propitious* moment. Latin *propitius*.

(18) **contingent**—B: Dependent for effect on or liable to modification by something that may or may not occur; as, a *contingent* legacy. Latin *contingere*, "to happen."

(19) **gregarious**—A: Sociable; tending to associate with others; as, man's *gregarious* impulses. Latin *gregarius*, "belonging to a herd or flock."

(20) **infringe**—D: To encroach or trespass upon a right or prerogative of another; violate; as, to *infringe* a treaty, patent or copyright. Latin *infringere*, "to break off."

Vocabulary Ratings

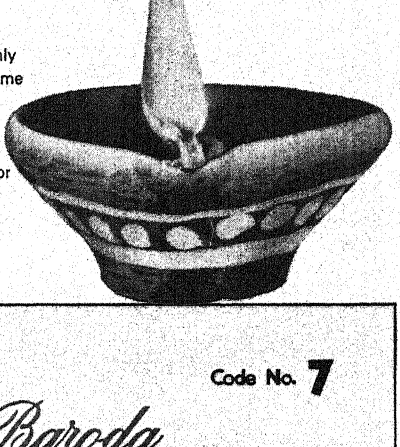
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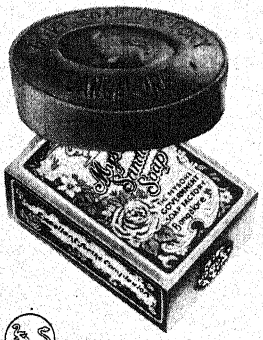
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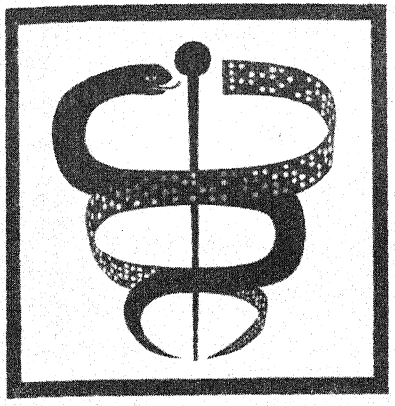
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News from the World of Medicine

Dial-Advice

A SCHEME to help fight cancer, sponsored by the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation, was opened recently in London. By dialling a certain number, callers from anywhere in Britain can listen to a three-minute "teach-in" on early detection of the disease.

Callers are told the ten most noticeable symptoms—ranging from painless lumps to persistent coughings. If they detect any of the signs in themselves or their families, they are urged to seek medical advice.

—John Stevenson in the *Daily Sketch*, London

A Heartbeat Away

A REVOLUTIONARY new instrument, resembling a miniature tape recorder, can detect the heartbeat of an unborn baby within three months of conception. Later in pregnancy the device will help determine whether life is continuing after a threatened miscarriage, and whether a mother can deliver her baby naturally or needs a Caesarian operation to save the child.

The instrument, called a foetal blood-flow detector by the English electronics engineer who invented it, works rather like radar, transmitting through the womb an ultra-high-frequency signal well above the normal range of the human ear. This reflects from organs inside the body. If the organ is not moving, nothing is heard. If there is movement—blood flow or heart beat—the instrument receives a signal very slightly different from the one transmitted. By comparing the two, the instrument produces an audible sound. —Brighton *Evening Argus*

British Breakfast is Best?

A GERMAN nutritional expert has proclaimed the British breakfast of eggs, bacon, toast and tea the perfect meal to help fight modern illnesses.

Professor Hans Schweigart told a recent convention in Luxembourg: "The changing rhythm of working hours and leisure over the past ten years demands a fundamental alteration in eating habits in civilized countries."

He believes that breakfast now has to provide at least 30 per cent of the day's calorie intake. Says Professor Schweigart, "That's why the British breakfast is best."

—Robert Vacha in the *Daily Mail*, London

Clinic on Wheels

MRS. ROSA SHAMBERGER, a frail 80-year-old American woman, was unable to visit her doctor regularly. Often she was too ill or too afraid to venture out alone from her small flat,

and it was difficult for her to get transport home. But now Mrs. Shamberger has only to step out of her flat and directly into the doctor's surgery. The surgery has come to her and to other elderly people in her building—in the form of a small brown-and-white motorized caravan.

The vehicle is driven by Dr. Huerta Neals, a 56-year-old cardiovascular specialist who drives his mobile surgery around Jersey City, New Jersey, every Tuesday. Dr. Neals asserts that doctors must extend their methods of giving medical care in order to reach needy and sick people. He is particularly concerned with old people "who die needlessly because they give up the idea of trying to get to the doctor. It was disheartening to see older patients who have trouble with their breathing waiting for long periods at surgeries and clinics. Often, I would take them home myself."

To meet the problem, the doctor bought a second-hand caravan (already equipped with a bathroom, stove and refrigerator). He added an electrocardiograph, a unit for blood analysis and other medical tools. "What I bring that is needed most is myself," says Dr. Neals.

—Barbara Campbell in New York *Times*

Safer Drug for Asthma

A NEW drug called Salbutamol which has been under-going extensive clinical trials in Britain offers the hope that aerosol inhalers used by asthma sufferers will become safer.

Doctors are now convinced that the mounting death rate among young asthma patients is linked to the excessive use of such inhalants. In a recent seven-year period, the number of deaths in the 10–14 age group rose eight times. Most of these patients were using aerosols containing isoprenaline, an overdose of which can dangerously disturb the heart rhythm.

The advantage of Salbutamol is that it has far less effect on the heart than isoprenaline, and that it remains efficacious much longer. This, doctors say, makes it easier for asthma sufferers to decide when to take more, thus eliminating the risk of an overdose.

—Christine Doyle in *The Observer*, London

Bifocals—Pain in the Neck

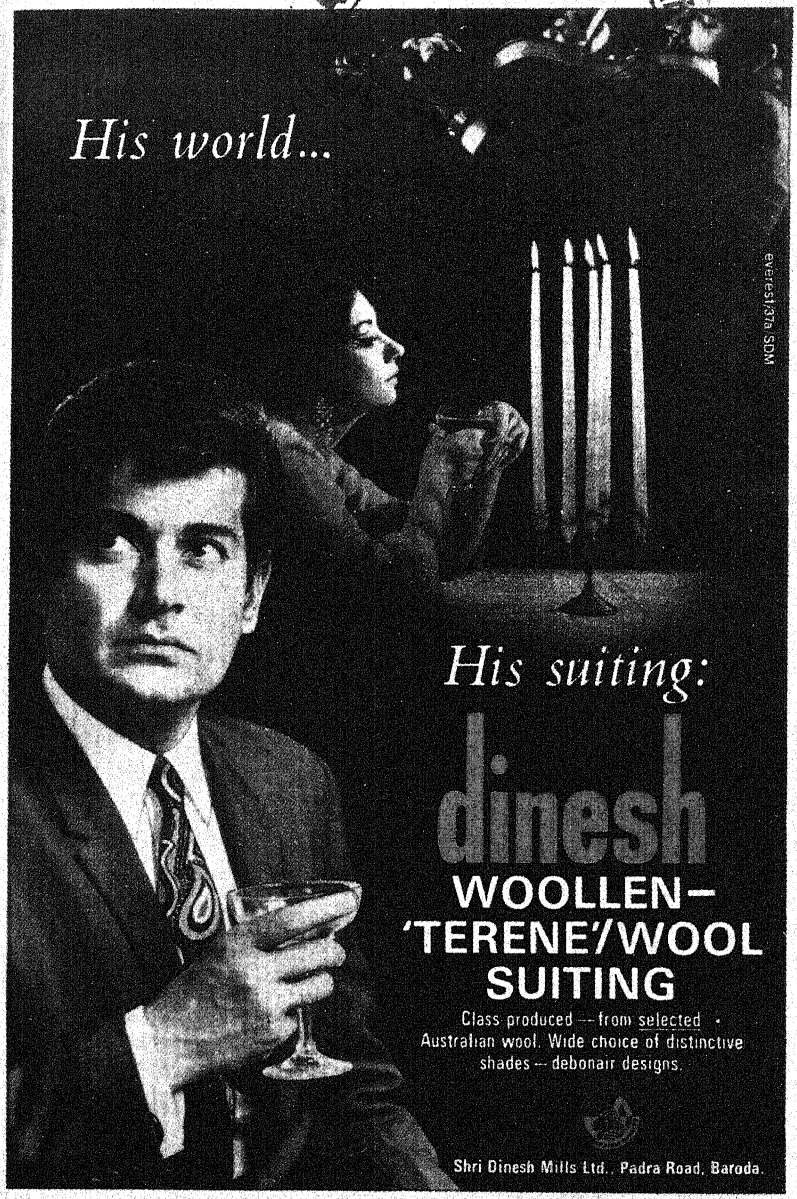
FOR SOME people, glasses can literally be a pain. In a study of 25 middle-aged patients reported by Dr. Ernest Johnson and Dr. Claire Wolfe of Ohio State University, "Onset of neck and arm pain coincided with the recent acquisition of bifocal glasses."

The reading lens is in the lower half of the spectacles. This position is suitable for reading a book held in the lap. But when the wearer does a lot of reading at eye level or above, he must stretch his neck and turn it backwards at least 30 degrees beyond neutral. In the middle-aged who already have wear-and-tear arthritis of the neck, the result may be chronic injury to nerve roots in the neck, and severe pain.

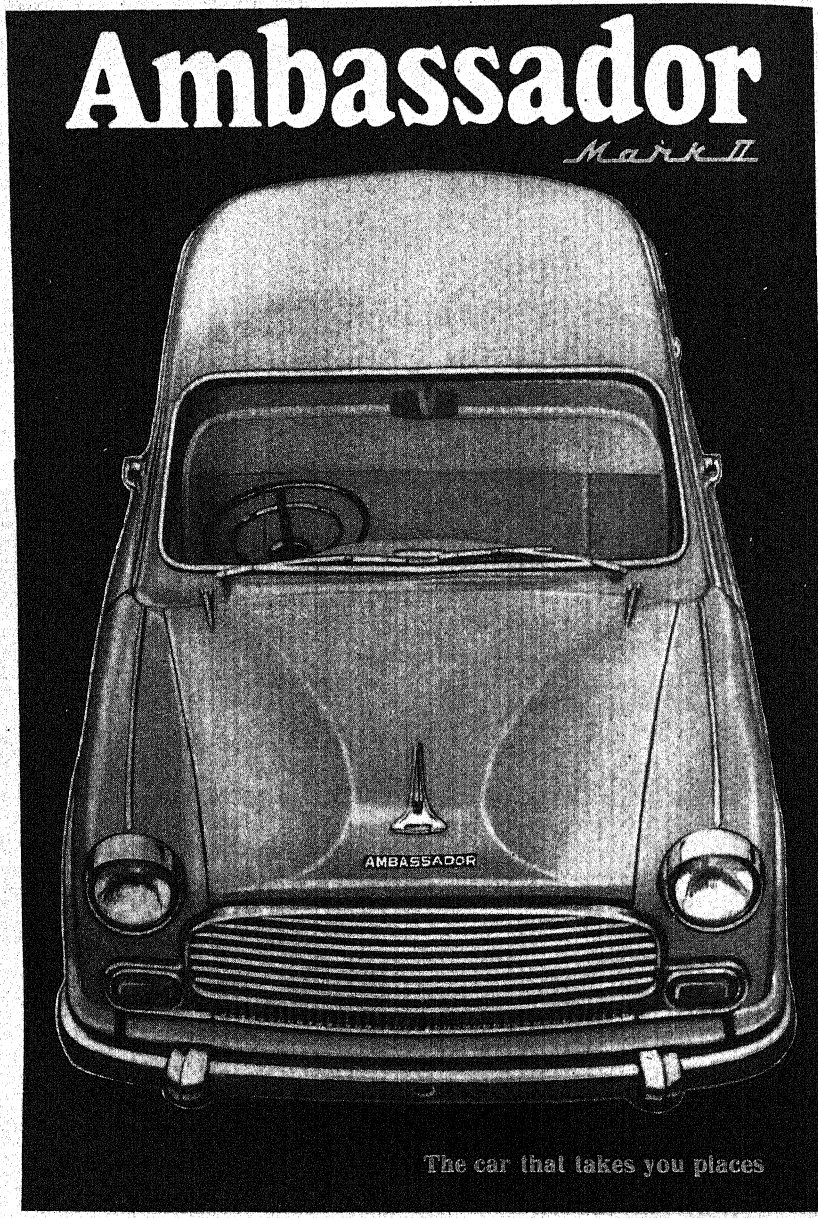
Dr. Wolfe's patients included housewives who store food in overhead cupboards, and an optician with new bifocals who for long periods of time made eye tests on patients from a sitting position. The best therapy is avoidance of excessive stretching and turning of the neck. In some cases the reading segment of the lens can be placed in the upper portion of the glasses.

—Adapted from *Journal of the American Medical Association*

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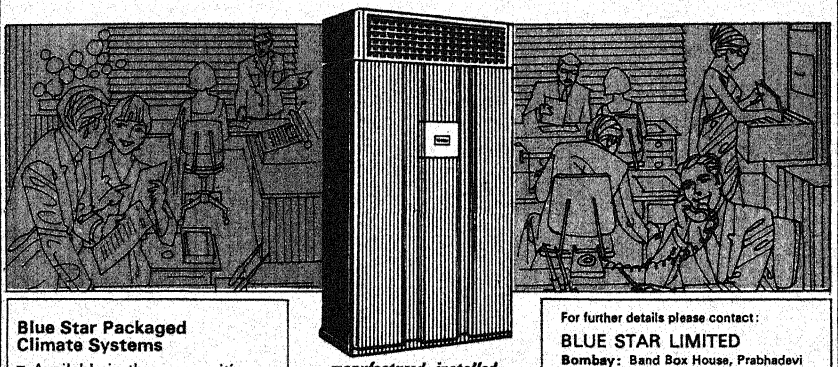
February 1969
My first Board Meeting since joining as MD. Obtained Board's *carte blanche* to implement sweeping, radical changes...Some opposed my demand for Blue Star Packaged Air Conditioning for the entire office Uncalled for extravagance, they said. I argued, it was a must if they wanted greater efficiency for greater profit. That clinched it...

July 1969
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March 1970
Phase One of reorganisation over. Everything going like clockwork. Last year's performance a vast improvement on that of previous year...Phase Two, expanding marketing operation, under way. Two Branch Offices being opened in August. Another in December. Of course, all three will have Blue Star Packaged Air Conditioning. This time no opposition at all from Board Members...

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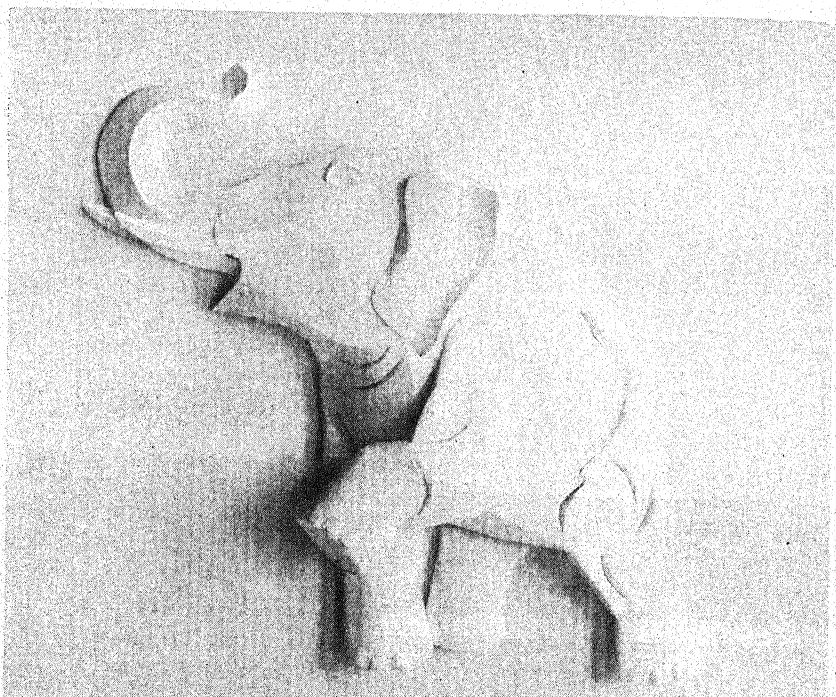
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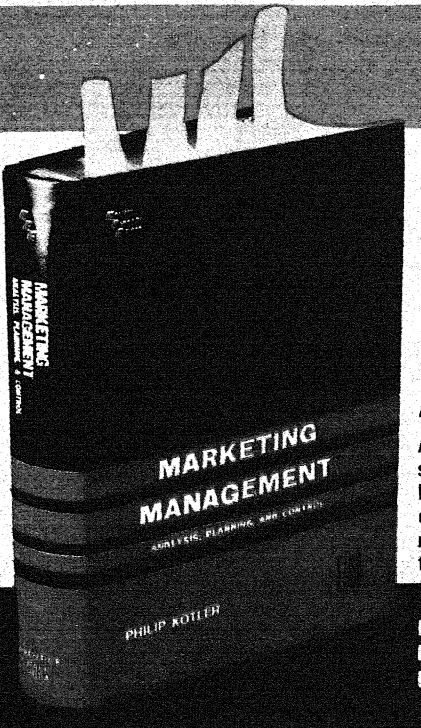
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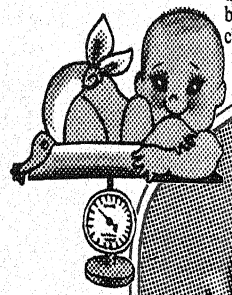
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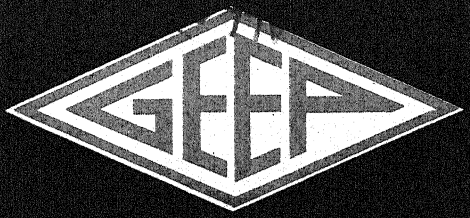
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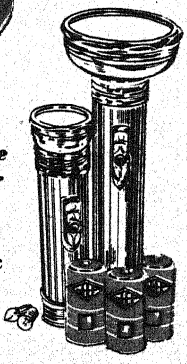
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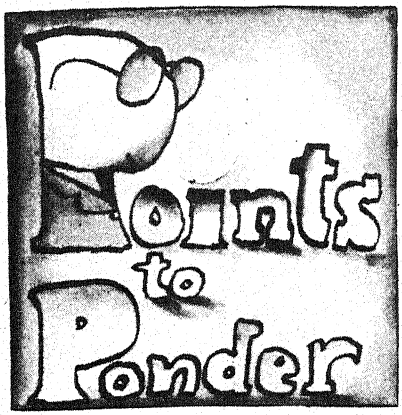
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—Lord Mancroft in *Booking the Cooks* (Kenneth Mason, London)

HOME is a destination—the ultimate destination. "Going home" has a meaning more poignant than perhaps any other phrase.

It is first spoken with true feeling by the child just turned loose from his playpen to explore the wide world of the neighbouring gardens. His first crushing experience with disappointment, or anger, or physical hurt brings a torrent of emotion that ends with a tiny voice piping: "I'm going home."

Home is the sanctuary where the healing is.

As a foreign correspondent, home at times meant scarcely more to me than a comfortable chair in a small hotel room. But, in the relative sense of the moment, it was home, and a welcome base to which to return.

Nothing brings as quickly to mind the horror of natural upheaval, civil strife or war as the picture of the "homeless." The terrible deprivation of the security of home is the worst of mass tragedies.

—Walter Cronkite, *Tributes to Home* by 100 Famous Americans

IN THE past, societies with a vivid conception of the life beyond were indifferent to prognostication, divination and prophecy. In Europe, for example, astrology came into prominence during the Renaissance when millennial Christianity lost its hold on the educated.

Our present addiction to pollsters and forecasters is a symptom of our chronic uncertainty about the future. Even when the forecasts prove wrong, we still go on asking for them. We watch our experts read the entrails of statistical tables and graphs just the way the ancients watched their soothsayers read the entrails of a chicken.

—Eric Hoffer

CREATIVENESS often consists of merely turning up what is already there. Did you know that right and left shoes were thought up only a little more than a century ago?

—Bernice Fitz-Gibbon in *Macy's, Gimbels and Me*

ONE of the reasons for the rarity of statesmanship is that, in a world increasingly rushed to death, the long range waits on the immediate. What is urgent takes priority over what is merely important, so that what is important will be attended to only when it becomes urgent, which may be too late.

—Louis Halle



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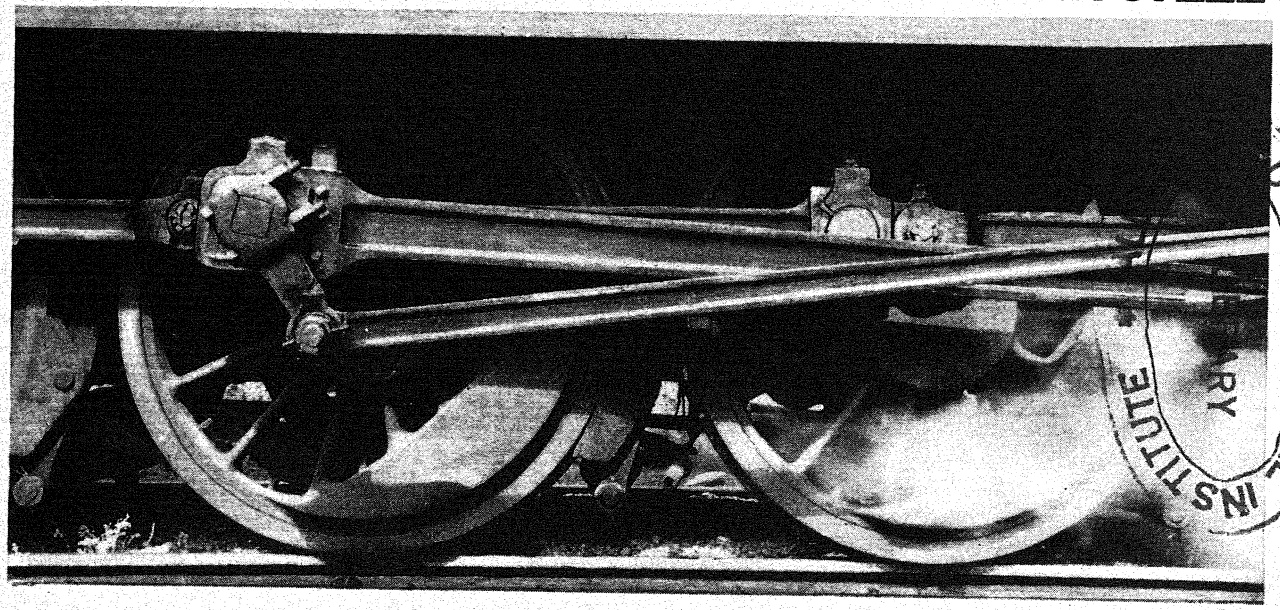
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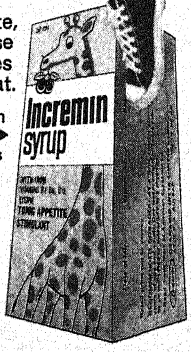
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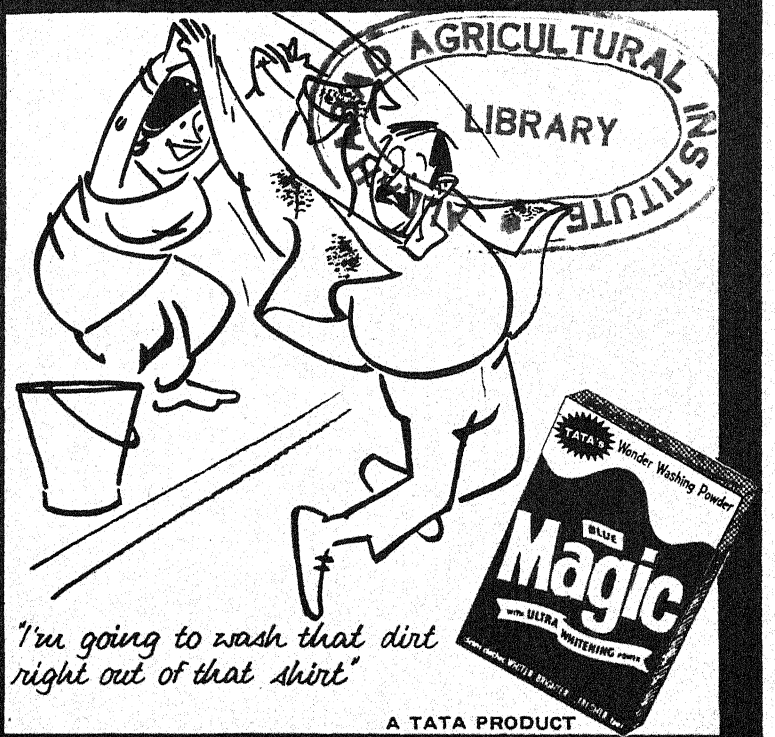


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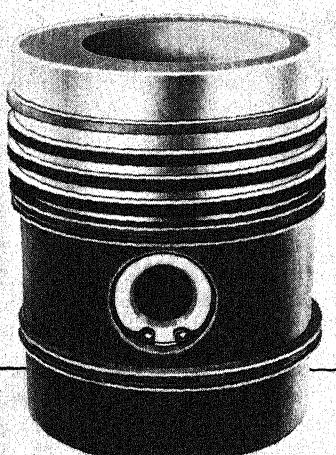
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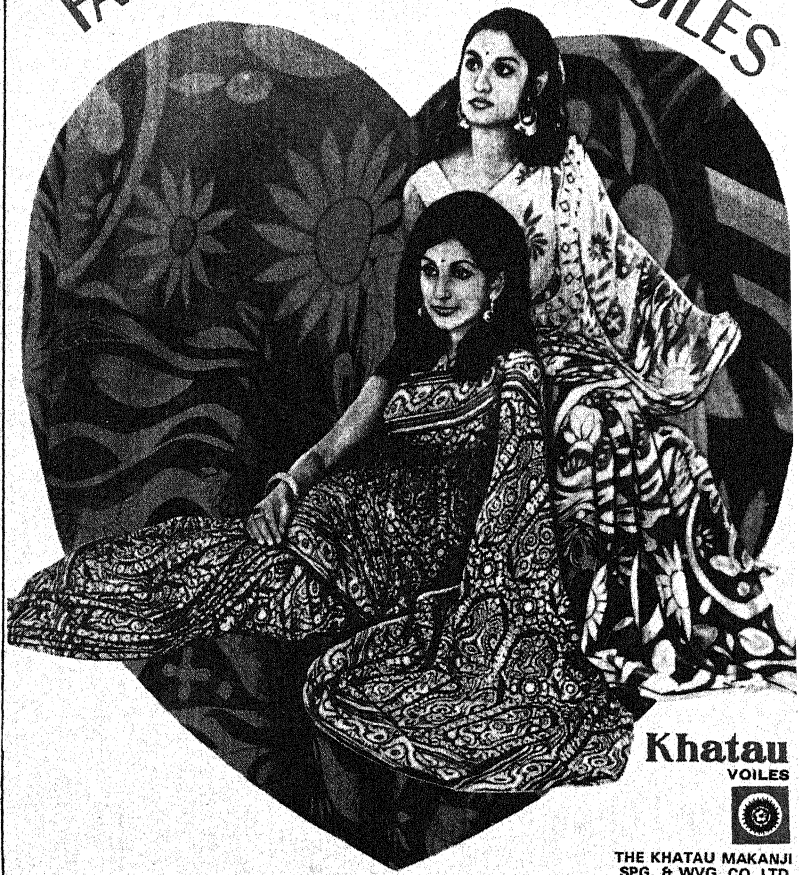
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THE CASE OF THE RUNAWAY TEENAGER

Lured by the supposedly free-and-easy life of the hippies, thousands of young Americans leave home each year —only to find a world of vice and squalor

By Bill Surface

One Saturday in July 1968, 13-year-old Deborah Neill, a frail girl with long, reddish-brown hair, decided to run away from home. She hitchhiked with another teenager to New York City's Greenwich Village and ended up sleeping in Washington Square Park. Next day, Deborah telephoned an uncle in her home town and promised that she would be back in a day or two.

While wandering around in New York, Deborah was approached by two young men. They led her to the fifth floor of a tenement house, stripped her and raped her. Attempting to escape further attack by fleeing through a bathroom window, the girl fell to her death.

The fear of tragic occurrences like this haunts more and more parents as the teenage runaway fever spreads across the United States. In 1968, police departments arrested more than 150,000 missing American juveniles under 18 (about 5,000 were under 11). Because the vast majority of runaways are returned home without being arrested, these figures can only hint at the scope of the problem.

Increasing numbers of photographs, reward offers and hand-printed descriptions of runaways hang in shops, restaurants, church porches and police stations in the popular big-city target areas. Newspapers carry poignant advertisements: "Caryn, age 13, of long

brown hair & granny glasses, missing since Dec. 18. Everything can be worked out." And: "Eugenia Gonis. Please call home. Your parents are worried. If anyone has seen this girl . . ."

"Running away has become a fad, a tragic, almost automatic answer to problems at school or in the home," says Captain Joseph Lynch, head of the New York City Police Department's Missing Persons Unit.

Alluring Life. The notoriety of hippie communities has boosted the incidence of runaways. Unhappy or rebellious children who once realized that they didn't have enough money to subsist away from home now believe they can live with the drop-outs and exhibitionists who congregate in New York's East Village, San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury, Los Angeles' Sunset Strip, and other big-city gathering places.

Far from finding the anticipated glamorous life, most runaways are disillusioned by the end of the first or second night. Indeed, for every determined runaway who remains away a year or more, at least ten either talk to the police or telephone friends within a few days in the hope that their parents will find them. Sixty-six per cent of New York's reported runaways are located within three days.

Having fled in anger or despair, most runaways have neither money to support themselves nor clothing. And they lack proper contacts in a strange city. A boy usually finds that the genuine hippies have left the area, and that he is too young to be accepted by any communal group unless he has money, drugs, a car or a motor-cycle.

I recently watched a boy, aged about 16, as he hung round St. Mark's Place in New York's East Village. After being approached by a pimp, an obvious homosexual and five unshaven alcoholics, the boy grew uneasy and moved on to a crowded street corner, then to a snack bar. Finally, I saw him talk to a man who took him to a dingy building and, I learned later, a squalid room—which contained four people lying on three bare, grimy mattresses.

In order to live in the room, the boy was compelled to leave what little money he had in a coffee tin. The next day, he was ordered to get enough food for the group, which meant begging, stealing or pleading with grocers. Still, he was relatively fortunate. Many runaways fail to find any sleeping space at all, or wind up bunking with sex deviates or drug addicts.

Girls (14- and 15-year-old girls are the largest category of runaways) are more readily accepted by occupants of communal apartments. Often they are too unsophisticated to recognize, until too late, the vicious misfits who infest runaway areas. Frequently they are forced into shoplifting, drug addiction, prostitution and gang sex.

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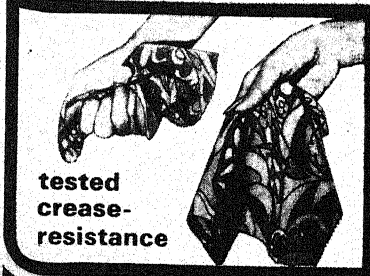


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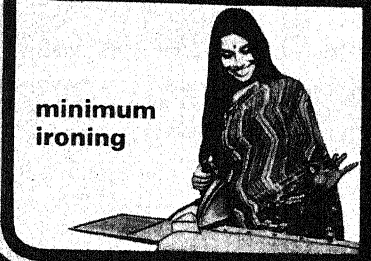
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"pads" or communal centres, more prudent runaways gravitate to parks, museums, bus stations, vacant houses or abandoned buildings. When they try to support themselves, they generally find that the lack of work permits or Social Security cards limits them to begging or to menial jobs in cheap restaurants in exchange for a meal.

Why do these youngsters—mostly from middle-class homes—run away?

Shattered Illusions. Apart from a few delinquents, most are worried or confused. Many say they took off because of serious differences with their parents over dating, hair style, marijuana or social values; over crises caused by damaging expensive furniture or the family car; or, most often, over getting poorer marks at school than were expected of them. A U.S. National Institute of Mental Health study concludes: "Running away may be any one of a number of things, ranging from a cry of despair to a victory yell."

In some instances, youngsters say they left home because their parents engage in excessive hypocrisy, drinking, social climbing or arguing. Captain Lynch comments, "Our runaway cases involve almost as much adult delinquency as they do juvenile delinquency."

Whatever the reasons, attentive parents can usually detect them beforehand. A police officer notes, "A lot of parents and runaways, when reunited, see within minutes that both sides could have avoided the whole ordeal if they had just discussed their differences instead of letting them boil."

A variety of outside-the-home remedial schemes have been started. In Omaha, Nebraska, troubled children can telephone either of two counselling groups, "Guideline" or "Personal Crisis Service," and anonymously discuss ways to resolve their differences with parents. In at least 28 cities, concerned religious and social groups have opened "last-resort centres" similar to San Francisco's Huckleberry House for Runaways.

Supported by contributions and foundation grants, Huckleberry House has, since 1967, provided food, lodging and counsel for 1,750 tired and frequently hungry runaways. But each runaway must meet one condition: he must telephone his parents for permission to remain even overnight at Huckleberry.

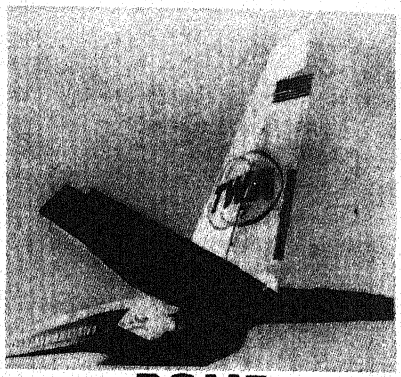
Initially piqued or embarrassed, most runaways pick up the phone, and by so doing start a reconciliation. This way, the Reverend Larry Beggs, executive director of Huckleberry House, points out, "The kids avoid being locked up for 36 hours —which can happen when the police pick them up—and most remain here only until a bus or plane leaves for their home town."

Other volunteer groups actively search out missing juveniles. In

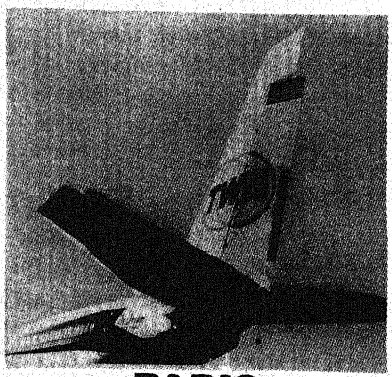
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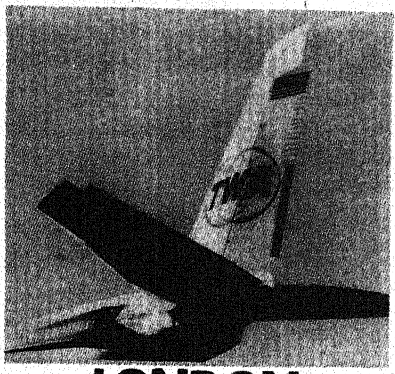
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Greenwich Village, for example, 25 young members of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church have become known as the "recovery agents." As soon as the Reverend Fred Eckhardt, the church's pastor, is asked by parents to help find a missing child, he mimeographs all pertinent information and gives it, along with any photographs, to the "recovery agents."

Reared in, and familiar with, the Village, the "agents" frequently find children whom professionals could not. A father stopped at St. John's after he, police and a private detective had spent a week in New York vainly searching for some trace of his 16-year-old runaway daughter. When he mentioned that she had taken a clarinet with her, an "agent" found a youngster who recalled seeing a young girl with a clarinet in a Village slum building. In minutes, the girl was reunited with her father and happy to be on her way home.

Eckhardt and his young parishioners also launched Operation Eye-Opener. Working through home-town clergymen, Eckhardt has arranged for 42 busloads of teenagers from near-by states to tour, with his "agents," the "haven" areas—garbage-strewn streets infested with prostitutes and exhibitionists. After the teenagers are shown the coffee-houses, loud-music joints and tenements containing communal rooms, they explore on their own for an hour.

So far, not one of the 1,900 youngsters who have taken such a tour has failed to return by the deadline. Moreover, the sentiments of many teenagers have paralleled those of one shaggy-haired boy. "I've thought about leaving home," he said. "But after seeing where you end up, it's not for me any more."

Poor Impression

AN ELDERLY woman visited an art gallery showing abstract paintings. "What does that represent?" she asked an attendant.

"That's the painter."

"And that?"

"The painter's wife."

"Well," the woman commented, "I hope they're not planning to have any children." —APP

Elevating Remark

ONE OF the automatic lifts on the ground floor of a department store was overloaded and refused to move. Finally a man at the back shouted, "The last few people will have to get out." Three people stepped out, and faced the crowd in the lift looking pretty grim.

"Don't look so sad," the man at the back advised them. "It could be a lot worse. This could be a lifeboat." —Robert Sylvester

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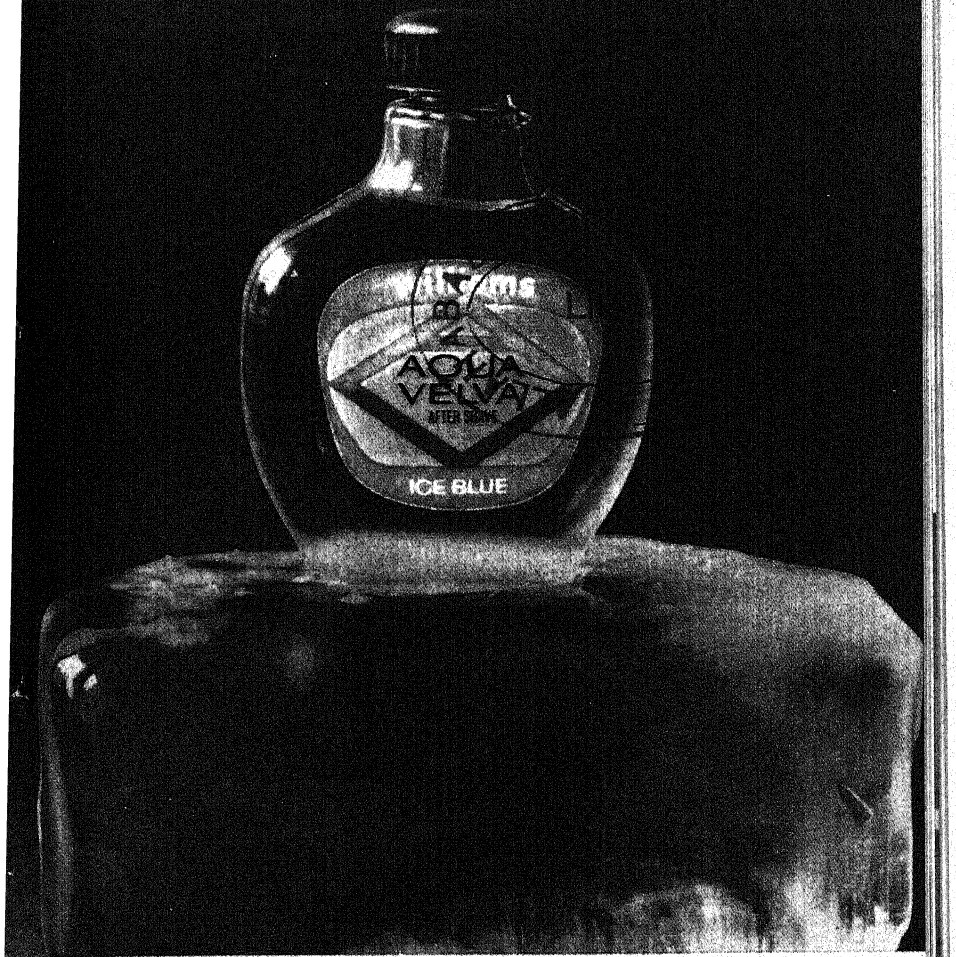
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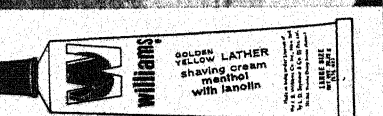
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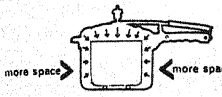
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Hawkins is simple to use. You can cook with it on anything—coal, wood, kerosene, gas or electricity. Complete instructions are contained in the Pressure Cookery book given with every cooker. Every Hawkins pressure cooker carries a 5-year written guarantee.

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Most other pressure cookers have a rubber safety valve. Rubber gets soft, wears out, starts to leak, needs to be replaced frequently. That's why the Hawkins safety valve is made of a special fusible metal alloy for trouble-free long life.



With most other pressure cookers, the gasket (rubber ring) gets rubbed sideways against the rim of the pot every time the cooker is opened or closed, and soon needs to be changed. With the Hawkins there is no rubbing of the gasket because the lid is closed from underneath the rim, without being rubbed. This means that the gasket lasts longer.

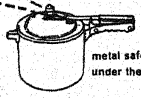


Hawkins offers greatest safety because its design is accident-proof.

In most other pressure cookers, it is possible for the lid to fly off if it is opened while there is still pressure inside. With the Hawkins the lid is so designed that it cannot even be forced open until the pressure inside falls to a perfectly safe level.



The exposed safety valve you find on most other pressure cookers can, when there is excess pressure, send a jet of scalding steam and food straight up. In Hawkins the safety valve is under the handle for even greater safety.

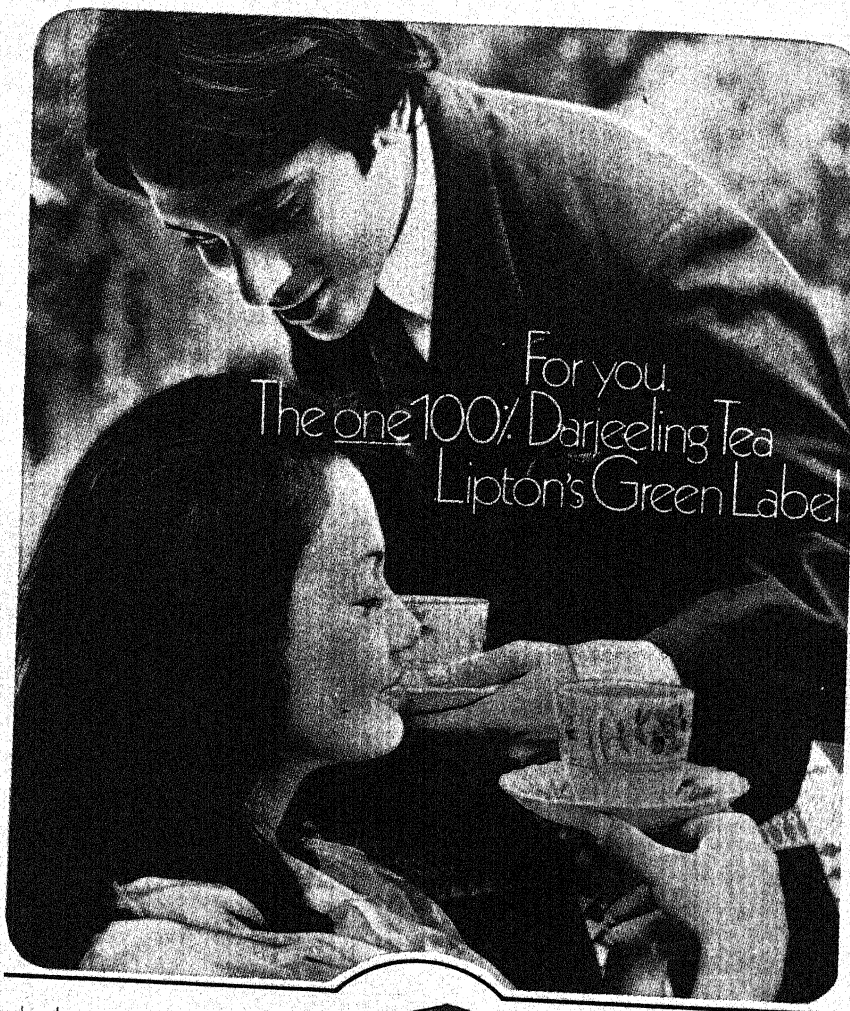


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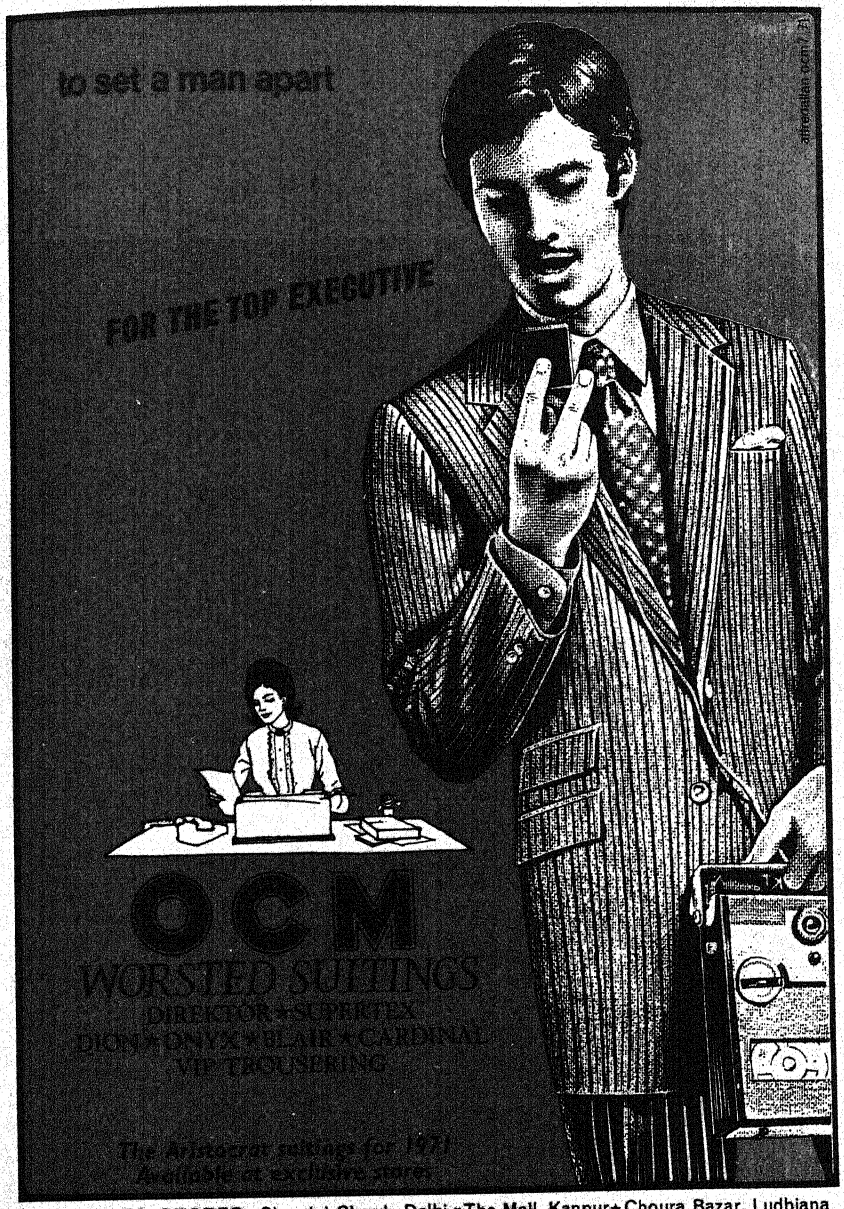
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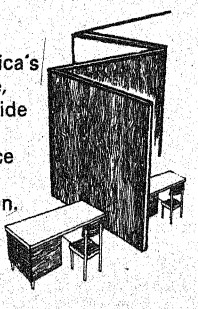
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How Much Sleep Do You Need?

An interview with Dr. Julius Segal, in which he answers this and other basic questions

Q. Dr. Segal, how many hours' sleep does an average person require?

A. Eight hours is often cited as the norm, but recent scientific studies show a range much broader than we have assumed. One survey showed that eight per cent of a large sample in Scotland required only five hours of continuous nighttime sleep. Fifteen per cent needed five to six hours. The survey indicated that the bulk of the population usually sleeps between seven and eight hours. But 13 per cent required nine to ten hours, and a few needed more. So, you see, sleep is a very individual matter.

Q. Is it better to get all your sleep at once than to catnap?

A. The evidence suggests that sustained sleep is better. Studies of people whose sleep has been broken, or who have alternated sleep with work, show an increase in fatigue and a decrease in alertness. A few highly efficient people can, of course, establish unusual sleep patterns, distributing sleep in short

DR. JULIUS SEGAL is head of the programme analysis and evaluation branch of America's National Institute of Mental Health. He is co-author, with Gay Gaer Luce, of *Insomnia* (Longman, London).

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naps. Sir Winston Churchill used to say that he made two days out of one by an afternoon nap.

Q. Should you always go to bed at a set time?

A. Yes, as much as possible. The old advice of family doctors to keep regular habits is probably nowhere more important than in sleep. From recent research, it is clear that there is embedded in each of us a daily rhythm of just about 24 hours. Your body temperature, for example, or the level of adrenal hormones in your blood, ebbs and flows in a daily rhythm; and your energies and spirits wax and wane. Within the limits that patterns of human activity permit, there is a best bedtime for each of us.

All of us have had the experience of feeling exhausted during a theatre performance or while chatting with friends—when sleep would have been most welcome—then going to bed later only to find that sleep has eluded us altogether. This often happens because our natural sleeping point, the low point of our 24-hour cycle, has come and gone.

Similarly, for some, body temperature begins to rise during sleep and we wake up bright and eager, but hit our low point early in the evening. Others begin slowly and don't get into their stride until afternoon. For them, sleep is not an attractive prospect until much later at night.

Q. Is it unusual for a child to have trouble going to sleep?

A. Not at all. Anxiety, depression, excitement—such enemies of sleep are not absent from the lives of young children. The dreams of children are more frequent than those of adults, and often more vivid and terrifying, since children are flooded with new experiences and sensations all the time.

Later, the stresses of adolescence can cause a disruption of sleep habits—including oversleeping, or sleeping more than the individual's norm.

Q. Why would that be?

A. Psychologically, sleep can sometimes be a vehicle for retreating from reality. All of us have experienced the kinds of stresses and strains in which the most comfortable thing to do upon awakening would be to duck under the covers and escape reality by sleeping on.

Q. How do you know if you've had the right amount of sleep?

A. My suggestion is to establish your norm during a period in which you are free from stress—say, on a three-week holiday. Go to sleep at roughly the same time each night and wake up without the help of an alarm clock. The average length of sleep during a period like that will probably be your norm.

Q. Does the need for sleep change as a person ages?

A. Age does not change the need for sleep as much as it influences the quality of sleep. The deep sleep so typical of children declines sharply in adulthood and is almost absent in

old age, when there is a fragmentation into catnaps. You could say that an older person is often sleeping more, but enjoying it less.

Q. If you pick the right hour, do you need any other help in getting a good night's sleep?

A. That depends on the person. Some people enjoy reading before bedtime. Many people need the sound of a radio to fall asleep, or a light. The range of bedtime rituals is as varied as human experience itself.

Q. Is the recipe of warm milk still good?

A. It's not a guarantee of getting you to sleep more quickly, but it's one of the old remedies for overcoming insomnia that seems to have some scientific basis. Milk contains a type of amino-acid—tryptophan—which, in large doses, can produce a pronounced sedative effect.

Q. How about an alcoholic drink as a nightcap?

A. Alcohol is a depressant, and causes sleepiness in many people. For them, therefore, it can be a sensible soporific. On the other hand, others are stimulated and become energetic or irritable. One thing is certain, however: alcohol in abundance serves to disrupt normal sleep. The sleep of those who have had a great deal is clearly distorted, and they don't get the normal rest they would otherwise.

Q. What can be done for people who go to sleep easily but wake up too early and can't get back to sleep?

A. It is not an uncommon problem, especially among older people, and is usually brought on by stress—or depression. I know what my prescription for myself is: not just to lie there and fight for sleep but to get up and do something—perhaps not creative and certainly not stressful, but something useful—to occupy the time for an hour or so. I mean such things as writing letters, reading, balancing accounts and making notes for the coming day's tasks.

Many of us panic at the thought of a period of insomnia. I don't think that's necessary. One gets through those periods by using the time in some other manner than just lying there and getting agitated.

Q. What are the dangers involved in using sleeping pills?

A. The use of sleep-inducing drugs—those obtained on prescription—is a major factor in drug abuse. Neither patients nor many of their doctors are entirely aware of the potential dangers that are involved in this spiralling use of drugs for sleep.

We shouldn't assume when we take a sleeping pill that all we are going to affect is our sleep. Long after the sedation has worn off, an impact on our mental and emotional state may remain. Barbiturates, for example, may intensify feelings of depression and reduce intellectual acuity. But, most important, a person builds up a toler-

ance to a particular drug, and then needs ever higher doses to get the desired effect. That is where the really serious trouble begins—leading to possible addiction.

Q. Does the kind of work you do—physical versus mental—have anything to do with insomnia?

A. There is good evidence that regular, mild exercise does encourage sleep. But there are dockers as well as professors who suffer from insomnia. A man's vocation does not of itself explain sleep problems. Both mental stimulation and physical exhaustion prior to bedtime make sleep harder.

If you were to do a great many press-ups and then try to go to sleep, it would be self-defeating, because that kind of heavy exercise acts as a stress rather than a relaxant.

Q. How can one get better sleep?

A. Keep regular habits, avoid stimulants such as coffee or tobacco, take daily exercise, avoid drugs and, if necessary, look behind the symptom for the cause. Good sleep is the result of a style of life. After all, we are not different people when we turn out the light. Our sleep reflects our total selves.

New Horizons

MAN'S mind is like a parachute: to work, it first has to be open.

—J. Smith

On Making a Living

SHORTLY before his retirement last year, Charles Hendrickson Brower, chairman of the board of the giant U.S. advertising agency, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, circulated a memo to his staff which included these lessons learnt in 43 years of business:

1. Honesty is not only the best policy, it is rare enough today to make you pleasantly conspicuous.
2. The expedient thing and the right thing are seldom the same thing.
3. The best way to get credit is to try to give it away.
4. You cannot sink someone else's end of the boat and still keep your own afloat.
5. If you get a kick out of your job, others will get a kick out of working for you.
6. It is not important that you come in early and work late. The important thing is *why?*
7. A man of stature has no need of status.
8. Many people know how to make a good living. Few know what to do with it when they have it finally made.

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Farah, Empress With a Mission

By Virginia Kelly

The first woman to share supreme power in Iran, she has succeeded in forging far-reaching links between the palace and the people

In the land of the flying carpet, she travels by helicopter. Under the formal robes of a doctor of law, she wears a midi. This is Farah, by birth a commoner, by marriage to the Shah of Iran, co-ruler of a 2,500-year-old country taking giant strides into the twentieth century.

When Mohammed-Reza Shah Pahlavi married her in 1959, Farah was the "symbol of the modern Iranian girl" to her husband. He expected the 21-year-old student to share his social conscience, and he laid down fundamental



CECIL VIEWEG

rules for her: "She must understand the conditions, feelings, hopes of the least fortunate of our fellow citizens and devote herself tirelessly to bettering their lot." She was to be his right hand in the social and economic development of Iran, or Persia, as it is known historically [see "The Shah Who Leads a Revolution," RD, February 1968].

One of his contemplated reforms concerned the status of women, traditionally scorned as creatures with "more hair than brains," and constitutionally classed with murderers and thieves in not having the right to vote. Iran, in the Shah's view, was wasting half its potential —its woman power.

The Shah's consort began bridging the gap between palace and people by persuading the government to outlaw child labour and improve working conditions for women in the carpet industry.

Unleashed Potential. In 1963, as a tribute to Farah's effectiveness, Iranian women were given the vote for the first time. Although they had worn the veil as late as the 1930s, one woman was elected mayor of a village within days of the emancipation. Six women now sit in the national assembly, another two in the senate, and a woman is Minister of Education.

Later, divorce laws were reformed to allow a woman to dissolve her marriage on the same basis as a man. Today, a husband can no longer get a divorce by post or have more than one wife at a time, unless the first wife consents.

Wanting to thank Farah "in an exceptional way," the Shah crowned her Empress of Iran in 1967—making her the first woman in the world's oldest monarchy to be thus honoured. (When the Shah's father was crowned 45 years ago, his wife was not even present at the ceremony.) Farah is thus the equal of the Shah and regent of his kingdom.

"I was glad that this happened in a country where women had been pushed aside for so long," she says. "I felt that all women were being given respect through me."

Tireless Worker. As a jet-age empress, 32-year-old Farah does a full-time job. She administers about 25 organizations ranging from child welfare to urban planning. She has her own cabinet, with a former deputy prime minister as aide. Six days a week she is up at 7.30 and at her desk by 9.30. At lunch, which she and the Shah take alone, he briefs her on matters of state.

Farah has helped set up 2,000 family-planning units around the country. She also promoted an intensive programme of health education and donated funds towards building Iran's largest children's hospital. She went to a free public hospital in Tehran for the birth of her first child, the Crown Prince. This hospital now treats more than 40,000 women annually, and Farah underwrites part of the costs. She is also responsible for a 1,000-bed

maternity hospital and nursing school, now under construction, which will be the largest of its kind in the Middle East.

As chairman of the High Council of Town Planning, Farah helps execute the Shah's extensive building programme to give the poor better housing. A former student of architecture, she even cross-examines the experts. At a workers' housing complex in Abadan, near the Persian Gulf, she pointed out that the houses were facing in the wrong direction (they should have been facing north to minimize the effects of the sun), and then quizzed the Minister of Public Works about heat-resistant materials.

Working mothers living in these low-cost housing units had nowhere to leave their children during the day, so Farah set up 60 excellent day nurseries charging a few rupees a month for tuition. "Paying something gives the parent a sense of participation," she says.

Expanding Exports. Iran has 600,000 skilled craftsmen scattered throughout thousands of villages, and Farah is trying to stimulate interest abroad in their handicrafts. Everyone dealing with foreigners—including the Shah—is asked not to confine his gifts to Persian carpets, but to make known the country's exquisite hammered silver, mosaics, inlay and enamel work. The Persian miniature, an ancient form, is also being revived, and Farah helps to finance students learning this painstaking technique. "We are an under-developed country," Farah said to me, "but we must not lose our roots while we move forward."

Since more than 80 per cent of Iran's population was illiterate a decade ago, education is of prime importance in the Shah's revolution. Five years ago, Farah opened the country's first library devoted solely to youngsters. There are now 49, including three mobile units that tour outlying provinces. In addition to books, they offer films, story-telling hours, games, painting and handicraft lessons.

In 1963 the Shah created the Literacy Corps, through which young men can perform their military service by teaching at schools in the provinces; five years later Farah used her influence to establish a counterpart education corps for girls. This "Army of Knowledge" requires girls to spend 18 months in rural areas, teaching women to keep house and children to read and write. Farah told them: "Don't be afraid of being the first women in your field. If you have faith in your mission and work hard, you can do just as well as the boys, if not better." A few years ago, this would have been a shocking suggestion.

The rules of royal protocol have also been changing under Farah's impact. She likes to make surprise visits without an official retinue. "One of my problems," Farah says,

"is that people only want me to see the best side of things. They tell me what they have, not what they need, so it is hard for me to help them as I should."

For instance, when she went to Mashhad after the terrible 1968 earthquake that claimed more than 10,000 lives, she dismissed the army officers who accompanied her. They tried to restrain her, but as she climbed over the rubble, she told them impatiently, "If you insist on coming with me, then the people can't get near me. If they can't tell me their troubles, how can I help them?"

Quiet Innovations. When the Shah was a child, his brothers and sisters addressed one another as "Your Highness," and Farah is trying to avoid that sort of thing. No titles are now used within the family; the Shah is "my husband," the Crown Prince is "my little boy." She has set up a school in the palace grounds where 24 children from different social backgrounds attend classes with the royal children. The teacher has instructions to treat all the pupils alike.

A strikingly attractive woman whose photographs do not do justice to her large, soft brown eyes, quick grin and coltish figure, Farah wears her clothes like a fashion model. In full royal regalia, wearing the crown jewels of Iran, the world's greatest collection of gems, she is without peer. But rhapsodic accounts of her appearances by the government-controlled press irritate her. "What I try to *do* is important," she says. "How I look isn't."

Farah came from a solid middle-class family. She was an only child, the daughter of an army officer who died when she was eight. A good student, she was easy-going, well-liked, and had a keen sense of humour. No one foresaw anything spectacular in her future. Sports were the great interest in her life. At the time of her marriage, she still held the Iranian schoolgirl record for the high jump and standing long jump. She liked volleyball, was captain of the school basket-ball team, and a Girl Guide troop leader. She thought of being a doctor, then an archaeologist, and at 17 finally decided to be an architect like her uncle. Two years later, she enrolled at the École Spéciale d'Architecture in Paris.

When she decided to apply for a scholarship to further her studies in Paris, she asked the Shah's chamberlain, Ardeshir Zahedi, to help her. Zahedi was impressed by her. He invited her home, and there she met the Shah.

Urgent dynastic reasons were involved in the Shah's eventual proposal to Farah. According to Iran's constitution, the crown could pass only to a male heir. Although he had come to the throne in 1941 and been married and divorced twice, his only child was a daughter by his first marriage, to Princess Fawzia of Egypt. Within one year of their

wedding, Farah gave the Shah his longed-for son and heir. Since then they have had another boy and two girls.

Farah's social life is obviously dependent upon the Shah's interests. But on Friday evenings Farah likes her old friends to drop in, bringing their husbands and wives. "It's up to me to keep in touch," she says. "I never want to lose contact."

That she has not lost touch is evident in the way she brings the crown close to people in little things, as well as in vast national programmes. A young girl recently saw a newspaper picture of Farah wearing an unusual-looking pair of sunglasses, and did something that would have been unthinkable a few years ago. She wrote to the palace to find out where she could buy a similar pair. Within 48 hours she had an answer: Farah sent her the glasses and a dress.

Although, like the Shah, she is a monarch with a mission, Farah admits that she has no formula and says, "I just trust my heart to tell me what is right."

Future Tense

PRETENDING he was the U.S. Secretary of the Interior in the year 2020, Richard Lamm, an associate professor of law at Denver University, delivered this speech to a group interested in ecology:

Hikes on wear-resistant forest paths are by reservation only, with a five-year delay from application to permission. Lots will be drawn to select 100 youngsters each year to sleep under a tree in a national park. I regret there are no longer any birds, but political necessity has made it more important to house people than to preserve wildlife. People vote. Birds don't.

The right to bear unlimited children is hereby revoked. Some ask about religious objections, but the law has dealt with this before. Religious freedom didn't keep the Water Rationing Act of 1986 from applying to Baptists.

You remember that we had to outlaw the internal-combustion engine after the disaster of the Los Angeles smog inversion of 1978. And, in the controversial Multiple Houses Act, Congress prohibited building single-family residences after 1990.

With 400 million Americans, we can't allow you the freedom your fathers had with 200 million in 1970.

This Administration still thinks there is a chance to save man. The President is doing all she can.

—Troy Gordon

Drama in Real Life

Trouble at Bergen Point

By Thomas Gallagher

Collision had turned the tankers into a floating time bomb. Could the tugboat act in time to save the harbour?

For Captain George Sahlberg, master of the tugboat *Julia C. Moran*, June 16, 1966, began routinely enough. He and his five-man crew towed a fuel barge past the Statue of Liberty to a ship at anchor in New York Harbour. Then, with two Moran Company sister tugs, they pushed a liner into her berth in the Hudson River.

Now it was 2 p.m. They were tied up at the Moran yard on Staten Island, awaiting orders. Sahlberg, a stocky man with 30 years as a Moran tugboat captain, kept his engine idling. "In this business, you never know."

Suddenly, over his radio, came the order that turned the day into one that Sahlberg would never forget: "Proceed to Bergen Point. There's been some trouble."

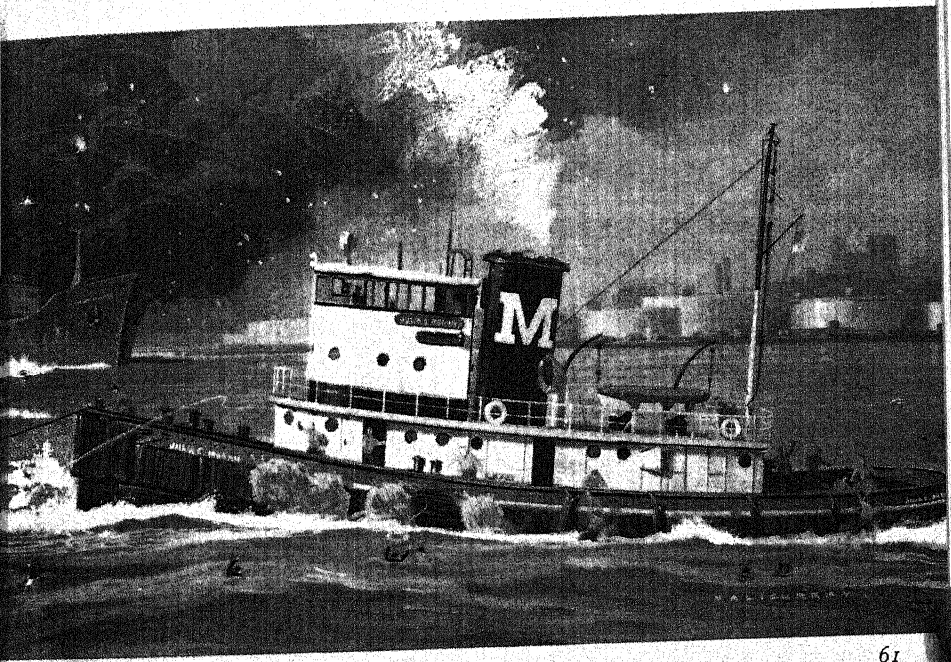
From the dispatcher's voice, Sahlberg knew the problem was serious. The confined waters off Bergen Point were among the most dangerous in New York Harbour. Large tankers often passed within metres of each other on their way through the Kill Van Kull, a narrow channel separating Staten Island from Bayonne, New Jersey.

As *Julia* set out towards the Kill Van Kull, Inge Nordberg and deckhand Jerry Thorpe laid out extra heaving lines. Chief engineer Richard Decker and oiler George Hudson prepared fire hoses and extinguishers. Even Frank Oliveiras, the cook, lent a hand.

Julia's high bridge gave Sahlberg an unobstructed view as he swung around a headland. Directly ahead, just off Bergen Point, he saw two huge tankers lying at right angles to each other, so close that Sahlberg knew they had collided in mid-channel.

"No fire," Inge said to Sahlberg.

Each knew what the other was thinking. Earlier that morning,



going through the Kill, they had passed one of the tankers, the 175-metre-long *Texaco Massachusetts*. She had been discharging high-octane petrol, which meant that the air in her now-empty tanks was heavy with explosive petrol fumes. This made her even more dangerous than when loaded. And she lay only 200 metres from a tank farm at Bergen Point, where 143 million litres of highly flammable petroleum products were stored.

Sahlberg didn't know it, but the other tanker, the 11,252-ton *Alva Cape*, was loaded with 15·9 million litres of naphtha, a lethally volatile petroleum solvent. Nor could he see the nine-metre-long gash in her starboard bow, the thousands of litres of naphtha gushing from her forward compartment, the deadly spread of it over the water surrounding the ships.

But aboard the tug *Latin American*, tied to *Texaco Massachusetts* just 45 metres from the flowing naphtha, the crew saw the danger and struggled desperately to slack off their tow-line. They didn't succeed. The naphtha vapours, sucked into the tug's engine room through a ventilator, were ignited by a spark from the generator. The tug exploded, sending fire and debris in every direction. Vapours pouring from *Alva Cape* burst into flames.

To Sahlberg, it looked like the beginning of the end of the Port of New York. *Alva Cape*, a roaring inferno, was aligning herself with the current, swinging clockwise on her anchor. In five minutes she would come up alongside *Texaco Massachusetts*. If *Texaco Massachusetts* blew up, tons of hot metal would fly on to the tank farm at Bergen Point.

Once the tanks went, the flames would quickly spread to the Ross Oil Terminal tanks near by, then to the adjacent Humble Oil Company tanks, then to the Bayonne Industries tanks. In all, 26 terminals and refineries radiated outwards from the collision area.

If the fire spread, the entire harbour and every ship in it would be endangered. Every window in the lower part of New York would be smashed as the petroleum tanks exploded. On the New Jersey side, Newark, Bayonne, Elizabeth, Gulfport, Carteret and Perth Amboy would have to be evacuated—and, with the tide coming in, the fiery oil on the water would be carried to Manhattan itself.

Had Sahlberg veered *Julia* away from such a prospect, no one would have blamed him. But he could see crewmen aboard the blazing *Alva Cape*, some diving overboard with clothes aflame. To reach Bergen Point, they would have to swim through the burning naphtha. *Julia*, lying less than 200 metres from them now, was their only chance.

Sahlberg didn't hesitate. "Get ambulances and doctors to the yard," he radioed his dispatcher. "We're going in to pick up survivors."

The water around the tug became alive with men screaming to be hauled aboard. But up ahead two frenzied survivors were in a life-and-death race with a wall of flame rolling towards them like ocean surf. "They're in the most danger," Sahlberg said to his crew. "We have to get to them first."

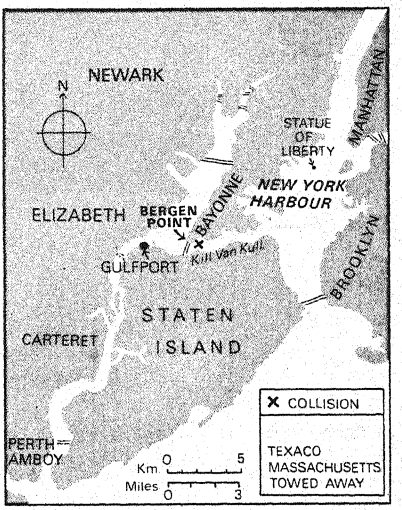
Julia was so close to the blazing *Alva Cape* that its crew could hear the crackle of the flames. Tensely, Nordberg and Thorpe waited on deck, heaving lines poised. Both threw perfect shots landing next to the two men in the water. Desperately, the men clutched and held on. But then another terrible thing happened.

The second of the attending tugs, *Esso Vermont,* only 100 metres from *Alva Cape,* exploded. Flames shot out in all directions, and now *Julia* herself was engulfed in fire. "Don't haul those men in yet!" Sahlberg shouted. "I'll back out and we'll pull them after us."

Slowly, avoiding the survivors, he had passed by earlier, he drew the two men back from the sea of flame. Clear of the inferno, the men were quickly hauled in.

Every second counted now. The screaming men around the tug had to be rescued before the flaming naphtha reached them. As Sahlberg manoeuvred his tug among the bobbing heads and outstretched arms, his crew worked desperately to pull them aboard.

Up on the bridge, Sahlberg saw



the burning *Alva Cape* swinging closer to *Texaco Massachusetts*. It was time to run. He radioed: "We're on our way to the yard. Twenty-three survivors."

Minutes later, the survivors were taken off the tug to waiting ambulances. Then Sahlberg and his men sped back to Bergen Point. Three fireboats had arrived, as well as two Coast Guard boats and five other Moran tugs. As the fireboats played long parabolas of water and foam against *Alva Cape,* the blazing tanker swung parallel—and ever closer—to *Texaco Massachusetts.*

Co-ordinating *Julia's* efforts with those of the other Moran tugs, Sahlberg moved in for the most urgent task of all: towing *Texaco Massachusetts* away from

Alva Cape before *Cape* exploded. It would not be easy. *Texaco Massachusetts* had been abandoned, so no one was aboard to operate her anchor windlass.

While two tugs manoeuvred under the bow of the tanker, Sahlberg drew *Julia* close to her starboard side. From there, Nordberg scrambled up the tug's boarding ladder to the tanker's upper deck. Knee-deep in fire-fighting foam, he pulled aboard a heavy hawser from *Julia* and made it fast. Next *Susan Moran* pulled alongside, and again Nordberg, with brute strength alone, pulled her line up and made it fast. Other Moran men climbed aboard. Discovering there was still power on the ship, they started the anchor windlass and raised the anchor clear of the water.

With U.S. Coast Guard vessels leading the way, the hot, smoking ship was towed at a dirge pace to an anchorage off Brooklyn. Meanwhile, the fire aboard the ill-fated *Alva Cape* had been brought under control.

When Sahlberg returned to his home that evening, he was embarrassed to find himself hailed as a hero. A modest man, he insisted that he had done no more than anyone else. But the facts proved otherwise.Thirty-three men had died in the disaster. Of the 77 rescued, *Julia* had saved 23. Moreover, she had led the effort to tow *Texaco Massachusetts* away from the inferno, thus averting what might have been the worst holocaust in the history of shipping.

Four months later, New York's Mayor John Lindsay presented Sahlberg with a good citizenship award in recognition of his "leadership and courage." The following month, the U.S. Department of Commerce honoured *Julia Moran* with a Gallant Ship Award, the highest honour the U.S. government can bestow on a merchant ship. It was accompanied by a Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal for Captain George Sahlberg, and unit citations, ribbon bars and meritorious-service medals for each of his crew.

Before the year's end, Sahlberg received the greatest honour of all: the American Bureau of Shipping Valour Medal, presented only three times since its creation in 1928.

Today George Sahlberg is retired, but occasionally, on the porch of his New Jersey seaside cottage, he shows the Valour Medal to a friend. Of all the rooms in the cottage, he prefers the porch, because from it he can see his fishing boat swaying a few metres offshore, and watch as his grandchildren dance with joy every time they net a crab.

YOUTH calls to youth, which is as it should be. But it probably explains why the older folk can't get to the phone. —Jack Wasserman

It was a day of gladness and of sorrow, a day when the boundaries of understanding were enlarged

Gone Home



By Arthur Gordon

A few weeks ago I lost a friend. Lost him for a while, anyway. Perhaps what happened was inevitable, perhaps not. I've been thinking about it quite a lot ever since.

All that night the silver hand of the moon had gently lifted the sea. Now, under the sunrise, the ocean was flooding the beaches, racing up the creeks and inlets, inundating the vast green-and-amber prairies of marsh grass.

On the coast where I live, these high autumnal tides are known as marsh-hen tides, because only then can those wary shorebirds be flushed from their hiding places. On this bright October morning, with a warm sea wind out of the

east, I had promised to take my friend Jim marsh-hen hunting

"Be at the quay at seven," I had told him. "If the tide comes up enough, we'll give it a try.

A sentimental gesture, really. As children on this coastal island, Jim and I had been inseparable. Barefoot, sunburned, we fished and swam, netted shrimp, hunted for turtle eggs, caught and sold crabs, while the summer days slid by like beads on a golden chain.

Then came different schools, jobs in different places, and years of separation, until suddenly, one day, Jim was back. A heart attack had made it necessary for him to slow down, to find a less demanding job. Besides, he said, he had never really been happy away from salt water.

Once or twice a year I would ask him to go out with me in my little outboard skiff. We would surf-fish or follow the winding creeks or walk the windswept beaches.

Joy Recaptured. When we did, time reversed itself. We were children again, and the old closeness, the easy humour and the complete acceptance were there, instantly. It can be this way, when shared experiences go deep enough.

This morning, though, as I drove down to the quay, a faint, unaccountable uneasiness rode with me. I told myself that it was probably a guilty conscience: I really had no right to be chasing marsh hens when there were a dozen chores clamouring to be done. But I reminded myself that we would be back by mid-morning. Besides, I had promised Jim.

He was there ahead of me, talking with Andrew, the old quayside attendant, who is over 80 but can still handle a cast net better than any other man I know. Jim smiled as I came up, his frayed fishing cap pushed back on his head, and the thought came to me that the years can change many things about a man, but not his smile or his eyes. He nodded at the light shotgun I was carrying, almost a toy. "Only one gun today?"

"Today," I said, "I'm going to sit back and watch you miss them."

I had a reason for wanting Jim to do all the shooting. For the boat handler, marsh-hen hunting is a strenuous business. It's illegal to run the engine. You have to push, pole or paddle the boat, sometimes against wind and tide, often through unyielding grasses.

I didn't think Jim was up to that kind of exertion. A strange reversal of roles, really. In our boyhood days, there had been times when Jim, older and stronger, had had to take care of me. But now things were changed.

Andrew steadied the skiff as we climbed in. The area I wanted to hunt was eight or ten kilometres away, far down the barrier beaches. Here, along certain creek beds, the marsh grass grew tall, and here we would find the birds. At full throttle, we could make the run in

15 minutes—perhaps less, if the tide was high enough.

Jim sat facing forward, shoulders hunched a little, and I knew that each landmark flashing past held the same memories for him as for me: the point where we beached the great hammerhead shark, the pine tree where the ospreys had a nest. It was like looking through an inverted telescope, everything clear and tiny and far away.

Changeless Rhythm. But the patterns of sea and sky had not changed, nor the tides, nor the ringing silences, nor the proud, aloof remoteness of it all. And for this we were grateful.

We came at last to the green aisles of grass that we were seeking. The long-billed birds flew. The little gun barked, the sound flat and small under the immensity of sky. He shot well that morning, my friend Jim. Even after the lapse of so many years, there were few misses. After each shot, he urged me to take a turn. I could hunt any time, I said.

The sun grew hot; managing the boat was heart-pounding work. Several times, just for the salt-clean coolness of it, I went overboard to retrieve a bird. Finally, dripping and panting, I stopped to rest. The tide was ebbing now; the green prairies were reappearing; it was time to go. Somewhere high above us a gull cried its creaking cry, and I remembered how we summoned each other as children by whistling two notes of a bird song reversed. "We've had a good day," I said. He nodded. "One of the best."

"Ready to go?" I asked. "Not quite," he said. "You haven't fired a single shot." He pointed to a wedge of marsh grass. "I think I saw a bird swimming there. Take the gun and let me paddle. I'll be unhappy if you don't."

I did not want any unhappiness to mar the morning. "Take it slow then," I said.

We crossed the shining interval of water. I leaned forward, gun ready, but nothing moved. "That bird must have kept going," I said. Then something made me turn round. *"Jim!"*

He had crumpled forward silently; his cap had fallen to the bottom of the boat. His right hand still clasped the weathered oar. I reached for his wrist. If there was a pulse, I could not feel it. In the sudden, enormous silence, time seemed to hesitate, stretch itself out to infinity, then rush back again.

Strange Awareness. Everything was changed. And yet I did not feel frantic or desperate or alone. It was as if the closeness we had felt was too strong to be cancelled out so quickly, almost as if Jim were saying to me, "Yes, it's a heart attack; the risk was always there. But don't let this upset you. We came out together. We've had a magnificent day. We'll go back together."

I put a seat cushion gently under

Jim's head. The engine caught on the second spin, and the skiff leaped forward like a released arrow—almost as if she knew. I steered with my left hand. With my right, I held Jim's wrist, still hoping for a flicker of pulse. Now and then I glanced down. The sense of Jim's presence remained very strong.

The tranquil sun blazed down, and the startled herons flared up and away as I guided the boat around the great horseshoe bends, the hidden sandbars and the oyster-shell reefs. I knew, almost to the second, how long it would take to reach the quay and a telephone.

Yet the strange dislocation of time—of past and present—seemed to persist. We were here in the hurtling skiff, but we were also carefree children, gliding home through this same October sunlight in an old green rowing-boat with a bamboo mast and an oar for a rudder and a home-made sail.

It was all one fabric, one seamless piece. Part of my mind still registered shock and disbelief. But another part, calm and accepting, had no regrets. This was the way Jim would have wanted it: no doctors, no hospitals, no fear, no pain—just companionship and fulfilment and one splendid step across the line.

With life and death placed so abruptly side by side, values shifted, and I seemed to see certain things sharp and plain. That the true measure of living was not the acquisition of money or power or reputation—it was awareness. That intensity of awareness was the greatest of gifts. And that therefore I should never feel guilty for seeking out places or experiences where this awareness might be found. If anything, the guilt lay in not searching for them more eagerly and more often. For no one has unlimited time.

Frightening Solitude. Now the shore loomed close. I glanced down again at the pale face beside me, and suddenly I was alone. The skiff drove on across the swirling tide, my hand still held his wrist, but Jim was gone. *Where?* I asked myself in a kind of sudden terror. *Gone where?* And heard no answer.

I cut the engine and flung a line to Andrew. He looked down into the boat and then at me, his old eyes patient and wise. He took off his hat with his free hand. "He's gone," he said, gravely and gently. "He's gone home."

I looked out across the water to the line where the marshes met the sky, and for the first time felt my throat tighten and something sting my eyes. "Yes," I said. "That's right. He's home."

SOME people take everything on holiday but their manners.—M. T. R.

LIBRARY

SOUTH AFRICA AT WAR WITH ITSELF

By Carl Rowan

In this tortured land, fear is at once the oppressor of all races and perhaps the major hope for future salvation

If physical beauty, climate and natural resources alone were the makings of a nation, South Africa would be a paradise on earth. Its beauty gleams like the gold—three-quarters of the Free World's supply—in the bowels of its earth. It is flowering valleys, verdant hillsides and glittering residential areas; it is vast supplies of uranium and cheap electricity; it is two-thirds of the world's chrome reserves and Rs. 68·25 crores worth of diamonds a year.

But South Africa is also a headache and a heartache, for its own people and for the world. Racism, economic greed and political fear bedevil most of the world; but they have made South Africa, perhaps more than any other nation, their prisoner. To see South Africa today is to see a society in shackles, trembling in fear of freedom, a country at war with its conscience.

We saw a lot of South Africa several months ago, when my wife and I became the first black journalist couple permitted to visit that country and move about freely. The ruling white minority not only received us courteously; wherever we went, we stayed in the best hotels, dined in the best restaurants and were never asked to submit to South

Africa's extreme practices of racial separation.

From the plush Melville district of Johannesburg, where it is almost a mark of failure not to have both a private tennis court and a swimming pool, to the wretched hovels of black Pimville, we made both government-approved and illicit visits. We heard and saw the agony of the blacks of Africa's richest country—who have little share in its vast wealth.* We talked to white leaders of the ruling Nationalist Party who said that they saw little prospect of changing this.

My purpose here, however, is not to catalogue anew South Africa's racial injustices; they are well known. What impressed us was the anguish of South African whites, most of whom wish to retain the wealth and special privileges they now enjoy, but who have begun to see the terrible cost of doing so, even in terms of their own liberties. The condemnation, the boycotts, bans and threats of business withdrawal have stirred many white South Africans, who do not like being the world's pariahs.

Surely no more schizophrenic society than South Africa's exists anywhere in the world. Consider the kinds of fear it harbours:

• Many of the 3·8 million whites are guilt-ridden over the denial of political rights to the 14·9 million blacks, but they are afraid that if they give the blacks a little power they will ultimately have to give them a lot. So they cling to a risky *status quo*.

• The Africans, intimidated by security police, are so fearful of black quislings that they rarely even whisper their worst grievances to one another.

• The two million Coloureds (a term the government applies to a person of mixed origin—neither completely black, white nor Asian) are also beset by fear of the whites. Yet they tremble lest blacks-come-to-power make *them* a target.

• The 600,000 Asians (mostly Indians), many of whom live in Durban and the rest of Natal Province, seem to strive for an inconspicuous, clannish prosperity—fearing that if they are noticed too often they will be subjected to even more odious racial restrictions.

These fears fill South Africa with a nightmarish dread of a tomorrow of conflict and death. Too few of *any* colour dream that somehow South Africa can transcend the festering hatreds of politics and race. The one great hope is that, although whites still worship white domination, they are now acutely aware that the instruments for preserving this domination may also be the devices for their own destruction.

The ruthlessness with which the government pounces on its critics, using an assortment of laws that

* A 1968 study showed that Africans constituted 67·9 per cent of the population but got only 18·8 per cent of the income (*per capita:* about Rs. 72 a month), whereas whites made up 19·2 per cent and received 73·3 per cent of the income (*per capita:* about Rs. 1,000 a month).

give officials vast arbitrary powers to punish anyone regarded as the slightest threat to the *status quo,* is always on the minds of the people. And the one place where Prime Minister John Vorster's regime comes close to being colour-blind is in smashing foes of apartheid—the official policy of separate development for separate races.

South Africa silences many of its critics by "banning" them. A typical white victim was moderate student-leader Ian Robertson, of Cape Town, whose views displeased the government. One day in 1966, he was served three orders from the Minister of Justice. They required that he not leave the Cape Town magisterial district; that he report to the police every Monday; that he not attend any social gathering, or visit any school, university or court, or prepare any matter for publication or give educational instruction. In short, he was virtually reduced to a non-person. At least 50 other whites have also suffered his fate, as have more than 300 Asians, Coloureds and Africans.

But Robertson was "lucky." The Minister of Justice could have ordered him into preventive detention for 180 days, with no due process or appeal, and this detention could have been extended for as many additional 180-day periods as the minister chose to order. Or he could have been arrested (with or without subsequent trial) under the specifications of two vague, oppressive laws known as the Suppression of Communism Act and the Terrorism Act.

In May 1970, for example, in a celebrated action, 19 Africans were tried under the first-mentioned act. Acquitted, they were immediately re-arrested and tried for the same alleged crime under the second act. Again acquitted, they were harassed by the government until it finally served them "banning" orders—in effect, punishment without trial.

Why do South African whites tolerate what they privately concede is one of the most oppressive police-state apparatuses in the world? Because they have been carefully taught to believe in white superiority and to fear black domination more than white tyranny. At no time, however, do their split personalities show a broader separation than when they try to resolve their belief in black inferiority with the fact that they must survive on a continent containing 200 million blacks.

Conciliatory Moves. Therefore, without yielding on white supremacy, the South Africans have begun a campaign to project a better image to the world. That is why the government rolled out the white carpet for us, why it is now welcoming tourist and sports groups from the United States and Australia that include token numbers of blacks. "They are appearing to bend—but only in areas where they don't have to give up anything important," observes one American official.

Even more than the government,

many of South Africa's better-educated whites now yearn to escape their image as the Ku Kluxers of the world. But they abandon this posture of open-mindedness when someone presses them about political rights and power for the majority blacks. They lapse into arguments that white brainpower and skill have built a great country, and it would be morally wrong to submit it to destruction by "demonstrably" inferior blacks. They refer to the Nigerian civil war or the bloodshed in the Congo as proof of the mess that blacks have made of newly independent lands—and would surely make of South Africa if they ever came to power.

Clear Alternative. But what about *sharing* power? South Africa's white leaders insist that shared power in a multi-racial government is impossible because of an incompatibility of cultures, that there can only be white domination or black domination. Convinced of this, they prefer white domination. Thus, Dr. C. P. Mulder, Minister of Information and Immigration, said to me: "Our goal is total separation in all areas of life, including geographic."

South Africa's dilemma is manifest in its most ludicrous form in the government's programme to achieve the total separation that Mulder says is the goal. It is not racism or economic greed that dictates apartheid, Mulder assured me, but only the historical lesson that "points of contact are points of friction." He says that the road to peace is to separate every tribe into its own kingdom, and this is what South Africa plans to do for each of the eight major Bantu tribal groups and for what he calls the "white tribe."

Wishful Thinking. Forced by expediency or fear to act as though they believe in this policy, many of South Africa's whites laugh at the absurdity and impracticality of the "separate development" scheme. It is obvious that South Africa could not in a hundred years have a viable economy without the labour of the Africans.

Yet the government goes on pretending that a million blacks are *temporary* residents of Soweto, the sprawling collection of townships outside Johannesburg, when everyone knows that blacks will be needed, and working, in Johannesburg until the end of time. It is also obvious that the cost of turning each tribe into its own independent, economically viable nation would be stupendous. We met not a single white person who believed the ruling group would pay that price.

Moreover, many of South Africa's blacks will never accept separate development in anything resembling the present form. The government has declared 87 per cent of the land—bearing virtually all the valuable resources—to be "white land." The other 13 per cent, much of it mountainous or ruined by erosion, is supposed to provide

homelands for eight separate African nations. Even conservative whites state flatly that the proposed land division is absurd—but no one is prepared to say what "white land" ought to be taken away and given to blacks.

It became obvious on our journey that an uprising of black South Africans is not on the cards in this generation, and perhaps not for a century. The police-state controls, the informers of every race and colour, are too pervasive. And if, by some lapse of efficiency, such a rebellion should begin, the government would crush it by shooting down Africans in a way that would make the Sharpeville killings of 1960 look like a wrist-slapping.

Dawning Recognition. Must we resign ourselves, then, to the inevitability of white-supremacist regimes for ever controlling the southern end of Africa? Enlightened white South Africans know that this would be calamitous—for South Africa and for the rest of the Free World.

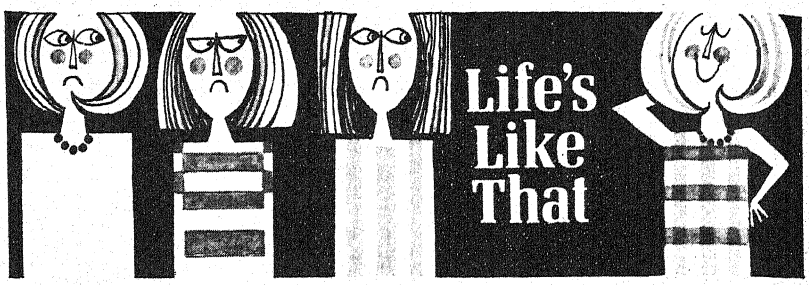
A surprising number of them believe that multi-racialism is possible and desirable. They may not be ready to turn control over to black men; but they sense that tragedy awaits if non-whites are for ever kept outside the pale of power. Some whites want to adopt policies of gradualism—giving Coloureds, Asians, Africans a bit more power today, a little more dignity tomorrow, to avert a holocaust.

It is clear that British and American investments have strengthened the South African economy to the point where the ruling minority can afford the army, the secret police, the guns, the informers needed to maintain rule. And it is a hollow dream even to talk of Britain ending its heavy trade with, and investments in, South Africa. Britain needs them as much as South Africa, and there simply isn't going to be any voluntary pull-out. American companies are no more inclined to withdraw than the British.

It is equally clear that, without intense world pressure, racial injustice will continue to dominate in South Africa. What is not so clear to outsiders is that there are many whites in South Africa who secretly welcome such pressures. They believe that rapid social change in their country is the only possible guarantee of a peaceful life for their children and grandchildren.

It is an unhappy truth, but the most meaningful current hope for amelioration of South Africa's injustices lies in the war that goes on inside whites there who feel the economic and social pressures from abroad, or know their first stirrings of conscience. And that, as even troubled South Africans will tell you, is a mighty feeble hope.

OPPORTUNISTS take now for an answer. —Bob Talbert



ONE of my friends, who had worn glasses since childhood, decided to buy a pair of contact lenses. This, she decided, was to be the end of her "wallflower" days.

Next week, we went to a local dance where her new appearance made her much in demand. As she said excitedly on the way home: "Now I know why they call them *contact* lenses." —Jean Kaye

JUST before our baby was born, my husband fixed up an old wicker pram that had been in the family for 60 years. Soon we were using it to show off our new baby. One day, as I was wheeling the pram, I passed an antique shop. The owner came rushing out, shouting, "How old?"

I beamed my best proud-mother smile and said, "Six weeks."

"Not the baby," he said. "The pram!" —Mrs. Mark Chapin

I WAS somewhat puzzled when I saw my neighbour carefully lock the front door of his house before leaving it for a few hours. Knowing that he never locked the back door, I asked him why he bothered. His reply: "We lock the front door to show we aren't at home, and we leave the back one open in case somebody needs to get in."—Eloise Baker

PARTICIPATING in the "parents evening" was a curvaceous primary school teacher. At the end of the evening, after she had greeted most of her pupils' parents, a boy from her previous year's class came up to her with his father.

"Why, Johnny," she said, "how nice to see you. Good evening, Mr. Jones."

The father beamed and reached forwards to shake hands, saying, "Johnny said he wouldn't leave tonight until he had seen his teacher from last year."

"Daddy," said the puzzled youngster tugging at his father's sleeve, "I didn't say that. *You* did."

—Virginia Parker

AFTER 15 years of week-end golf, I finally played a hole-in-one. Several golfers circled the green and applauded me loudly as I lifted the ball from the hole. What a thrill for a duffer like me!

Afterwards I told everyone at the

club-house at least once how I had played the shot. Then I went home to break the great news to my wife. "What's a hole-in-one?" she asked.

I explained that instead of hitting the ball all over the fairway, I had performed the remarkable feat of striking the ball only once, and that it had gone directly into the hole 170 metres away.

Her only comment was: "Then why didn't you get home a little sooner?" —Russell Fike

VISITING the reference section of my local public library, I took the first volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* from the shelf.

In the gap behind, I could see the letters "No" pasted on to the wall. I was curious to see if this was the beginning of a message, and removed the other volumes.

Gradually the complete message was spelled out: "Now Put Them All Back." —M. Kennedy

URGENTLY trying to contact my boss, I telephoned the Government Ministry where he was attending a meeting. The secretary to whom I gave my message asked for a description.

"He is wearing a dark suit with white shirt and stiff collar," I replied. "He hasn't much hair and is rather stout."

There was a slight pause. "I don't think I can help," said the voice at the other end flatly. "They're *all* like that here." —Mrs. V. M. Westgate

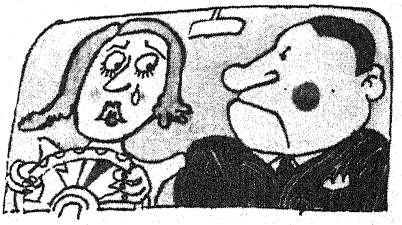
TO HELP me maintain my diet, I decided to chart my weight loss on a graph. With the added incentive, the kilograms melted away; but as the graph plummeted downwards, my temper became increasingly frayed.

My understanding husband bore the brunt of my ill-humour without complaint—until one memorable morning when I goaded him too far. He picked up the graph, studied it for a moment, then remarked quietly: "If this trend continues, you should disappear in exactly four months' time."

—Mrs. M. Morrison

RECENTLY a friend took her driving test for the third time. She was understandably nervous, and everything went wrong.

The final straw came when the



examiner asked her to explain what the hard shoulder is for.

Came my friend's sad reply, "To cry on?" —I. P. Stenton

IT WAS my young son's first visit to a fairground and he had asked particularly to go on the helter-skelter. I stood for some time at the foot of it, waiting for him to come down. At last he appeared, without a mat, juddering uncomfortably against the sides and looking most unhappy.

When he finally reached the bottom, I asked him what he had done with the mat. "I wiped my feet on it and left it at the top." —J. H. Gibbings


HENRY KALEN

"Golden Boy," symbol of the province, atop the Legislative Building in Winnipeg

Armchair Travelogue

Land of The Great Spirit

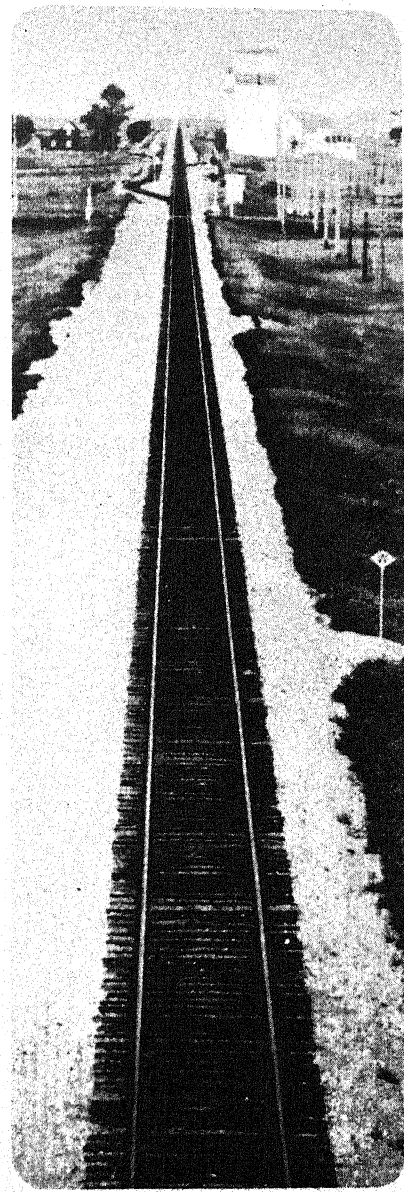
Welcome to Manitoba, golden province of the Canadian north

By Ronald Schiller

For me, Manitoba has always been the "golden" place of my childhood where, in summer, the sun never seemed to set, and endless seas of yellow grain tossed in the late August winds, where honey dripped from the combs on my great-uncle's farm near Dominion City.

When my family and I toured the province last year, all was as I remembered it, but there were other golden things I had forgotten—the "Golden Boy," a gilded statue of a running youth poised atop the Manitoba Legislative Building . . . smoked Winnipeg Goldeye, the most delicious fish on earth in my estimation . . . the vast fields of

Through Manitoba runs the Canadian Pacific Railway, some 4,500 kilometres of track spanning central and western Canada



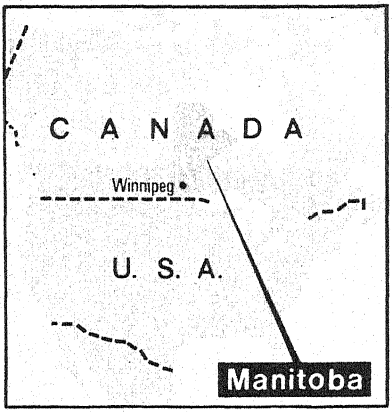
MALCOLM D. PATERSON

yellow-blossomed rapeseed and the kilometres of sunflowers around Altona . . . and hard-working TransAir Limited, whose golden-hued planes fly to such odd places as Flin Flon, Lake Athapapuskow, God's Lake Narrows, and Soab Lake (the letters stand for exactly what you think they do).

But Winnipeg had changed. Now swollen to 500,000 people (half Manitoba's population), its tree-shaded streets and lovely, meandering rivers are lost among blocks of offices and flats which rise as high as 40 stories from the green plain like concrete stalagmites.

Winnipeg glitters with luxurious new hotels, fine restaurants, a magnificent airport, sports stadiums and race-course, a planetarium and ultra-modern Museum of Man and Science. Its Royal Winnipeg Ballet has won rave reviews in New York, Paris and Moscow; its symphony orchestra plays in one of the finest concert halls on the American continent and the fame of the Manitoba Theatre Centre lures directors and stars from the stages of London, Broadway and Hollywood.

Even so, Winnipeg is still a brawny, masculine city famous for its raw fur auctions, boasting the world's largest railway yards and second biggest grain exchange. It



is also the headquarters of the world's oldest business firm, the Hudson's Bay Company, founded 300 years ago.

Before exploring Manitoba there are a few things you should know: north is down (because that's the way the rivers run), and the province's varied terrain sprawls over nearly 64 million hectares—a territory about one fifth the size of India.

The province is an ethnic kaleidoscope. There are four tribes of Indians—Sioux, Cree, Chipewyan, and the Saulteaux, whose prayers to Manitou-bau, "the voice of the great spirit," gave the province its name—and the proud race of *Metis,* half-breed descendants of the early French and British fur traders. The first European settlers were the Scots, who made the incredible 800-kilometre trek in 1812 through uncharted wilderness from Hudson Bay, carrying their possessions on their backs. Then came the French, from Quebec, Old France, Belgium and Switzerland, who creaked their way north from the United States in carts.

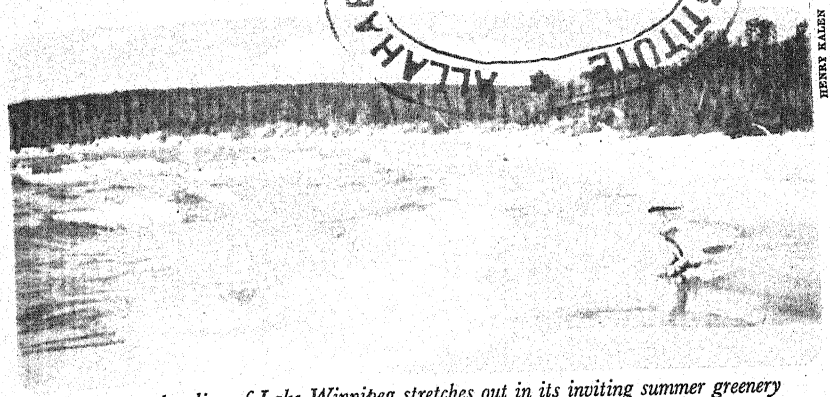
In the 1870s, Mennonites from the steppes of Russia, seeking to escape service in the Tsarist armies, settled thickly on both sides of the Red River south of Winnipeg. Following them were the Icelanders who built the fishing villages of Reykjavik, Hecla and Gimli on the shores of Lake Winnipeg.

With the building of the railways in the 1880s came successive waves of British, Irish, Jewish, Dutch and Polish homesteaders. Today, the Ukrainians represent 12 per cent of the population, and their Byzantine-domed churches are to be found in practically every Manitoba city and town.

But most distinctive are the German-speaking Hutterites, a gentle Christian sect, bearded men in sober black suits and women in nineteenth century bonnets, bodices and ankle-length aprons, who live in farm colonies where all property is jointly owned. Among these groups, loyalty to Manitoba and Canada is strong to the point of fierceness—but national identities have been maintained by keeping alive customs and traditions from the "old country."

A leisurely, clockwise ramble through Manitoba's south-west took us nearly 2,600 kilometres in ten days. This great prairie bowl,

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HENRY KALEN

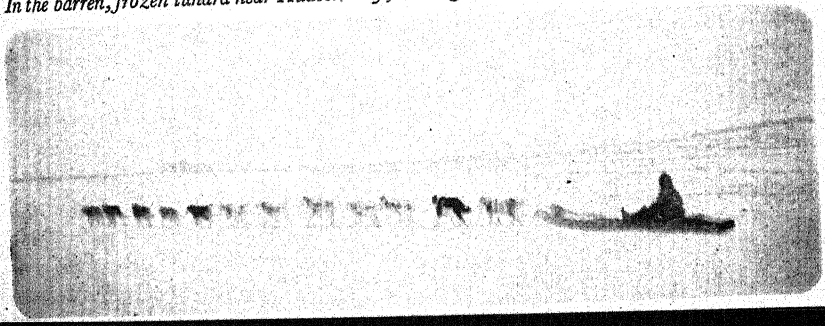
The picturesque shoreline of Lake Winnipeg stretches out in its inviting summer greenery

fringed by highlands (ambitiously called "mountains"), is a land of distant horizons, vibrant blue skies and fiery sunsets. Partridge, pheasant and prairie dogs dart across the ruler-straight roads. Wild roses and raspberries cling to the shade of the ditches. The liquorice-black farmland, once the bed of a prehistoric inland sea, is crossed by gentle river valleys, broken by occasional clumps of oak, aspen, willows, cottonwoods, and tall grain elevators that beckon the traveller like distant sails on the ocean.

South of Boissevain on the border with the U.S. state of North Dakota, we walked through terraced flower beds at the International Peace Garden. In Souris, we filled our pockets with pieces of petrified wood and green jasper at the agate pits, and gingerly crossed the Assiniboine River on the swinging, 194-metre-long wooden suspension bridge. At Dauphin, the season's highlight is the National Ukrainian Festival, held at the beginning of August. For four days the town rocks to the music of balalaikas and wild cossack dances.

The prairie ends abruptly at the

In the barren, frozen tundra near Hudson Bay, the dog-sled is an invaluable means of transport



L. PERRIN



IVORS IVAASA

Byzantine domes of the Greek Orthodox Church: a graceful part of the Winnipeg sky-line

fifty-third parallel of latitude north, and 112 kilometres from Winnipeg on the east. Beyond lies the Pre-Cambrian Shield, the worn stub of the most ancient mountain range on earth. This vast wilderness of bare rock, water, muskeg and timber is a petrified fruit pudding of minerals—nickel, copper, zinc, uranium, gold, silver and other lesser metals. Its great rivers are being harnessed to provide electricity for both Canada and the United States.

The lakes swarm with wild geese, ducks, cranes and pelicans, the land with mink, lynx, fox, moose, bear, and so many beavers that government workers are kept busy all summer blasting their dams to keep them from inundating roads and settlements. It is also one of the world's richest fresh-water fishing grounds, teeming with giant whitefish and lake trout, pike, pickerel, bass and Arctic char—13 million kilograms of which end up in Canadian supermarket freezers every year. With more than 100,000 lakes to choose from, Manitoba bush pilots will offer to fly you to any number that have never been fished before.

The most luxurious way to visit the fringes of the north is to take passage aboard MS *Lord Selkirk II,* a miniature ocean liner, on its five-day round-trip cruise of Lake Winnipeg. The 418-kilometre-long lake, thirteenth largest in the world, is an historic highway into the heart of the continent. Across it have journeyed French *voyageurs* and British York boat brigades, explorers seeking the North-West Passage to China, and —unless the archaeological evidence was faked—Vikings who reached America in their dragon-headed boats 130 years before Columbus.

Stops are made at such Red Indian villages as Berens River. Here you may feed on bannock—the pioneer-trail bread of flour and water—baked for you over an open fire beside a cascading waterfall, and visit the log inn operated since 1905 by 88-year-old "Ma" Kemp. The highlight of the voyage is Norway House on the Nelson River,

once the meeting place of the Annual Council of the Northern Department of the Hudson's Bay Company, which owned a vast empire stretching from Montana and Oregon on the south, to the islands of the Arctic Ocean.

Through the covered archway of the 145-year-old wooden fort, every year, flowed a king's ransom in furs and buffalo robes from half the American continent. Though these glorious days are gone, here in the north, the romance of the frontier is kept alive. At sports festivals held in various towns and on Treaty Days—when the Red Indians gather to collect their annual treaty money—you may still see Red River jigs danced to the music of old fiddles, bet on 240-kilometre-long canoe races, in which the boats are carried at a run across the portages between lakes, and watch incredible feats of strength and balance, where men carry up to 300 kilograms of flour on their backs, suspended from tumplines across their foreheads.

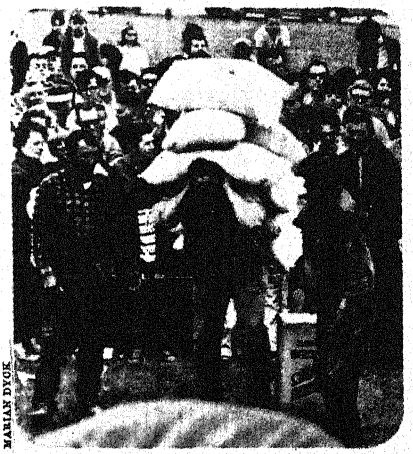
More than half of Manitoba still lies north of Lake Winnipeg. You can explore part of it by car over Highway 10, "the Main Street of the North." But more interesting is the 1,600-kilometre-long rail trip from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay.

The train winds through a desolate land. The undulating tracks, laid on the permafrost, are continually re-ballasted to prevent them from disappearing into the mire. Telephone poles will not stand up, and wide-angled tripods must be used to carry the wires. At designated "stations"—nothing more than vertical boards with names painted on them—Red Indian families wait to be picked up.

Goods trains, 160 wagons long, run night and day, hauling out ore and metal ingots, bringing in supplies for the mines, equipment for the great dam being built at Kettle Rapids, carrying prairie wheat to the docks at Churchill, Canada's most northerly deep-sea port.

In winter the train rolls along the bottom of a trough of ploughed-out snow, its walls sometimes more than three metres high. Temperatures hover between minus 34 and minus 48 degrees centigrade. In such cold a streak of oil poured on the snow freezes into a solid rod.

The winner of this competition at Flin Flon's Trout Festival receives all the flour he can carry



MARIAN DYCK

Breathing is difficult, the loss of a glove a catastrophe. Yet, with the soil-less country half-drowned in the summer thaw, heavy equipment and supplies cannot be moved to isolated settlements until lakes and muskeg have frozen solid.

At The Pas, a hunting, fishing and lumbering centre of 6,000 people, trappers still rendezvous each winter to compete in Canada's most famous dog-sled races. More than 136 kilometres north-west by road stands Flin Flon, a copper-zinc mining town of 10,500, named after the hero of a novel. It is built on a rocky outcrop so naked that every bit of earth in its gardens, lawns and nine-hole golf course, had to be dredged from the bottom of the surrounding lakes.

Thompson, site of the great International Nickel Company of Canada Mines, 400 kilometres north-east on the railway, is simply unbelievable—an "instant city" conjured up by jet-age genii. Bulldozed out of the bush only 14 years ago, it is already Manitoba's third largest city, with a population of 23,000, and growing fast enough to be the second by 1980.

At the end of the rail on Hudson Bay stands Churchill, population 3,500. Named after one of Winston Churchill's ancestors in 1686, it was a busy port decades before New Orleans, San Francisco or Vancouver had been dreamed of. During the 13 frantic weeks—roughly from July 23 to October 20—when the straits leading to Hudson Bay are ice-free and open to navigation, Churchill is in a holiday mood. On the main street and in its two crowded bars, you meet sailors from Cape Town, Odessa or other ports, Eskimos, Red Indians, trappers and bush pilots.

The tundra surrounding the town is so barren that it takes 40 years for a tree to grow to the height of a man's waist. But the roadsides and dunes along the sea are carpeted with purple fireweed, yellow daisies and stalks of Arctic cotton. Ptarmigan abound, caribou stray on to the airport runways, and polar bears are such a nuisance that steel mesh fences must be built around the rubbish to keep them away.

Churchill was the last stop on our tour of Manitoba. At 2 a.m. on the morning of our departure, we stood in the street in dressing-gowns to watch the most awe-inspiring celestial phenomenon in nature—the Aurora Borealis. Auroras take many shapes, no two ever identical. Ours was a vast undulating curtain of lemon-yellow fire, shot through with flashing rays of brilliant red, blue and green, hanging high in the sky as far as the eye could see. It was a spectacular farewell from the Golden Province.

To BE happy in love, you must know, without being blind, how to close your eyes. —Marcel Achard



One day, I realised that I had always loved him . . .

THE OLD MAN

By Larry King

During my childhood there was a blindly adoring period when my father was the strongest and wisest of men. He would frighten off the bears my young imagination feared as they prowled all night outside our Texas farmhouse, provide sunshine and jam, make the world go away. He did imitations of all the farmyard animals; when we boxed he saw to it that I won by knock-outs. He taught me to whistle, pray, ride a horse, enjoy country music. He taught that buying on credit was unmanly, unwise and probably unforgivable in Heaven; that one honoured one's women, one's flag and one's pride.

I had no way of knowing what

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courage was in The Old Man (he with no education, no hope of quick riches, no excitements beckoning to new horizons) to permit him to remain so cheerful, shielding and kind. He was not a man who dreamed much, or who understood that others might require dreams. Though he held idleness to be as sinful as adventure, he had the misfortune to sire a hedonist son who dreamed of improbable conquests accomplished by some magic superior to grinding work.

By the time I entered the troublesome teenage years, we were on the way to a long dark journey. A mutual thirst to prevail existed—some stubborn infectious will to avoid the slightest surrender.

The Old Man strapped and caned me for smoking, drinking, lying, avoiding church, skipping school and staying out at night. Having once been very close, we now lashed out at each other. I thought The Old Man blind to the wonders of the real world. In turn, The Old Man expected me to obediently accept his own values. That I could not (or would not) comply, puzzled and angered him.

On a Saturday in my fifteenth year, when I refused to dig a cesspool because of plans to do "more important" things in town, I fought back: it was savage and ugly—though, as those things go, an unusually unpleasant argument. Only losers emerged, however. After that we spoke in terse mumbles or angry shouts, and were not to communicate with civility for three years. Before my eighteenth birthday, I escaped by joining the Army.

On the morning of my departure, The Old Man paused at the kitchen table, where I sat trying to choke down breakfast. He wore the faded old denim overalls I held in contempt, and carried a lunch pail in preparation for whichever of a series of dismal jobs then occupied him. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he said. I shook my head. "You need any money?" "No." The Old Man shuffled uncertainly. "Well," he said, "I wish you the best of luck."

Months later, on a ten-day home leave, I appeared unannounced and before a cold dawn on the porch of the familiar frame house. The Old Man rose quickly, dispensing greetings in his long woollen underwear. "You just a First Class Private?" he teased. "Lord God, I would have thought a King would be a General by now." Most of the time, however (when I was not out impressing the girls with my uniform), a cautious reserve prevailed. We talked haltingly, carefully.

On the third or fourth day, The Old Man woke me on the sleeping porch, lunch pail in hand. "Your mother found a bottle of whisky in your suitcase," he said. "Now, you *know* this is a teetotal home. We never had a bottle of whisky in a home of ours, and we been married since 1911. You're perfectly welcome

to stay here, but your whisky's not." I stiffly mumbled something about going to a hotel. "You know better than that," The Old Man scolded. "We don't want you goin' off to no damned hotel." Then, in weary exasperation: "Good *God*, son, what makes you want to raise hell all the time?" We regarded each other in helpless silence.

The final morning of my leave brought a wet freeze, and The Old Man's car wouldn't start. "I'll walk you to the bus station," he said, bundling up in a sheepskin jacket. We shivered down dark streets past homes of my former schoolmates, by vacant lots where I had played ball. I wanted to say something healing to The Old Man, to utter some gracious good-bye. But I simply knew no beginnings.

We sat an eternity in the unreal lights of the bus station among crying babies, bleary-eyed cowboys and drowsing old Mexicans. The Old Man made a silent offering of a cigarette. He was a vigorous 59 then, still clear-eyed, dark-haired and muscular, but as his hand extended that cigarette packet and I saw it clearly—weather-beaten, scarred, one finger crooked and stiff-jointed from an industrial accident—I suddenly and inexplicably knew that one day The Old Man would wither, fail, die. In that moment, I think, I first sensed—if did not understand—something of mortality; of tribes, blood and inherited rituals.

At the door to the bus, The Old Man suddenly hugged me, roughly, briefly: not certain, perhaps, such an intimacy would be tolerated. His voice broke as he said, "Write to us, son. We love you." I clasped his hand and brushed past, too moved for words. For I knew, then, that I loved him, too, and had, even in the worst of times, and would never stop.

We took a trip last year, one The Old Man had secretly coveted for a lifetime. At 82, his 90 kilograms of muscle and sinew had melted to less than 75 kilograms. His clothing flapped about him; the eagle's gleam was gone from eyes turned watery and rheumy; he couldn't hear so well; he spoke in a wispy voice full of false starts and tuneless whistles.

I had asked him whether he wanted to see some particular place or thing. To my surprise, for The Old Man had never hinted of secret passions, he said yes, he had wanted since childhood to visit the Alamo (a Franciscan mission in San Antonio, which was the site of a massacre of Texans by Mexican forces in 1836). He sat beside me on the front seat, shrunken and somehow remote, yet transmitting a youthful eagerness.

We had hardly started out before The Old Man began a monologue which lasted almost a week. He gestured, pointed, laughed; praised wild flowers, dairy herds, shoots of cotton, fields of grain.

"That's good timberland," he said, pointing. "Good grass. Cattle

could bunch up in them little groves in the winter and turn their backsides to the wind." One realized, as The Old Man grew more and more enthusiastic, just how fenced-in he had been.

We stopped for lunch in a little village where my father had once owned a blacksmith shop. Weary of the car and the road, The Old Man chose to stand among the café's crowded tables while awaiting his order, indifferent to the waitresses who, frowning, had to squeeze around him.

"Tell Granddad to sit down," my teenage daughter, Kerri, whispered. "He's all right," I said. "Well, good grief! At least tell him to take off his *hat!*"

The Old Man startled an old man in overalls by gripping his arm just in time to check the elevation of a spoonful of mashed potatoes.

"What's your name?" he asked. The old farmer nervously surrendered it. "I don't think I know you," my father said. "You must not have been around here long." Twenty-odd years, the newcomer mumbled. "I had a blacksmith shop right over yonder," The Old Man said. He pointed through a soft-drink sign and its supporting wall. "It was in the 1920s. My name's Clyde King. You remember me?"

When the old man failed the quiz, my father abandoned him. "What's *your* name?" he enquired of a victim engrossed in eating his blackberry pie. My 12-year-old son giggled; his sister covered her humiliated face.

That night he sat on his motel bed recalling the details of forgotten cattle trades, of the only time he got drunk (at the age of 16), of his incredulous joy when my mother-to-be accepted his halting proposal of marriage. "Do you remember what you said?" my intrigued daughter asked. "Durn right! *Ought* to. I practised it for some weeks."

He laughed a wheezing burst. "We had just walked up to her father's porch one evening and I said 'Miss Cora, I have not got much of this world's goods, and of education I haven't none. But I fancy myself a man of decent habits, and if you will do me the honour of becoming my wife, I will do the best I can by you for always.'" He bowed his head, hiding his tears.

"Granddad," my daughter asked, "did you kiss her?" "Lord God, *no!*" The Old Man was sincerely shocked, maybe even a bit outraged: "Kissing wasn't taken lightly in them days."

When we reached the Alamo, The Old Man's reverence was both enthusiastic and touching. He moved among display cases containing precious bits and pieces of a more vigorous time, and assembled his descendants to explain the uses of each relic, carefully associating himself—and his blood's blood—with that older time and place. He acquired a new authority; his voice improved. Soon a group of tourists

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followed him about, the bolder ones asking questions.

But late in the day his energy suddenly ran low; he seemed more fragile, a tired old head with a journey to make. Crossing a busy road, I took his arm. The Old Man half-laughed and half-snorted: "I recollect helping you across lots of streets when you was little. Never had no notion that one day you'd be doing the same for me." Well, I said. Well. Then: "I've helped that boy up there"—motioning towards my distant and mobile son—"across some few streets. Until now, it never once occurred that he may some day return the favour." "Well," The Old Man said, "he will if you're lucky."

We talked late on my last night in The Old Man's house. The next morning I left him standing on the front porch, wearing his workman's clothes, shaking a friendly fist against what he would do if I didn't write to my mother more often.

Six weeks later, after eating a generous serving of turnip greens from his vegetable garden, he became dizzy and nauseated. In great pain, he consented to go with my brother to the hospital, complaining all the while that his lawn mower and tools had been carelessly abandoned: would my brother see that they were locked in the tool shed? Then he shook my brother's hand: "Weldon, thank you for everything." Before I could reach home he was gone.

Clyde Clayton King lived 82 years, 7 months and 25 days. His widow, four of five children, seven of eight grandchildren, six great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren survive. His time extended from when "kissing wasn't taken lightly" to exhibitions of group sex; from the days when men on horseback settled the American West to a year beyond man's first walk on the moon. Though he had ploughed oxen in yoke, he never flew in an aeroplane. He died owing no man.

I joined my brother in gathering and locking away The Old Man's tools in that backyard shed. Then, each alone with his thoughts, we moved in a concert of leaky garden hose and weathered sprinklers, lingering to water his lawn.

Double Talk

Two men were talking at a party. "I," said the first, "only believe half what people tell me."

"Why?"

"I'm a lawyer."

"I believe twice what people tell me," said the second.

"What are you?"

"A tax inspector."

—*Tempo*, Italy

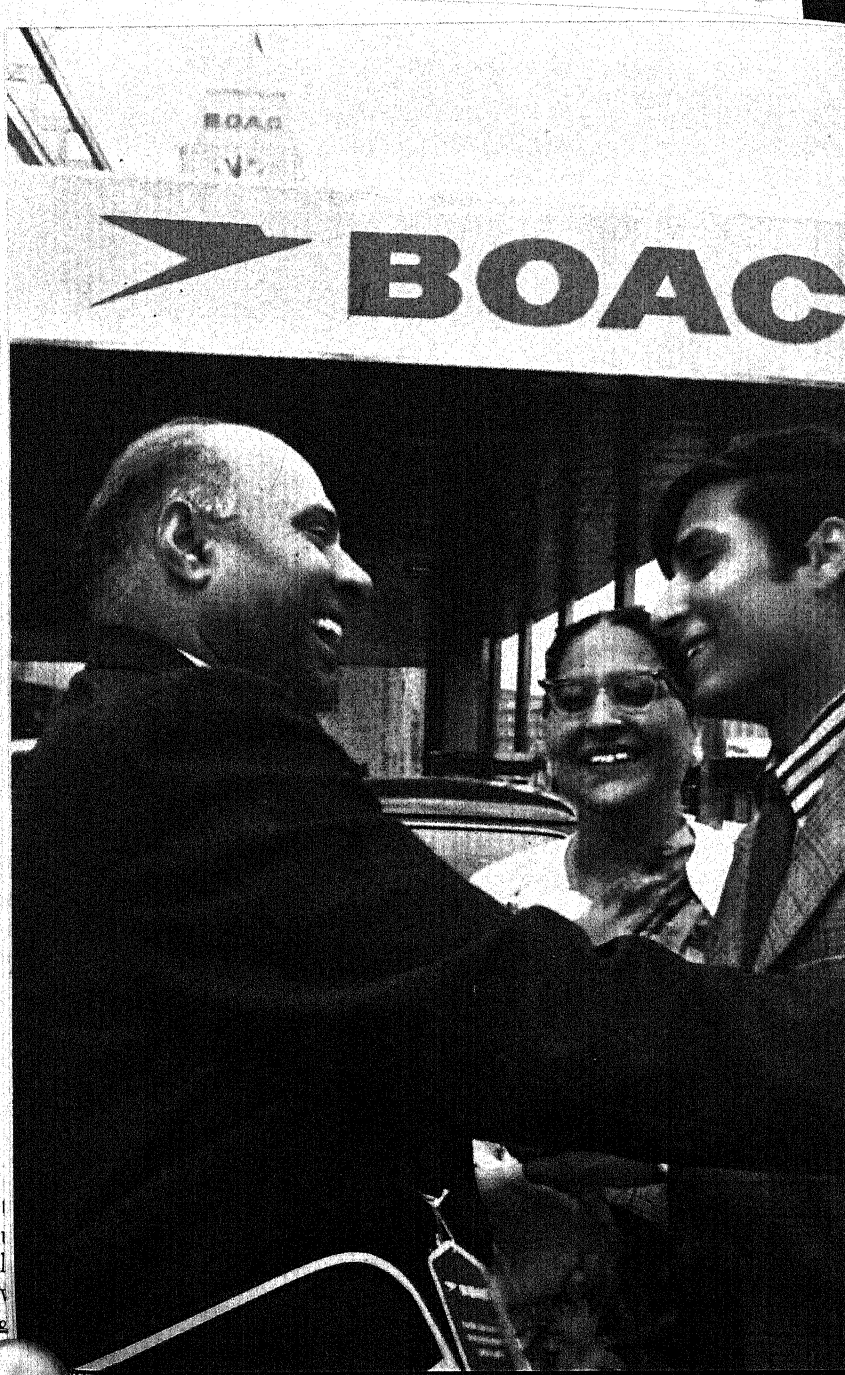
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On Safari—In Britain

By John Ennis

Everything's booming in the stately game parks, where exotic animals roam free while people are caged in cars



A pride of lions sun themselves in the splendour of Longleat

I WAS in an English wood, watching two lionesses as they supervised the play of 11 cubs. Sprawling close to my car, one lioness let four cubs roll joyously over her body. Two other youngsters frolicked away to investigate a fallen tree: lithe, unhurried, the second lioness followed—not interfering, but protectively close.

Remarked my companion, Roger Cawley, manager of the Longleat African Game Reserve, "You could travel hundreds of kilometres in Kenya and never chance to see lions behaving like this."

Today, more than 1,200 wild animals from the African savannah live in controlled freedom in Britain's ancestral parks. The countryside echoes to the roars of 304 lions; it provides a handsome backcloth for 536 baboons, 108 giraffes, 60 antelopes, 43 cheetahs, 40 zebras, 15 white rhinos, 39 elephants and four hippos.

These reserves are the product of British circus showman Jimmy Chipperfield's simple but revolutionary idea: topsy-turvy zoos, where animals walk free while human spectators are caged in cars.

In separate partnerships with the landowners, he has given exotic animals the run of reserves at the Marquess of Bath's Longleat, the Duke of Bedford's Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, Sir John Muir's land at Blair Drummond, Perthshire, and the Earl of Derby's land around Knowsley, near Liverpool. Rival safari parks have been opened at Stapleford, near Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire, and at Windsor in Berkshire.

Result: the safari game park provides an economical, deeply satisfying family outing and is one of Britain's most rapidly-expanding commercial ventures.

Whereas until five years ago a close view of free-ranging tropical animals involved a safari in Kenya or Tanzania, four million Britons have already visited Longleat: they paid only Rs. 18 a car entrance fee to journey among 205-kilogram lions, to laugh as baboons bounce on their car bonnets, to wonder at the largest herds of giraffe outside Africa. Blair Drummond opened last year to a 16-kilometre queue of cars, while at Woburn, 5,000 delighted families drive through the reserve on an average summer day.

Comments Chipperfield, "People give a simple, open-hearted response when they see beautiful animals that are not slinking behind bars, but living in family and social groups. These beautiful creatures aren't just for scientists to study. Everyone should have the pleasure of looking at them."

It's a pleasure that must be tempered with caution, though, for many of the animals are dangerous; an angry baboon can bite off a human hand. At first the reserve owners—and their insurers—did not envisage all the emergencies that

might arise. Visitors' dogs were banned because they would excite the animals (all reserves have temporary kennels for up to 80 dogs), but Roger Cawley shudders to remember that soft-top cars were originally permitted.

Indeed, for months he patrolled the lion enclosure in his sports convertible. Then one day a lioness strolled up to a visitor's Triumph Herald, slashed open the hood with one paw, put her head inside and, before being chased off by wardens, blew a meaty breath down the driver's neck. Cawley had the hood replaced—and banned soft-top cars from the reserves.

Vital Precaution. To ensure safety for visitors, the firm regulation, printed on the entrance ticket to every park, is that car windows must remain closed. Yet on the day after a girl was mauled through an open car window at Woburn last year—the first serious accident to a safari park visitor—people were seen lowering their side windows and extending carefree arms to take photographs. One man even stopped and got out to adjust his windscreen wiper.

Park wardens—men and girls—patrolling in radio-linked vehicles with conventional rifles and guns that fire tranquillizer darts, keep constant watch for reckless behaviour. At Longleat a warden raced anxiously to the rescue when a woman stepped from her car, walked to the doorway of a lion's sleeping-hut and peered inside.

"Fortunately, it was empty," says Chipperfield. "If she had surprised a lion, she would have been torn to pieces."

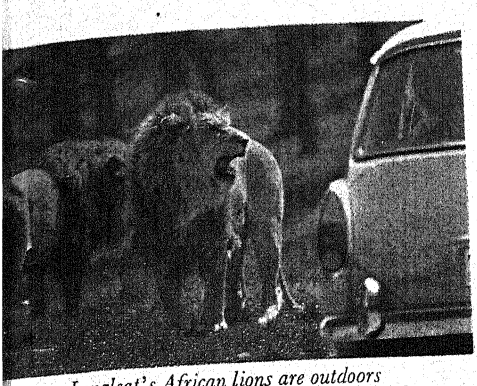
The unique combination of stately homes and safari thrills began seven years ago. Chipperfield, then 52, had long recognized that his family's famous circus could no longer support all the growing Chipperfield clan; after visiting the game reserves of Kenya, he formed his idea of British equivalents in ancestral parks. In 1964, he convinced the Marquess of Bath that the profit from lions would save Longleat House—an Elizabethan mansion costing Rs. 9 lakhs a year to run—from falling into ruin.

Cautiously, Lord Bath and Chipperfield obtained local authority approval to erect a fence "to restrict the movement of certain animals." There was no mention of lions.

When the news broke, the London *Times* denounced this "fantastically unsuitable use for a stretch of England's green and pleasant land," and thundered for Whitehall intervention. Lord Bath almost despaired. But Chipperfield, whose youth was spent presenting lion acts and wrestling with bears, revelled in the free advertisement. As other newspapers, local councillors and MPs took up the outcry, he cheerfully told the Marquess, "Publicity won't cost us anything."

Chipperfield patiently explained to all his complainants his security

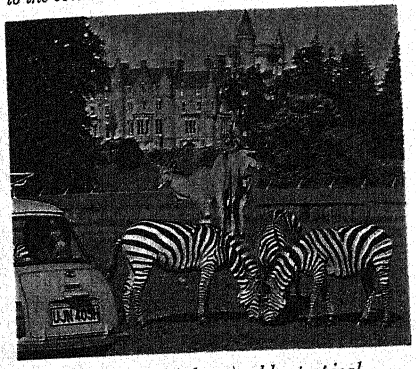
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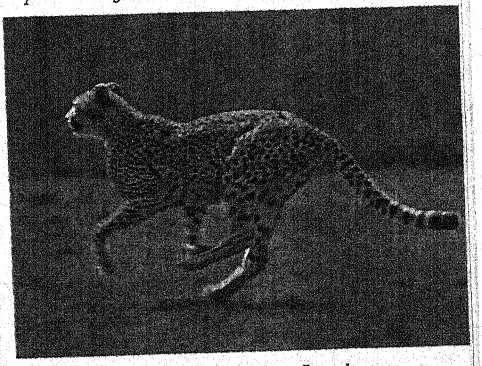
Longleat's African lions are outdoors all year round. New arrivals not only adapt to the colder climate but thrive in it



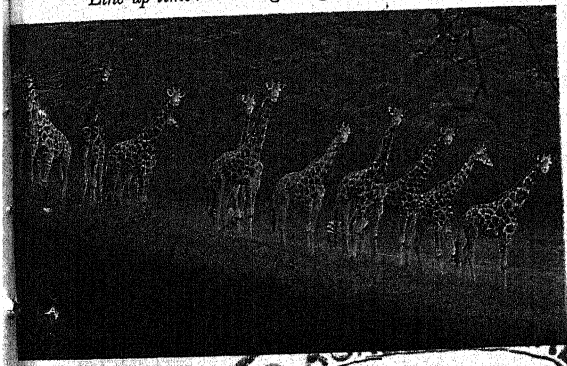
Free-ranging conditions may encourage the white rhinoceros – a threatened species in Africa – to breed at Woburn Abbey



Zebras and eland (above) add a tropical touch to Blair Drummond's historic setting
Line-up time: the Longleat giraffes.



Above: a fast-moving cheetah at Longleat
Below: visitors to Blair Drummond are warned that baboons can be dangerous





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plans: a double fence surrounding the lions, the inner one of two metres allowing any lion that climbed it only a six-metre run to the 3·5-metre outer fence—too short for a successful break-out leap. The fuss gradually died down, and in fact few animals have even come near to exploring the countryside.

At Blair Drummond last year, a giraffe used just about the only vehicle in Britain big enough to cover its escape—a double-decker bus loaded with sightseers. It walked beside the bus through the gate, to be spotted just before it could lope away down the road. Two sea-lions in the same park slithered from their lake along a wide overflow pipe. A search party found them flapping inquisitively among the Perthshire foothills nearly a kilometre away.

Animal Dealing. "As a circus man," says Chipperfield, "I owe the lion a lot. When I look at my lions and compare them with caged animals, I think I'm paying my debt."

In 1965, to stock the reserve at Longleat, he toured Europe and bought 50 lions. A further ten, "actors" from the film *Born Free*, cost only Rs. 180 each. All 60 were installed in 40 Longleat hectares and their immediate success—486,000 people paid Rs. 22 lakhs to see them in the opening year—led to what is probably the biggest movement of wild animals from one continent to another in the world's history. As a result, the price for a first-class lion in Britain has risen to Rs. 7,200. A baboon costs Rs. 1,440, a white rhino Rs. 36,000 and a giraffe Rs. 45,000.

Chipperfield has now set up camps in Africa to catch his stock—some of them creatures about to be shot to clear land for agriculture. In the *boma* (corral), a warden feeds the animals and talks to them day after day, preparing them for the train and ship journey to Europe.

One giraffe in Northern Uganda, considered too puny for the voyage, was released into the bush, but refused to rejoin the herd. For weeks he hung round the *boma*, striving to get back inside and stubbornly returning even when driven half a kilometre away. Finally Chipperfield gave in and took the insistent young giraffe to Britain. "He's now at Blair Drummond, a perfect specimen, full-grown and already a father."

Birth rates in the reserves are high. Last year Jimmy Chipperfield's lions produced 44 cubs and all of them survived, whereas in the wild, 50 per cent of cubs die in their first year. Eight gnus, seven eland, six giraffes and seven baboons were also born in British reserves in 1970 and, as more young animals reach maturity, these figures are certain to be surpassed.

"This fertility," says Chipperfield, "answers critics who told me it would be impossible to keep tropical animals healthy in Britain's temperate climate."

The problem of warmth has been

easily overcome. Every night the animals are lured by food into draught-proof shelters, heated when necessary. In winter, helped by regular meals laced with cod-liver oil and dusted with vitamin powder, they put on extra fat and their coats respond to northern temperatures by growing thicker. One of the delights of a winter visit (reserves are open all year) is to see lions rolling playfully in deep snow. "It does them no harm," says Richard Fitter, secretary of the Fauna Preservation Society. "In classical times, lions lived in Greece, where winters are much more severe than in Africa."

Food bills at Chipperfield's four British reserves amount to Rs. 36,000 a week. Each giraffe daily eats 4·5 kilograms of cubes made of corn, bran, oats and concentrated vitamins. Hippos, despite their fearsome jaws, are vegetarian, living on huge quantities of hay, grass, root vegetables, bread and fruit. Lions get through about six kilograms of meat a day.

Constant veterinary surveillance means that the animals are cured of injuries and illnesses which in the wild would mean a lingering death. Last September a cheetah, running at 30 k.p.h. at Windsor, skidded to a halt—and broke two delicate bones in its hind legs on a rock hidden by grass. A warden fired a tranquillizing dart into a leg muscle and took the unconscious animal to a clinic, where the veterinary surgeon pinned the broken bones. Today the cheetah runs free in sight of Windsor Castle.

"Sprinting is a cheetah's natural behaviour," says Chipperfield. "Yet where, in an old-fashioned zoo, can you see a cheetah on the move?"

The reserves offer such excellent, inexpensive opportunities for scientific study that Chipperfield plans a Rs. 72,000 centre—observation post, laboratory and classroom—at Longleat, for use by zoologists and students from interested universities. He explains, "Our wardens watch the animals 24 hours a day, to observe their feeding, behaviour and breeding, and to ensure that sick animals get swift treatment. In so doing, they acquire a mass of unique information which trained people can analyse."

Even in the calm of an English field, the law of the jungle prevails. Longleat lions which had seemed perfectly contented with their companions when in cages, broke away on release and joined up with strangers, carving out new territory, then fighting members of their original groups. After the first cubs were born, wardens were intrigued to notice that lionesses teamed up to care for the new arrivals, suckling them regardless of which mother they belonged to.

Increasingly, as visitors make return trips they get more out of safari parks than a whiff of adventure. Said one motorist, who had brought his family for the third time to Woburn, "It's the happy appearance

of well-groomed animals that stays in my mind: a baboon mother cradling her baby in her arms, peaceful giraffes elegantly grazing. The parks arouse public interest in conservation."

Jimmy Chipperfield has thus pioneered the way to an important delight in animals by the world's city-dwellers. Following the success of his stately game parks he has opened reserves in Australia, the USA, Canada, Holland and Germany, and is planning others to feature animals from the Arctic and North America. Acknowledging that not every animal can be displayed in the open, he visualizes conventional zoos as centre pieces of game reserves.

"The parks are a new, exciting concept, and probably one of the prototypes of the zoo of the future," says Professor Bernhard Grzimek, German zoologist and author who is the world's foremost champion of African wildlife. "Nobody who has ever seen lion or giraffe, hippo or baboon walk free wants to see them behind bars."

Strange Norm

JACQUES PRÉVERT, the French poet and epigrammist, used to spend part of every summer in the village of St.-Paul-de-Vence. For the first two years he was there, none of the local people spoke to him until one day, when he was out for a stroll, a farmer enquired of him, "Well, how's it going, Monsieur Prévert?"

Prévert, amused, answered, "Very well, thank you. But why have you waited two years to ask me?"

"Well," the man explained, "when we saw you arrive, we thought you were crazy—until the day you were seen conversing with trees. Then we knew you were normal."

—Hubert Faure-Geors in *L'Aurore*, Paris

Bear Up

WHEN I was five years old and living in London, in the 1930s, my father, mother and I would go for a walk on Sunday afternoon past Buckingham Palace.

As we passed one day, I heard my parents say that King George V was ill. Some people came out of the palace gates, and I gave them my teddy bear which had seen better days. One eye and a leg were missing and sawdust was leaking out of him, but to me he was the cure for all troubles. I told the people to give it to "King" and tell him if he put it in his bed he would be all right soon.

Some weeks later I received my teddy bear back by post. With it was another parcel containing a toy submarine, a drum and drum sticks. Attached to the drum was a card reading: "For services rendered to His Majesty King George V."

—Patrick Hart

Watchdog of West German Technology

By Stanley Englebardt

Putting safety first, dedicated experts examine almost every hazard, from nuclear reactors to fairground roundabouts

I watched a young engineer climb aboard a sandbag-weighted cable-car in the Bavarian Alps, release the brake and let the car roll down the mountain. It carried him on a wild, free-wheeling ride until an automatic "last-ditch" safety brake cut in and brought the car to a halt.

The engineer had been making a final test to be certain that skiers could use the car in complete safety. "We can go only so far with static tests," he explained. "This is the one way we can make sure the safety brake will work if there's a runaway emergency."

In most countries, the price of progress has been more industrial and mechanical accidents, plus increasing environmental pollution. Yet dedicated Germans like the one I watched have proved that these unwanted by-products need not be inevitable.

In West Germany, the destructive elements of technology have been held under close check for more than a century. Today you can breathe deeply in industrial Cologne without choking on a lungful of pollutants; travel in cars, lifts or cable-cars with a maximum degree of security; or work in a German atomic energy plant and still be statistically safer than in your own home.

This is due to the work of a

unique group of safety organizations called *Technischen Uberwachungs-Vereine,* popularly known as TUV. The objectives of the 11 nonprofitmaking TUV organizations operating in the Federal Republic and West Berlin are to monitor the safety of a variety of mechanical and technical devices, and to find new and better ways of protecting the environment.

They do this in many ways. TUV experts are called in by the Federal and local governments to monitor the effectiveness of safety and pollution laws already in existence and report back violations. Their recommendations frequently form the basis for new regulations.

Official Recognition. TUV safety approval is a "must" before any conveyance—even a fairground roundabout—is licensed to operate. For over 17 million car owners, the colour-coded TUV safety emblem which appears on licence plates is the only way of avoiding a police summons for driving a hazardous vehicle. As one West German puts it, "The inspection fee of about Rs. 26 paid every two years is cheaper than a Rs. 105 fine."

Recently I spent several weeks inspecting the TUV operations in Munich, Cologne and Essen. I looked around TUV research laboratories and followed TUV engineers on their rounds. The range of their safety-testing activities is staggering: from toys, household appliances and ski bindings to coal mines, ferry-boats, cranes and nuclear reactors. They analyse the content of factory smoke, check the waste output of chemical plants, even measure the decibel count of a pop group's music.

At TUV Bayern's laboratories in Munich, they were concerned with skis. For many skiers the difference between a simple spill and broken bones is decided by the bindings which hold the boot to the ski. These devices are supposed to release the boot when a certain amount of pressure is applied. To minimize ankle or leg injuries occurring from a ski coming off too soon or too late, West German law demands that bindings, like all appliances, instruments and equipment sold in the Federal Republic, should be safe regardless of conditions.

But how do you enforce the regulation? Two TUV Bayern physicists, Gerhard Wittmann and Alfred Nagel, have invented a ski simulator which reproduces the pressure of a boot against bindings under every possible position, angle and downhill force.

By placing the ski in a weather chamber which creates conditions of ice or wet snow, experts can find out how the bindings work under different weather and snow conditions. If the binding doesn't release almost uniformly under all conditions, the shortcomings are reported back to the manufacturer for correction.

Among the most hazardous of

TUV assignments is the testing of lifts and construction cranes. In 1970, their safety experts inspected 37,000 in Bavaria alone. Most passed their tests easily, but the one I watched at a site in Munich didn't qualify at all.

A construction crane 25-metres tall had just been installed. But before even one kilo of steel or concrete could be lifted by it, the workmen wanted TUV approval. Engineer Rüdiger Diener donned working clothes, safety helmet and harness, and clambered up the steel framework. He inspected and tested every fitting and cable as he went. At the top, he snapped the safety belt to a steel beam and began to work his way hand over hand along the crane's 36-metre arm. Even the construction men, used to working high in the air, stopped to watch his perilous journey.

Potential Killer. It soon became obvious that he wasn't satisfied with the crane's safety. A loose ladder which would endanger workmen who climbed it, and several of the automatic safety switches didn't cut off when the crane exceeded its rated load capacity. Most serious of all, a master electrical switch which was supposed to cut off all power to the crane in the event of an electrical-cable break wasn't working.

"It's not uncommon on construction jobs for a bulldozer to cut through a cable," Diener told me. "If that happened to this crane, the entire steel structure would turn into a live high-tension wire. You can imagine what would happen to the operator or any workmen in contact with it." This crane didn't get TUV approval until it met all safety standards.

Another hazardous assignment for TUV engineers is the inspection of coal mines. Few places on earth are so inherently dangerous. The potential for disaster can be found in the high-speed lifts; or in the ever-present, odourless methane gas or carbon monoxide which, if allowed to concentrate over certain levels, could kill quickly and without warning.

These are just a few of the reasons why mine safety is a crusade for the engineers at TUV Essen, not just a job. The engineers work slowly, tediously, brushing away thick layers of coal dust to inspect cables and boxes, getting down on hands and knees as the tunnel drops to less than a metre. Dangerous and uncomfortable work indeed. But as one of the TUV Essen engineers said, "I have to go down only once in a while. The miners have to take their chances every day."

TUV's experts do not work for the government or industry. They do not repair, replace, manufacture or recommend specific products, and though they frequently serve as safety or pollution control consultants for private companies or industry, the tie is based solely on a need for professional advice and

He doesn't know the word 'collaboration'

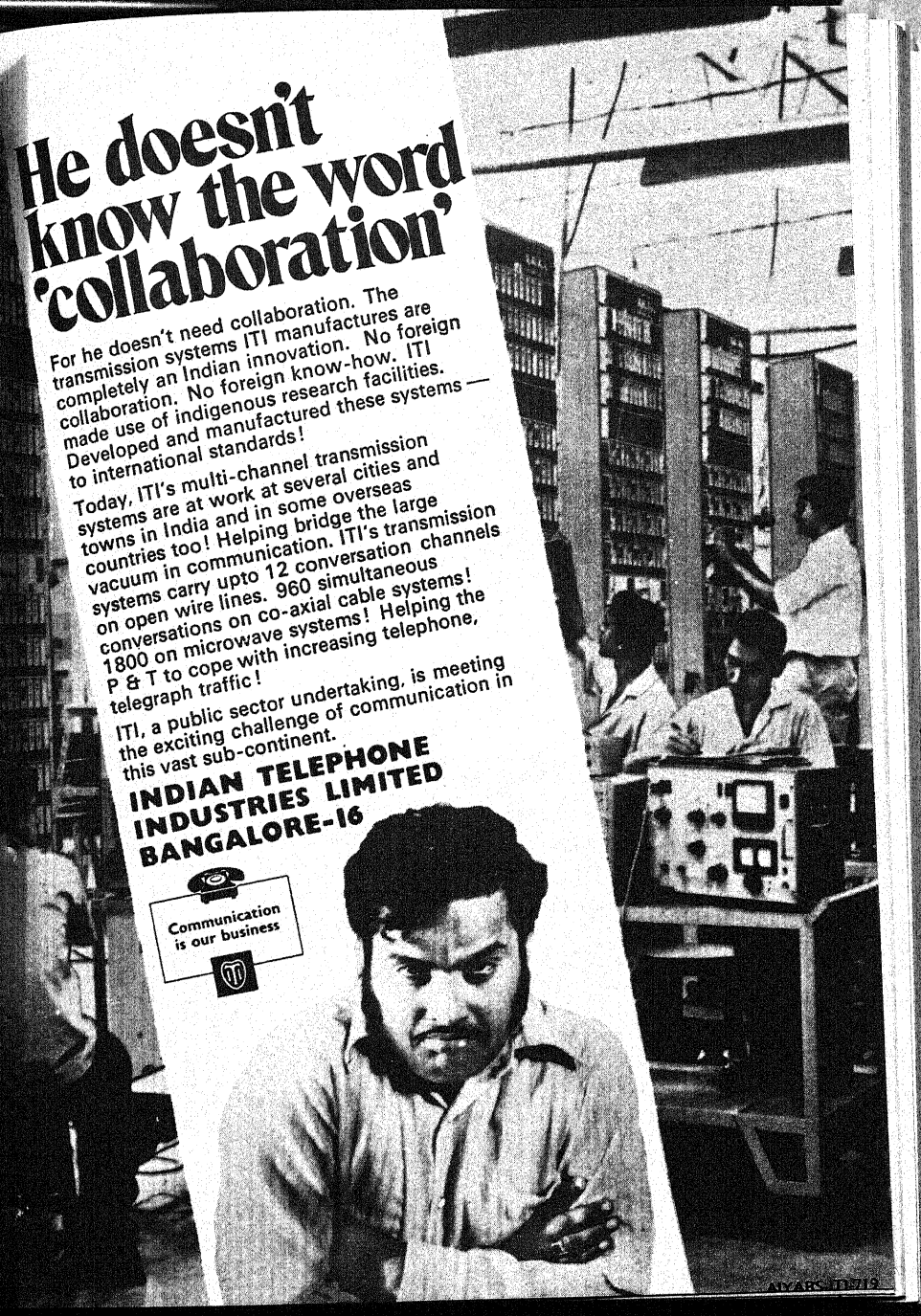
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doesn't in any way influence the objectivity of the study.

"We are the conscience of West German technology," says one TUV official, "a conscience unhampered by any profit motive. When you get down to it, our only concern is to raise the quality of life in the Federal Republic."

This "conscience of technology" was first aroused about a century ago with the arrival of the industrial revolution in Germany. Alarmed by the rising accident rate, a group of German manufacturers set up several safety organizations called "Boiler Inspection Societies" in many branches of German industry.

Their initial purpose was to study and try to prevent the dangers inherent in steam boiler plants. But as the pace of technology increased, safety groups were set up by other industries. With the encouragement of the government, the original "Boiler Inspection Societies" were fused with these safety groups to become the TUV of today.

While items of manifest public peril still represent a daily responsibility, an increasing amount of effort is directed towards the more subtle build-up of air and water pollution. At TUV Rheinland in Cologne, for example, the problem of air pollution is being approached from a completely new angle.

Using a computer, scientists are building a mathematical model of the environment of the Cologne area. Fumes from large and small industries are analysed, fumes from domestic chimneys, even those of motor vehicles. The model will be used to determine which polluting elements are the most noxious, so that local authorities can take remedial action.

Dedicated Experts. Perhaps the key to the TUV's success in protecting the environment and minimizing technical accident rates is personnel. A special breed of men work for this organization; men trained not only in technical specialities but imbued with a social conscience and a sense of humanitarian mission. Like the engineers who go down into the coal mines or climb the towering construction cranes, they place the safety of the public far ahead of their own.

There is no simple solution to the technical accident and environmental pollution problems faced by most nations of the world today. But the work of the TUV proves one thing. Where control is approached from an independent, non-profitmaking and professional standpoint, we can stem the rising tide and even roll it back. And, in so doing, we *can* have both technology and a healthy environment.

Actor William Holden commented on a Western film he's in: "Ryan O'Neal and I shoot up a cattle town, rob its bank and start a stampede—and we're the good guys."

—Charles McHarry

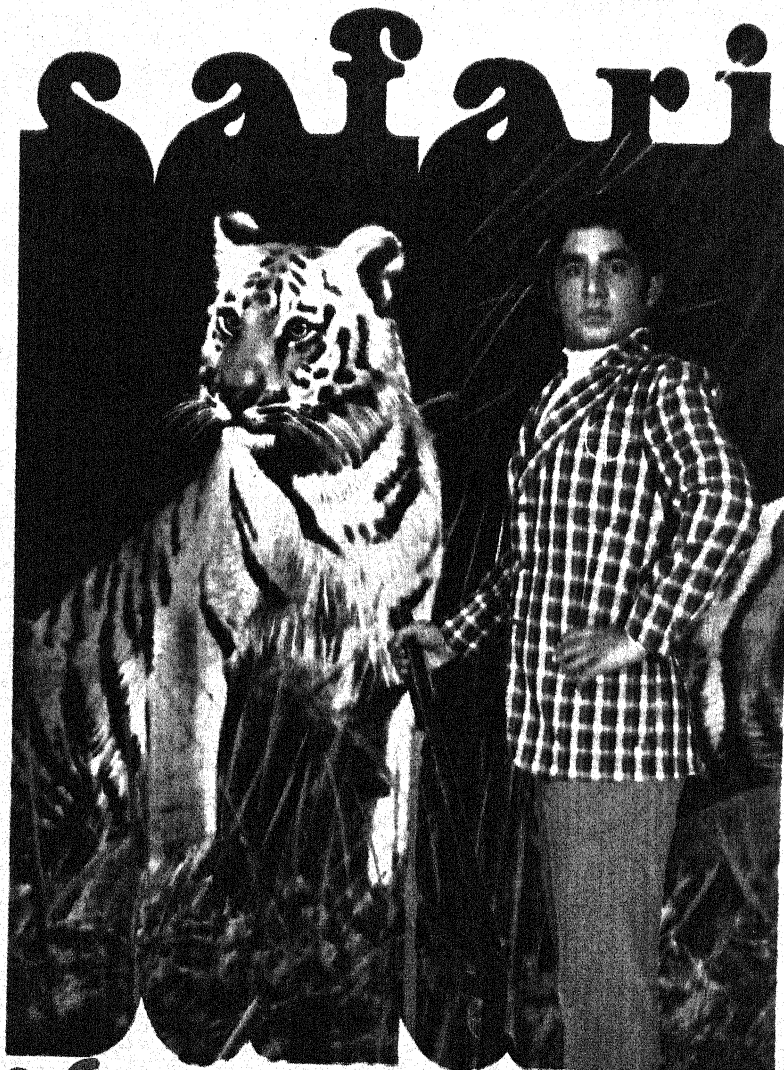
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An indomitable will to live gave this courageous Swede the strength to survive a critical operation

I Live on a Borrowed Kidney

By Carl Norrbom
as told to Walter Ross

When Christmas came in 1964, Dr. Gösta Magnusson, an associate professor of medicine specializing in the care of renal transplant patients at Stockholm's Serafimer Hospital, said I could go home for the holiday. He knew I lived only ten minutes away. "But stay close to the phone," he warned me. "A kidney might become available for your transplant, and we'd need you here in *minutes*." No argument. I promised.

I was dying of a polycystic kidney disease: multiple cysts in both kidneys. My one slender hope for life was a kidney transplant. The first such operation in Sweden had been done the previous April by Dr. Curt Franksson, professor of surgery at Karolinska Institute and chief surgeon at Serafimer. Results on that and six or seven subsequent transplants hadn't been too good.

But it was my only hope, and I had full confidence in Dr. Franksson. New and experimental, kidney transplants so far had been given only to people who were already at death's door. I wasn't quite that ill yet. I knew I would survive—if they found a kidney in time.

As I left the hospital on that Christmas

Eve and went out into the cold and slush, I thought, "How beautiful Stockholm is." On the way home, I asked the taxi-driver to stop while I bought Vivian—my wife for 28 years—a green silk housecoat.

She met me at the door of our two-room apartment and helped me in. I was weak and drawn, having lost about 20 kilograms of my normal 82 kilogram weight. I'm 183 centimetres tall and my clothes hung loosely from me. Vivian pretended not to notice. Happy to be home, I forgot my troubles as I sank into my favourite chair.

I'd been fighting the disease for 11 years, since I was 46. In the autumn of 1953 I had a sudden pain in the back, accompanied by nausea. I felt faint. My urine turned a very dark red, nearly black. It was frightening, particularly since my mother and a sister had both died of kidney disease at 45. Another sister had the same illness, though an older brother did not.

I drove myself to St. Erik's Hospital, where Dr. Harold Eliasch immediately ordered X-rays of my kidneys. The diagnosis was only too easy: I had the family disease. He did not tell me that it is "progressive" and there is no treatment. More and more cysts form in both kidneys until they simply stop working.

After a week in the hospital I was able to go back to work. But Dr. Eliasch suggested I keep in touch.

A second bad attack came in 1957. I recovered in a few days, but it was the beginning of a slow deterioration. I would get severe headaches, nausea, sometimes cramps—unexpectedly, at any time. I ignored the attacks. I'd just take a deep breath and go on with what I was doing until they went away. Meanwhile I continued to work hard—I was selling cars at the time—and it's my nature to be enthusiastic about what I do. I even sold a car to my doctor. Later I was made sales manager of the company.

Vivian and I enjoyed our life. We went fishing at week-ends and every August we travelled to Norrland, on the coast about 400 kilometres north of Stockholm, for a fishing holiday.

Ominous Symptoms. We followed this routine in August 1964, too, although by this time my disease had penetrated deep into my kidneys. The drive to Norrland exhausted me. I didn't want to do much but lie down. And I had no appetite.

However, with the sun shining nearly all the time, I roused myself. The fishing that year was the best ever. I hooked one salmon that weighed about 5 kilos. I was excited when that huge fish took my bait. Yet fighting him soon became an agonizing struggle. Weakening, I could feel the cramps in my hands getting tighter and more painful. But I wasn't going to lose that fish! Landing him would be a kind of victory over my own body. And I

did bring him to the boat, with my last bit of strength. Vivian gaffed him and together we managed to drag him over the gunwale. Then I had to go and lie down.

The cramps got worse, so bad that we decided to cut our holiday short. My hands were so twisted with cramp I couldn't hold the car's steering wheel. But Vivian didn't drive and there was no other way. I drove the 400 kilometres mostly with my elbows braced against the steering-wheel spokes. After a sleepless night I took a cab to Serafimer Hospital, where they promptly put me to bed.

Death Hovers. I wasn't unconscious, but everything was grey and fuzzy, the result of the poisons my kidneys couldn't remove. My family, sure that I was dying, came to say farewell and, with them there at my bedside, though I couldn't see them clearly, I sensed that this might indeed be the end.

Well, I didn't die that day, or the next. Then, one morning, after several days of feeling half-dead, the clouds lifted. I asked for my glasses, and could see quite clearly. I sat up in bed and told the nurse I'd like a sandwich and a glass of milk. Her eyes opened wide and she ran out of the room. I heard her shouting down the corridor, "Norrbom wants something to eat!"

The staff doctors were somewhat startled, too. Nobody could tell me why I suddenly got better—the disease behaves like that sometimes.

I knew this was only a reprieve, that a more drastic way out had to be found. I had seen a newspaper account of a case in America where a third kidney was transplanted to relieve the patient's two ailing ones. But when I raised the question with Dr. Magnusson, he said, "It's too early to talk about that."

In mid-September I went back to work. I still had to come to the hospital every two weeks for injections. And on December 2, after a blood test, they told me I was too ill to remain out of hospital. The next day I entered Serafimer.

It became clear that something had changed my doctors' minds—they were now thinking of giving me a transplant. I found out much later that Dr. Magnusson and Dr. Eliasch had discussed my case in detail and concluded that I'd be an ideal candidate for the operation. Unlike many with kidney disease, my blood pressure had remained normal; I had a sound heart and good blood circulation. These were some insurance that my body could bear up under surgery and successfully accept the transplant.

The two younger doctors approached Professor Franksson and, after a thorough examination, he agreed to do a transplant—when the right donor came along. The news cheered me enormously.

After a happy Christmas "leave" with my family, I went back to the hospital on New Year's Day 1965 in good spirits. One morning two

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weeks later a nurse rushed into my room. "You're going to have your operation!" she said. The nurse and an orderly helped me on to a wheeled table, and she began pushing me out of the door. "Out of the way!" she shouted. "Emergency!"

Outside the operating theatre the anaesthetist gave me a drug to relax my muscles. Then, only half awake, I heard a commotion. A masked doctor stood over me. "Cancel the operation," he said. "Take him back to his room. Sorry, old man." I learned later that the kidney they had planned for me had stayed too long in the body after death; anything over one hour, they told me, is considered dangerous.

Desperate Wait. The doctors were bitterly disappointed, and for me the let down was almost unbearable. Would my kidneys hold out long enough to allow me to get a transplant? When they fail, I knew, doctors can "dialyse" a patient with an artificial kidney. But there are always far more patients than there are machines (about 200 are on the waiting list in Sweden) and the doctors sometimes have to make terrible decisions. Young patients usually get priority, and I was turning 58.

I fought against becoming bedridden: I sat up, and forced myself to walk around the corridors. But my weight was dropping all the time and with it my strength. I finally had to stay in bed and was put on intravenous fluids. The days blurred; one blessing of kidney disease is that the worse it gets the less you know about it. The nurse told my wife I was sinking fast. Vivian came to see me on March 24, almost as worn out as I with the strain of waiting. "There is no hope," she was told, and when she went home, she sat up all night waiting for the phone to ring with the final word. But there was no call. In the morning she phoned the hospital and was told, "No change."

At 11.30 her phone rang. It was the hospital. "We've got a donor!" an excited voice said. "Your husband is going to get a kidney."

Dr. Franksson rushed to the hospital from his class at Karolinska Institute. I was too weak to get excited. Once again I was wheeled down the corridor and taken to the operating theatre. For the next three days I knew nothing.

Later I learned a few of the details. As I was being prepared for surgery, a team of doctors in another part of the hospital was swiftly removing the left kidney from a dead man. They cut it out with great care, preserving the vein and artery endings. They examined the organ minutely, then perfused it with a cooling solution to reduce its need of oxygen. It was then brought to the operating theatre.

A team of four surgeons went to work. They made a large incision just above my right groin, found the appropriate artery and vein, clamped and cut them. The donor

kidney was then taken from the refrigerator, and after again being examined and judged healthy, was implanted into my loin. Laboriously the vein and artery endings were sutured to my own. Subsequently, a plastic catheter from the kidney ureter was run into my bladder. When they released the clamps, the surgeons held their breath. The kidney turned a healthy pink: it was still alive.

I now had three kidneys—the "new" one not yet working. It might start up at any time, or never. This would be the real test. I was under anaesthesia for eight hours. Doctors telephoned my wife every two hours. The last call came at 11.30 p.m., saying "The operation was a success. Your husband is in Intensive Care."

By the tenth day after the operation my new kidney was functioning normally. I was given two drugs to take in pill form: one to counteract rejection, the other a form of cortisone. I still take them daily, in greatly reduced quantities, and I return to the hospital for check-ups every month.

In a few weeks, my disease and operation were fading into memories. There were no bandages. The scar had healed. Only the daily pills reminded me that another man's kidney was aiding my own two.

Dr. Magnusson signed me out of the hospital for good on May 15, warning me to phone him immediately if I noticed anything unusual. I went back to work in October.

Later when I retired we bought a small house in Skaane, in southern Sweden, and moved there. But the country wasn't lively enough for me in winter, and I missed my family. So we settled in the nearby town of Trelleborg and I live there close to my relatives.

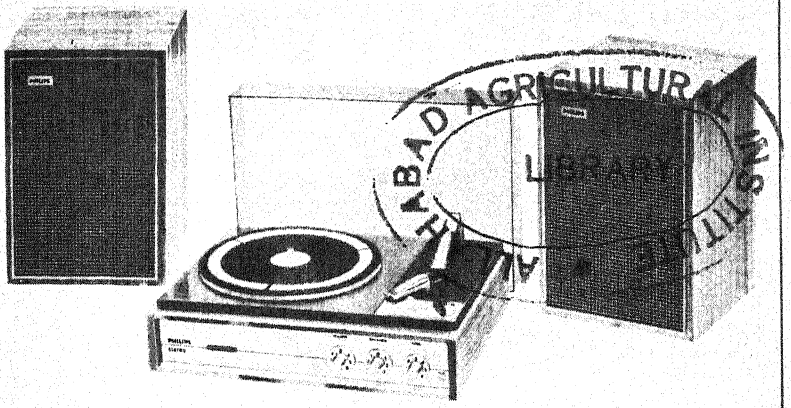
The doctors tell me that I'm now the longest-living kidney transplant patient in Sweden. Last March 25, I and my third kidney celebrated our sixth birthday together —six months after my own 63rd birthday. Personally, I expect to live to be 100.

Doctors attribute the success of Carl Norrbom's transplant to his good circulatory system, his indomitable will, and his close adherence to instructions—which younger patients sometimes forget. The fact that his body did not reject the kidney was a happy accident. In 1964 there was no means of matching tissues. Today there is. And, as a result, the number of kidney transplants surviving one year has risen from 40 per cent in 1966 to 70 per cent today. Some 100 people have had kidney transplants in Serafimer Hospital; 450 in Sweden, and many hundreds elsewhere in the world. A high percentage are living and well.

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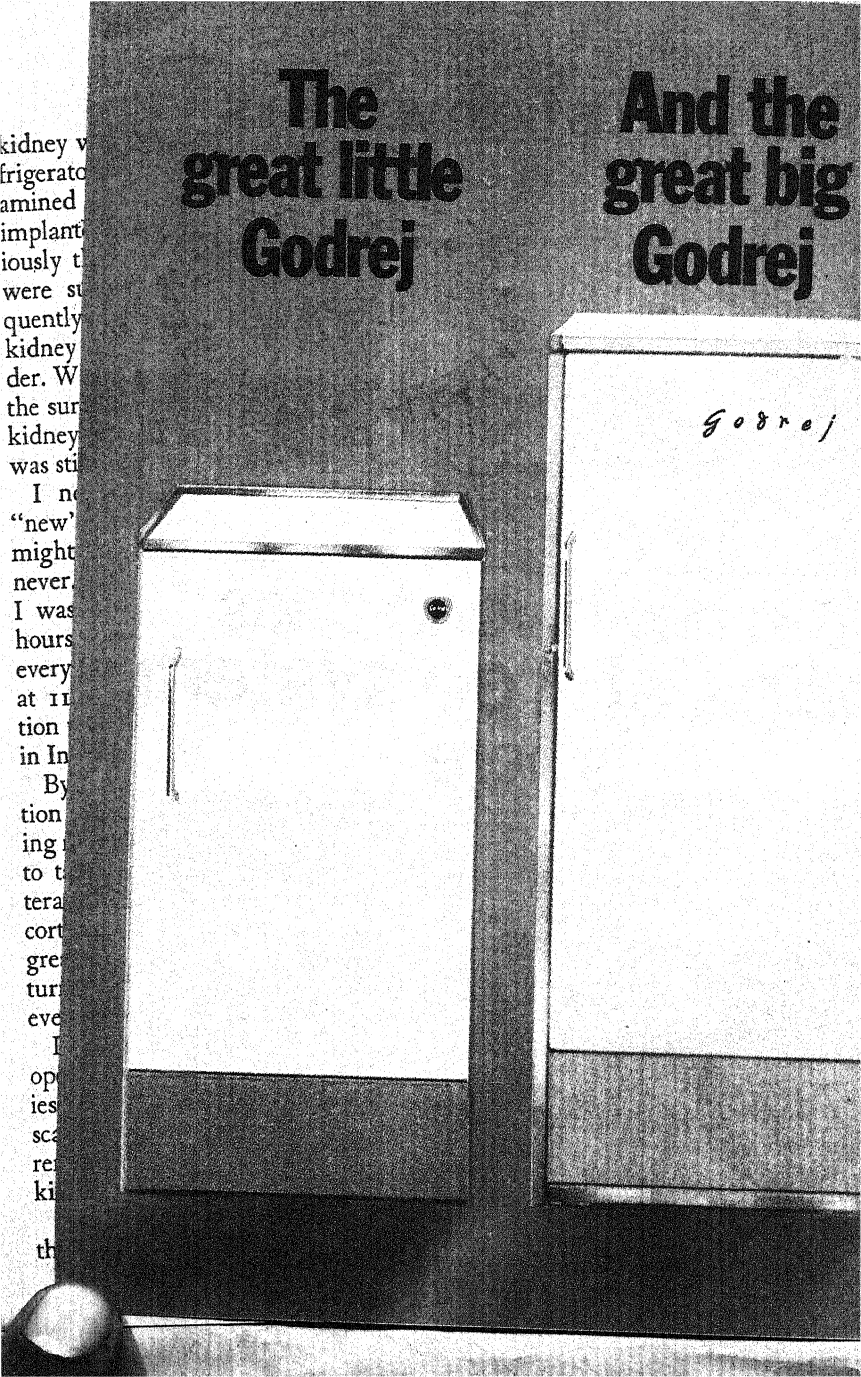
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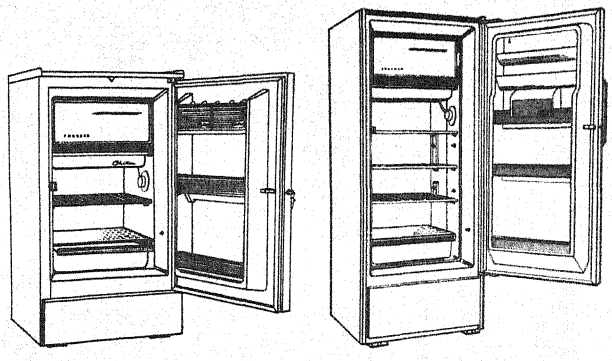
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165 litres (left) and 255 litres (right) of superb Godrej design and efficiency, backed by the famous Godrej service.

The great big 255-litre Godrej needs no introduction. For twelve years it's been the fastest-cooling, best-looking, fridge on the market. Roomy and elegant it comes in a subtle two-tone combination of white and dove grey.

Now it's got a partner: the great little Godrej, with its sleek design, and ingenious use of every inch of space. It is available in a cool combination of white and grey. **It has a decorative laminated top, which in most other refrigerators comes as an extra.**

Both occupy a similar floor space and have an attractive pale pistachio interior.

Three coats of paint, not two

Not two, but three coats of paint go on the cabinet, so it looks better for a longer time. Inside, the walls are made of steel with a vitreous enamel finish which makes them stronger, scratch-proof and more hygienic.

Anti-corrosive shelves

Both models have removable shelves which are anti-corrosive, anodised aluminium.

Unlike most refrigerators, Godrej has a vegetable tray of steel, vitreous enamelled: scratch-proof and better-looking too.

Convenient ice-cube extractor

Only Godrej provides an ice-cube extractor. No hacking, thank goodness.

The durable anodised aluminium freezer door is spring-operated. This makes it easier to open and close.

All hinges and screws inside the cabinet are made of a non-ferrous, anti-corrosive metal. Small but important point.

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Now inspect the inside of the doors. The egg containers are perfectly moulded for safe storage.

Godrej at your service

There's an 8-position thermostat on both models for wide adjustment of temperature. Last but not the least, *any Godrej refrigerator is backed by a 5-year warranty for the sealed unit and one year for the rest including the controls. It has prompt efficient service facilities.*

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A FEMINIST MANIFESTO

A leading campaigner for sexual equality explains her belief in women's liberation

By Lucy Komisar
Author of "The New Feminism"

Commenting on the proper role of women, a man considered to be a great liberal once said: "The whole education of women ought to be relative to men. To please them, to be useful to them, to care for them, and to make life sweet and agreeable to them. These duties of women should be taught them from their infancy."

A second man, a reactionary, seems to have agreed when he said: "Woman's world is her husband, her family, her children and her home. We do not find it right when she presses into the world of man."

The first speaker was the eighteenth century liberal Jean-Jacques Rousseau; the second, the twentieth century fascist Adolf Hitler. Apparently, the one thing on which men of all political persuasions have always been able to agree is the need to maintain the sexist system that confines women to a second-class status and insists that their lives ought to revolve around the service of men.

Sexism is the system that divides life roles according to sex, allocating to men the management of government, industry, science and art, and to women the role of housekeeper, child-rearer and plaything. Even when they work, women are bound into the same patterns: as secretaries housekeeping for male managers, teachers instructing children, or

CONDENSED FROM A SPEECH

stewardesses selling sex on planes.

It is this system that the feminist movement seeks to destroy. Apart from the different roles that men and women play in conception and childbirth, we feminists believe that there are no roles in life that ought to be restricted to either men or women.

Logical Attitude. Feminists are *not* against individual women being housewives. We are against the "housewife system," which says that no matter what a particular woman's talents and interests may be, it is "natural" and good for her to sacrifice such interests and ambitions to the task of making a home. Women are individual; it makes no more sense to expect all women to be happy with the same job in life than it would be to expect all men to enjoy being carpenters.

Yet we have been taught differently; we have learnt that to be assertive, logical, adventurous and independent is to be masculine; that to be passive, irrational, timid and submissive—characteristics historically associated with subject peoples—is to be feminine.

Why? Because women have always been defined by men. The tradition that a wife takes her husband's name dates from the time when wives were literally their husband's property. Even today, most married women submerge their identities in those of their husbands. The change of name is more than symbolic, for a wife is expected to defer to the needs of her husband, to give up her interests to take care of his children and to follow him wherever his career may dictate.

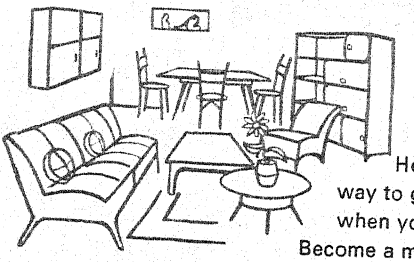
The tradition of male supremacy is as old as recorded civilization. Orthodox Jews still say this morning prayer: "Blessed art thou O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has not made me a woman." St. Paul declared that woman was created for man, and ordered wives to submit themselves to the discipline of their husbands. Moslem mosques have signs that say, "Women and dogs and other impure animals not permitted."

In eleventh century Italy, clerics debated whether women had souls. The German philosopher Schopenhauer said that women shouldn't be allowed to testify in court because they lacked a sense of justice. Modern-day misogyny reached its apex with Freud, who decided that any woman who wanted to produce anything besides children was acting out a neurotic wish for a penis.

Early Propaganda. Today, children are indoctrinated in the myths of sexism from the time they can learn the difference between pink and blue ribbons. Girls are given dolls, toy stoves, miniature brooms. Boys get a much wider choice: trains, cars, doctors' kits, space suits, chemistry sets. After all, a girl must be taught to be a wife and mother, but one does not know yet what career a boy will follow.

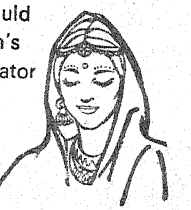
Promotion of the sex-role system

A PICTURE OF PROSPERITY

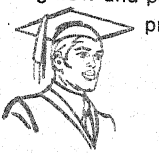


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continues in school. The books read by children show men as breadwinners and women as homemakers. Schoolgirls are generally required to learn domestic science and are not allowed to study industrial arts. What kind of encouragement is that for a girl who might have an aptitude for engineering?

Once schooling is over, boys looking for work get aptitude tests; girls get typing tests. Vocational advisers tell them to consider those careers they can fit in with marriage and a family, and girls quickly learn that they should not appear too clever or boys won't ask them out. They might just as well be following the advice a British doctor gave to women 200 years ago: "If you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding."

Other aspects of our culture also instil the ideas of sexism in society. In a typical advertisement, for example, a woman is either a maid or a seductress; either she's waxing hysterical over washing-up liquid, or slinking sexily on the bonnet of a car.

As a result of all these influences, women end up believing the myths that they are more emotional, less competent and less intelligent than men. Even educated women often claim that they don't find other women "interesting." They have come to hold all women in contempt —and this can only lead to self-contempt, for ultimately they cannot separate themselves from their sex.

The sexist system hurts men, too, since it creates masculine stereotypes that make no more sense than the feminine ones. From boyhood on, men learn that masculinity is bound up with power and violence. Boys are "sissies" if they run away from fights; they are not "manly" if they are not aggressive. Later, like it or not, they are forced to support their families; to earn, to achieve. As a result, many do not have the opportunity to enjoy their children or even to spend much time with their wives.

Age-Old Conflict. If the sexist system is so bad, why has it been accepted so long? It hasn't. Just as male dominance of women has existed throughout history, so has women's struggle against that dominance. In 215 B.C., Roman women successfully lobbied against laws that limited the amount of gold they could own and forbade them from riding in carriages within a mile of Rome. The ruins of Pompeii reveal slogans painted on walls, calling for the election of women to the city government.

By 1792, the campaign for women's suffrage had begun in Britain, with the publication of Mary Wollstonecraft's book *A Vindication of the Rights of Women.* She protested that "women . . . are treated as a kind of subordinate

beings . . . men endeavour to sink us still lower, merely to render us alluring objects."

Fifty-five years later, Charlotte Brontë, who first published her books under the male pseudonym of Currer Bell, wrote that women need the same opportunity as men to use their brains, that they should not be confined to making puddings and knitting stockings. And so it has gone on.

The impetus for today's feminist movement, which began only some 50 years after women won the vote, comes from many quarters, as increased numbers of women are being educated, then finding that their IQs are less important than their typing speeds. Optimism runs strong through the movement.

We know that we are part of an extraordinarily proud history of courageous women. We know that we will inevitably win full equality. We know, and increasing thousands of women are coming to agree with us, that it is not "masculine" to be independent and assertive, but human—and that every human being needs the satisfaction of achievement.

Fine Spell

IN A LETTER to The *Economist,* London, M. J. Shields points out that George Bernard Shaw, among others, urged spelling reform, suggesting that one letter be altered or deleted each year, thus giving the populace time to absorb the change. Shields writes:

For example, in Year 1 that useless letter "c" would be dropped to be replased by either "k" or "s," and likewise "x" would no longer be part of the alphabet. The only kase in which "c" would be retained would be the "ch" formation, which will be dealt with later. Year 2 might well reform "w" spelling, so that "which" and "one" would take the same konsonant, wile Year 3 might well abolish "y" replasing it with "i," and Iear 4 might fiks the "g-j" anomali wonse and for all.

Jenerally, then, the improvement would kontinue iear bai iear, with Iear 5 doing awei with useles double konsonants, and Iears 6–12 or so modifaiing vowlz and the rimeining voist and unvoist konsonants. Bai Ier 15 or sou, it wud fainali bi posibl tu meik ius ov thi ridandant letez "c," "y" and "x"—bai now jast a memori in the maindz ov ould doderez —tu ripleis "ch," "sh" and "th" rispektivli.

Fainali, xen, aafte sam 20 iers ov orxogrefkl riform, wi wud hev a lojikl, kohirnt speling in ius xrewawt xe Ingliy-spiking werld. Haweve, sins xe Wely, xe Airiy, and xe Skots du not spik Ingliy, xei wud hev to hev a speling siutd tu xer oun Lengwij. Xei kud, haweve, orlweiz lern Ingliy az a sekond lengwij et skuul!—Jorz feixfuli, M. J. Yilz.

Meet Brazil's master gardener

Flowering Genius of Roberto Marx



By Ira Wolfert

A GARDEN-MAKER whose works with a spade rank as works of art? There is one—an exuberant, bushy-haired, bushy-moustached Brazilian named Roberto Burle (pronounced *boor-le*) Marx. He is an artist who uses nature for his colours and forms, and the earth for his canvas.

Museum and gallery directors exhibit his designs for gardens as works of art. Exhibitions by Burle Marx have been on tour of art centres in Europe and the United States. Last year, for the third time, his garden designs were shown at perhaps the most prestigious of the international exhibitions, the Venice Bienniale. Because of the way he uses nature to express his insights into human life, the American Institute of Architects in 1965 gave him its Fine Arts Medal.

Botanists and horticulturalists prize him, too. He searches the jungles regularly to find works of beauty in nature, then studies in his nursery how to make them flourish and reproduce themselves in his gardens. Botanists have named several of his discoveries after him. There is a *Heliconia burle marxii,* to name one, and *Philodendron burle marxii.*

I never knew how much you can say with flowers until I walked

through gardens with this master of the language of nature. For example, there is an early garden, planted in the ancient Brazilian square of the Casa Forte in Recife in 1935. How alive and full of emotion his plants seem! He does not display a plant as in a showcase, but sets it to compete with others. Then there are the stones which he uses as other gardeners use flowers. "Why not?" he asks. "Stones are works of nature, too."

At Recife, a group of three ponds dominate the setting in a design influenced by London's famous Kew Gardens. He retained the Old World quality of the great English gardens: a gentle, pensive melancholy. Somehow you feel invaded by the homesickness of the immigrant who regrets what he left behind in the Old World, while at the same time he is excited by what he finds in the New.

Majestic Sight. The garden's glory is in the central pond where Burle Marx enthroned one of the jungle's most impressive creations: a water lily as big as a room-size carpet. Known to botanists as *Victoria regia,* its leaf spreads out over a circle almost nine metres in circumference, and its flower changes during the night from white to an ardent red. The lily rules exotically over the English origin of the pond's design as only a product of Brazil could.

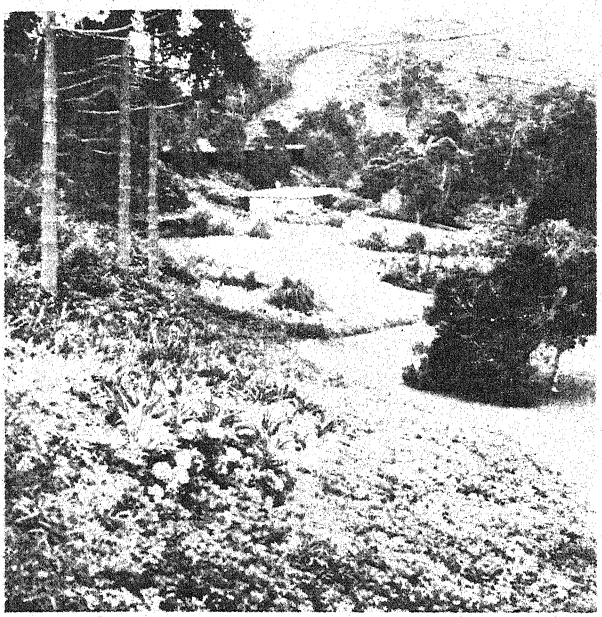
I saw a very different Burle Marx garden at the country estate of the Monteiros. It lies 65 kilometres outside Rio de Janeiro near the summer resort town of Petrópolis, standing below the main house in a basin of land that is surrounded by mountain ranges piling one on top of the other to the farthest horizon.

Odette Monteiro, now the head of the family, showed me through the garden. "What I like about it," she said, "is that you can't tell from the house where it ends." A populated area, complete with buildings and traffic, separates the garden from the mountains—but it's shut off from view by trees and shrubs, selected to match the growth at the base of the mountains. The garden blends in with what seems to be a wilderness at its edges and this wilderness blends in with the one on the mountains.

Thus Burle Marx has made the mountains—and the sky, too—appear to be a part of the garden. He even put a little lake in, "to solve a drainage problem," he says, but also to catch the colours of the sky and make them bloom in the garden.

In his youth, Burle Marx's father gave him a recipe for a successful life: "A man should let his heart lead him to the way he makes a living, but, whatever he chooses, he must make sure to drive himself hard enough to be good at it."

Roberto took this advice seriously. He's a trained singer, makes tapestries, designs and makes ceramic tiles, creates sets and costumes for the theatre and ballet—all on a very



Filled with colour, this Burle Marx garden, near Rio de Janeiro, harmonizes with its natural surroundings

professional level. He has made some 3,000 jewellery designs in gold and precious stones. His frescoes and murals are on view in public places and office buildings, while his oil paintings and drawings have made him an international figure in contemporary art.

Even while pursuing his earliest interests, his vein of real greatness had been pulsing along as a leisure-time hobby. It was as a child that Roberto began to putter about in the family garden. In those days, Brazilians, looking to the Europe from which most of them had come, were unable to see how green were their own pastures. They scorned the immense, lush, fantastically romantic explosion of flora on the land all round them, and so Roberto grew up among roses and box hedges.

In 1928, when he was 19, the family sent Roberto off to Berlin to study singing. Here he relaxed in the Dahlem botanical garden and his eyes were opened to the beauty of Brazil's native plants. Unlike Brazilians, Europeans *prized* bamboo, bromellia orchids, elephant's ears, and all the other tropical exotica.

After he returned to Rio, Roberto introduced native plants into his parents' garden. Since there was no

place to buy them, he would walk out into the forest and trudge back with a rucksack full of treasures.

Thus began a lifework which included helping Brazilians realize how good the earth was inside their own fences. His use of *heliconia* is typical. Once it was despised as a weed throughout the tropics and sub-tropics where it grows as tangled, arduous undergrowth. On expeditions into the Amazonian marshes, he collected 60 species, ten of which had been unknown to botanists. Then he made such striking use of them in his gardens that *heliconia* is now sold in pots as a household plant.

An architect neighbour, Lúcio Costa, strolling by one day, was struck not only by Roberto's use of native plants but by the skill with which the young gardener had juxtaposed them. Costa—later to become internationally renowned—was about to put up a house for public exhibition. He asked the youth to make a garden for it.

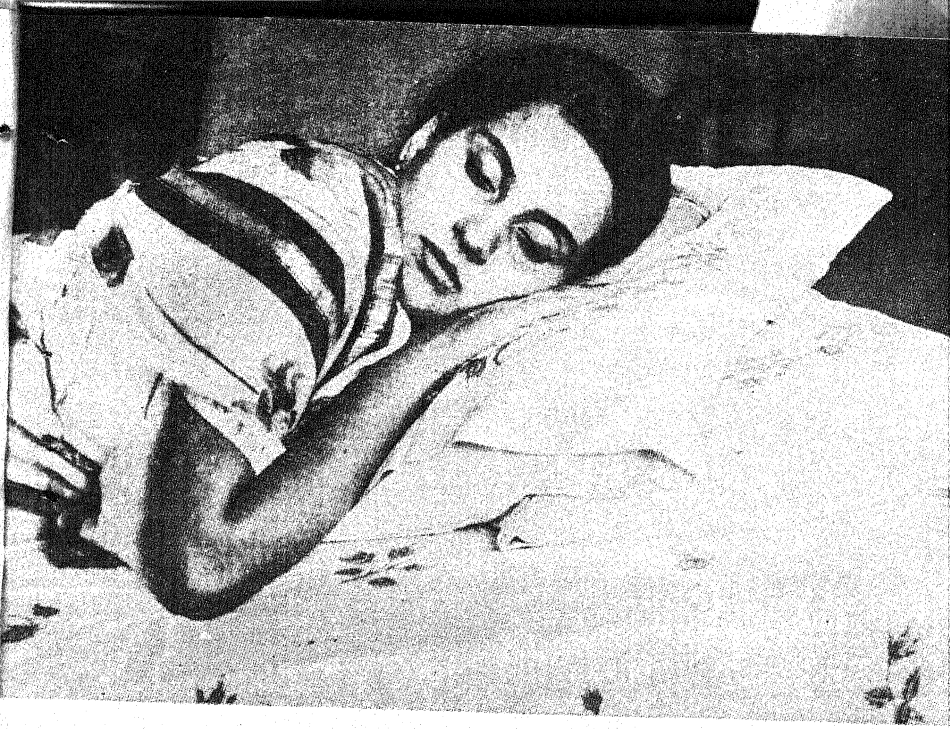
Both house and garden were a great success. That was in 1933. By 1935, Roberto had completed three gardens for Recife, the state capital of Pernambuco: the water gardens of Casa Forte, the Bemfica cactus gardens, and the gardens for the Praca de República.

Six years later, he was awarded the Gold Medal for painting by Rio's National Academy of Fine Arts, but never again would he stop gardening. In 1938, he designed two roof-gardens—one on the second floor, the other on the fifteenth—for what was then Rio's Ministry of Education and is now its Palace of Culture.

After that the deluge—of parks, plazas, public and private gardens. In all, he has designed 1,184 gardens. Some are small. The one for the UNESCO headquarters in Paris is hardly more than tucked in amid the architecture. On the other hand, the Parque del Este in Caracas, Venezuela, when completed, will be the largest garden in any city in the world. In Brasília, he is installing a modern conception of a zoo, combined with a park, where the native life and vegetation of Brazil's wild, strange central plain will be displayed in natural settings.

Sweeping Canvas. In 1959, Burle Marx started one of his most ambitious projects, the landscaping of the Gloria Fill alongside Rio's famous harbour. It is an expanse of 1·3 million square metres reclaimed from the bottom of Guanabara Bay to form the ground for parks and beaches. Highways slash through, linking the downtown area to Copacabana.

As with the mountains around the Monteiro garden, so with the highways and brightly coloured cars that flash along them here: he made them part of the garden, achieving unity for all the varied functions of the reclaimed land by modifying the topography, using the wide lawns dotted with groves



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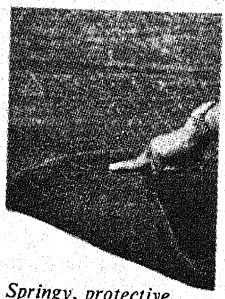
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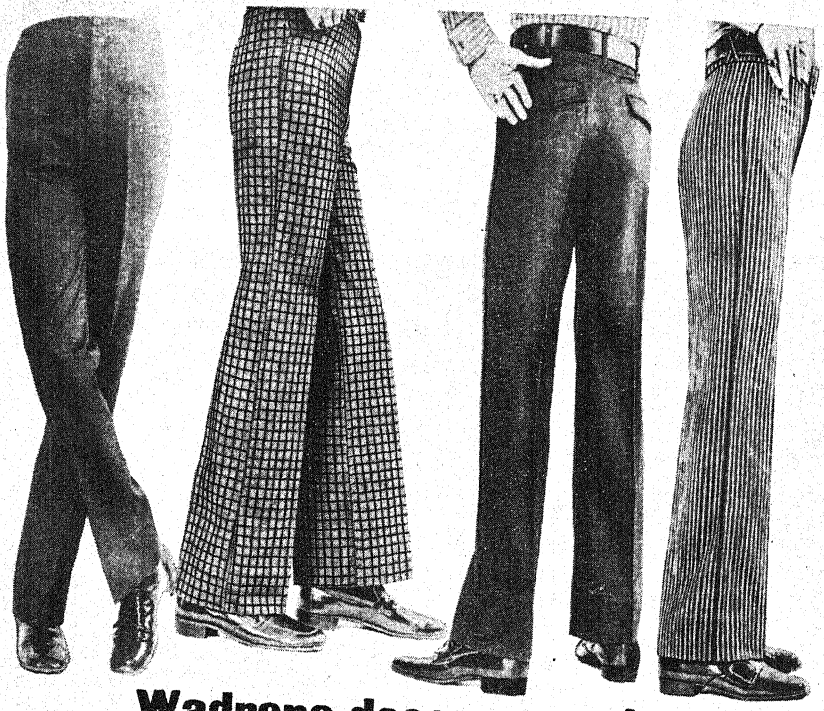
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of native plants, thick masses of exotically coloured leaves, groupings of rocks, viaducts and underpasses, to screen, and to frame fascinating vistas.

Burle Marx is a warm, outgoing, unpretentious man, taking nothing about himself seriously except his work. Whatever that happens to be he throws himself into as if a matter of life and death. I watched him one day empty a bag of fruit into a bowl. He dumped it out, poked here and there, moved a banana out from under an orange, all very rapidly, without apparent thought, almost without looking. In an instant the bowl of fruit from the corner shop had become a spectacle of mouth-watering beauty.

On week-ends at his country home in Guaratiba near Rio, he lives like a king amid a splendour that only nature and art can yield. In his nursery he has plants from every tropical area of the earth. The house includes a loggia for a show of both nature's and man's art, and across the lawn from it is a small, lovely, seventeenth century baroque church that he has restored.

Gazing at the church, I noticed a favourite effect of his. He likes to use the Royal Palm, which can tower to a height of 30 metres, in imposing colonnades that suggest ancient temple architecture. He did not have room for a colonnade here, yet by clever placement of only two palms and a row of shrubs in line with the building, he has managed to suggest one, and the eye goes through a temple to the church.

It could serve to sum up Burle Marx. To him, all art is in praise of life, and all life is in praise of God.

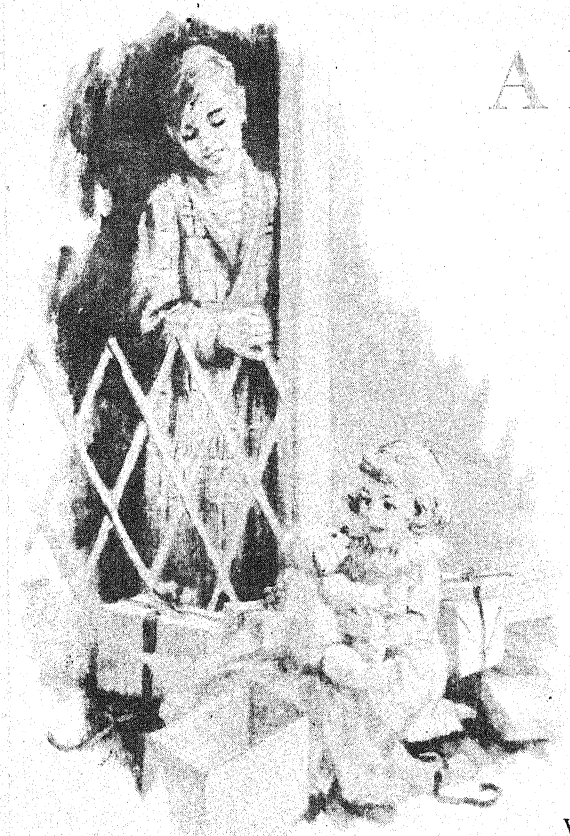
Consumer Champion

"TEETHING troubles" is an indulgent phrase which has become a blanket term for incompetence. It is curiously acceptable at all levels. The QE2 has them—flamboyantly. Airliners have them—disastrously. New companies, new public services, new universities, and above all new motor cars, are expected to have them. Mixers are skittish, vacuum cleaners prima-donna-ish, washing machines complaining.

What happens, I wonder with patriotic zeal, to consumers at the other end of the export drive? For in England everyone takes it for granted that there will be teething troubles. The people concerned, from the top people who make reassuring noises on remote telephones to the bewildered and sometimes apologetic mechanics, seem to accept the fact that their supposedly juvenile troubles may linger on into maturity—just short of the time when the equipment can be said to be showing signs of wear and tear, or even be worn out.

Surely the time has now come when the cry must go up: "For pity's sake find a dummy, or a run of dummies, to cut your teeth on. Don't do it any more on us."

—John Pudney in *The Daily Telegraph Magazine*, London



A Brother's Legacy

By Floyd Miller

When Ned was asked to be his sister's 'special protector,' no one could have guessed how total that role would one day become

Edward and Dedi Taylor had six children—three boys and three girls. When Dedi became pregnant again, Ned, aged nine, was intensely interested and made all sorts of plans for after the arrival of "my baby brother."

In August 1964, Jacqui was born. "Another girl!" Ned exploded. "What good are they?"

When Edward Taylor reported Ned's disappointment to Dedi in the hospital, she wrote a note: "Dear Ned, I know you're disappointed, but of course it was never up to us to decide whether the baby would be a girl or boy. It was always in God's hands. So please try to think instead of how very lucky we are to have a healthy, normal baby. And since you are the oldest of the boys, perhaps it's time for you to have a special job to do. Would you put yourself in charge

of Jacqui—be her special protector? You know, when she goes to kindergarten no bully will ever dare to bother her because all she'll have to do is threaten to tell *you,* her big brother! We'll talk about it when I see you."

Jacqui came home and all her brothers and sisters were eager to hold her, feed her, talk to her—all but Ned, who remained a glum spectator. He was beginning to lead a very busy life: he had a paper round, Scout camps, choir, piano lessons. There were sports to be played, homework to be done; there were model aeroplanes to be built. There was little room for girls, especially a baby girl who couldn't do *anything*.

Yet, Ned was curious and began to appear in the nursery. "Why does she cry?" he asked—and volunteered to rock her.

When Jacqui could toddle, it was towards her big brother Ned that she aimed her uncertain footsteps. It was on to his lap that she climbed to bang on the piano. Ned was amused and flattered, and he felt increasingly responsible for her. Then, in 1967, when Jacqui was almost three, Ned fell ill.

The year had started triumphantly for Ned. He'd had his heart set on professional voice training—something the family could not afford. But in March he won a scholarship to a famous choir school.

Shortly before he was to leave for the school, the family had a barbecue in the garden. Ned was tending the charcoal fire when Dedi noticed that the whites of his eyes were streaked with yellow. The rest of the family gathered round, and a mirror was produced so that Ned could see himself. He pulled his eyelids into a slant and announced, "I'm going Oriental!" His brothers and sisters laughed.

A routine blood test indicated hepatitis, and the doctor ordered Ned to bed, isolated from the rest of the family. At the same time, he assured the worried parents that their son's natural good health and vitality would have him back on his feet in time for school.

Make-believe. One Taylor was delighted with these developments —Jacqui. Now she and her big brother would be together all the time. True, she was prevented by a gate from entering his room, but from opposite sides of the barrier they could talk. As Ned's skin took on a yellowish cast, he assumed the name of Mr. Foo Yong, and he would shake the barrier and call out to a laughing Jacqui, "Open the gates of the temple!"

Ned began to look pregnant, which gave rise to new hilarity among his brothers and sisters. His "pregnancy," however, was not hilarious to the doctor, who said it was ascites, an accumulation of fluid in the abdomen, and that Ned should go to hospital.

Jacqui was desolate. The "gates

of the temple" had opened, and Mr. Foo Yong was gone. Even with the presence of all her other brothers and sisters, her father and mother, the house was empty.

Into Exile. In New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Centre, Ned was no longer an Oriental potentate attended by loving subjects; he was suddenly a very small boy engulfed in impersonal bustle and coldly gleaming equipment. After days of tests, all the doctors could say for sure was that he was gravely ill with a form of hepatitis, his liver barely functioning.

"How long do I have to stay in the hospital?" he asked his mother.

"Only until you get well," she replied.

He thought for a moment, then asked, "When does Jacqui go to kindergarten?"

"Oh, not for a couple of years."

He seemed relieved. "I think it would be a good idea for me to go with her on her first day."

"A *very* good idea," his mother agreed.

Ned was placed in the intensive-care unit, where he always seemed to be plugged into something—tubes to feed him, to add blood, to remove fluid. The days stretched into weeks, and then into months as he went from crisis to crisis. Through it all, though, he maintained a cheerful, clinical interest in everything that happened, asking the doctors endless questions.

Only once did his cheerful façade crack. At the beginning of the third month, he said, "I'm tired of being ill. I wish I could hurry up and get this over." Immediately contrite, he said, "Don't worry, Mum. Things always turn out all right."

By now the parents realized that things were not going to turn out all right. The doctors simply did not know what was destroying Ned's liver. Ned died at 3.30 one morning in November 1967. The baffled doctors asked permission to perform a post-mortem. Permission was granted.

Second Blow. It was a year and a half after Ned's death, when the family had again begun to trust life, that a letter arrived threatening another tragedy. It was from a man they had never heard of but who seemed to know their family very well—Dr. Herbert Scheinberg, of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York. He wrote to say that he knew why Ned had died, and there was a possibility that the disorder—known as Wilson's disease—would develop in another Taylor child. Stunned, the parents read the long letter several times before they were able to comprehend it fully.

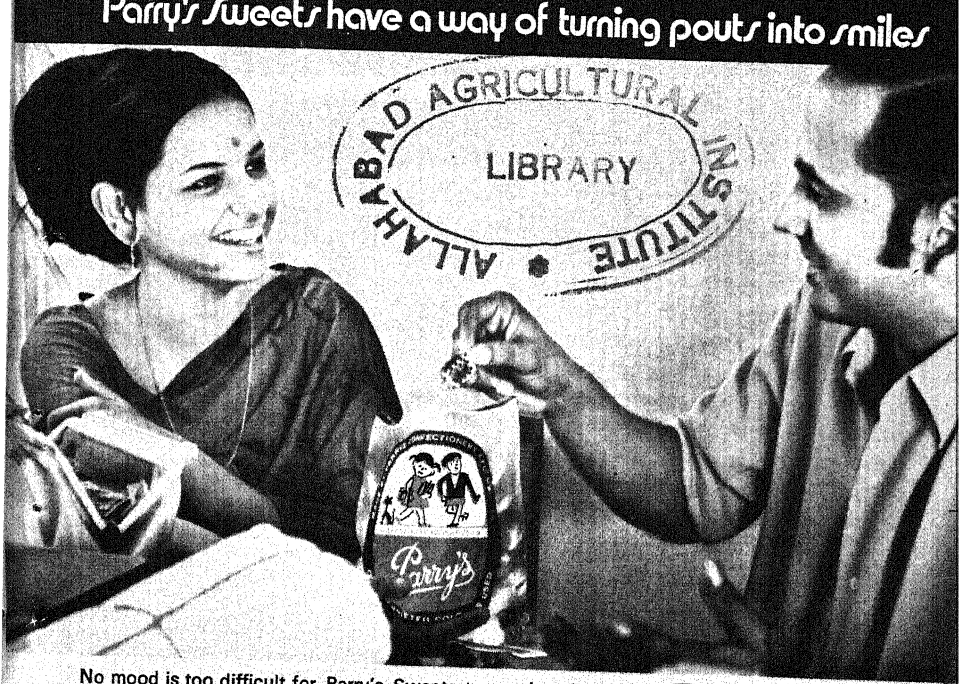
Dr. Scheinberg and a research team at Einstein were studying this rare inherited disease. Tissue from Ned's autopsy had been sent to Dr. Scheinberg, and he had now confirmed that Ned died from Wilson's disease.

Research implied that the illness,



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which is due to copper poisoning, occurs only in children who have inherited a pair of faulty genes. Both father and mother must have the rare gene and, though they do not become ill, the children may.

The chances of two such adults marrying were one in 40,000, but it had happened in the Taylors' case. While such parents do not necessarily produce children with the flaw, the odds were better than even that one of the surviving Taylor children had inherited a faulty gene from each parent. Dr. Scheinberg urged that they have a blood test, which spots the presence of an important sign of Wilson's disease.

They did this at once, and the next day Dr. Scheinberg reported that five of the children were free of the disease—but there was strong evidence that one of them had it: Jacqui. He asked the despairing Taylors—faced with the possibility of losing another child—to bring Jacqui in for a series of tests.

These confirmed that Jacqui did indeed have Wilson's disease, and that copper was accumulating in her liver; but her liver had not suffered irreparable damage. A treatment had recently been developed. If Jacqui took four capsules of medicine daily and stayed on a special diet, the excess copper in her body could be drained off and a proper balance maintained. She would be able to have a normal life!

Home Again. During the drive back, Jacqui slept while her parents talked of her deliverance from death. "It was Ned who saved her, you know," Edward said. "Without the tissue from his body, they'd never have diagnosed her case in time."

Dedi was silent. Then she asked, "Remember the letter I wrote to Ned, asking him to take care of his baby sister?"

"I remember," her husband said.

And that was the end of the story as Dedi Taylor told it to me. Some months later, though, I received a letter in which she told of a visit that she and Jacqui had made to Ned's grave.

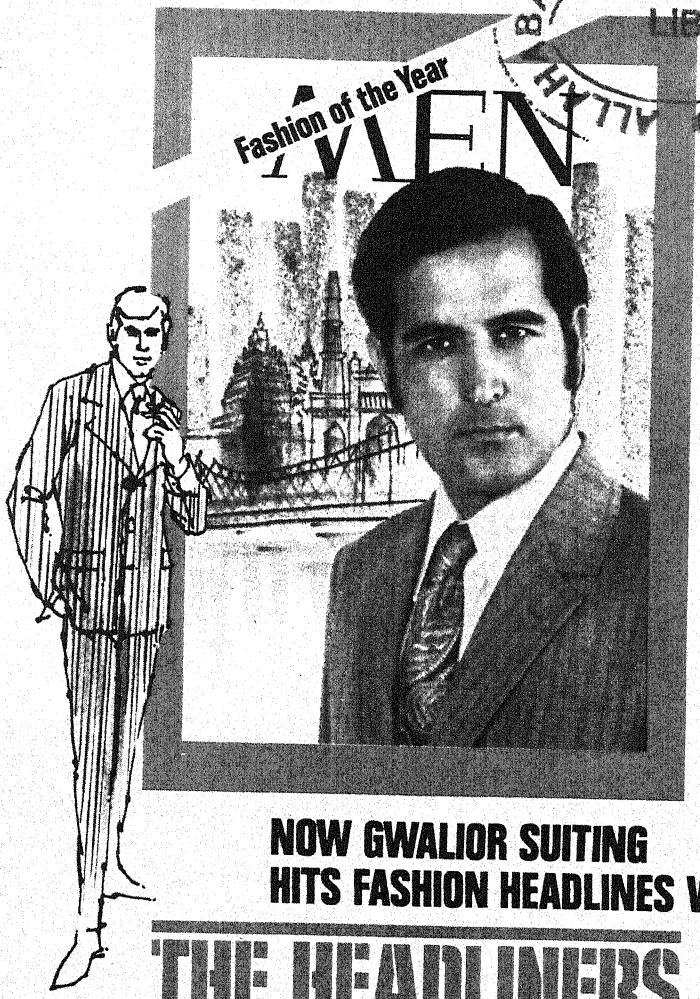
"Sadness and a sense of loss will for ever be a part of my being," she wrote. "But that day with Jacqui—sunbeams dancing off her long, shining hair, sturdy legs bent as she concentrated on digging a proper hole for a chrysanthemum plant—I felt the sweet sad joy of having come to terms with life. The sacrifice had been completed. Ned was indeed doing his job well."

Heavy Humour

ON HOLIDAY in Italy, a man entered a souvenir shop in Rome. "I would like to buy one of those 'Atlas Carrying the World' statuettes I saw when I passed by earlier."

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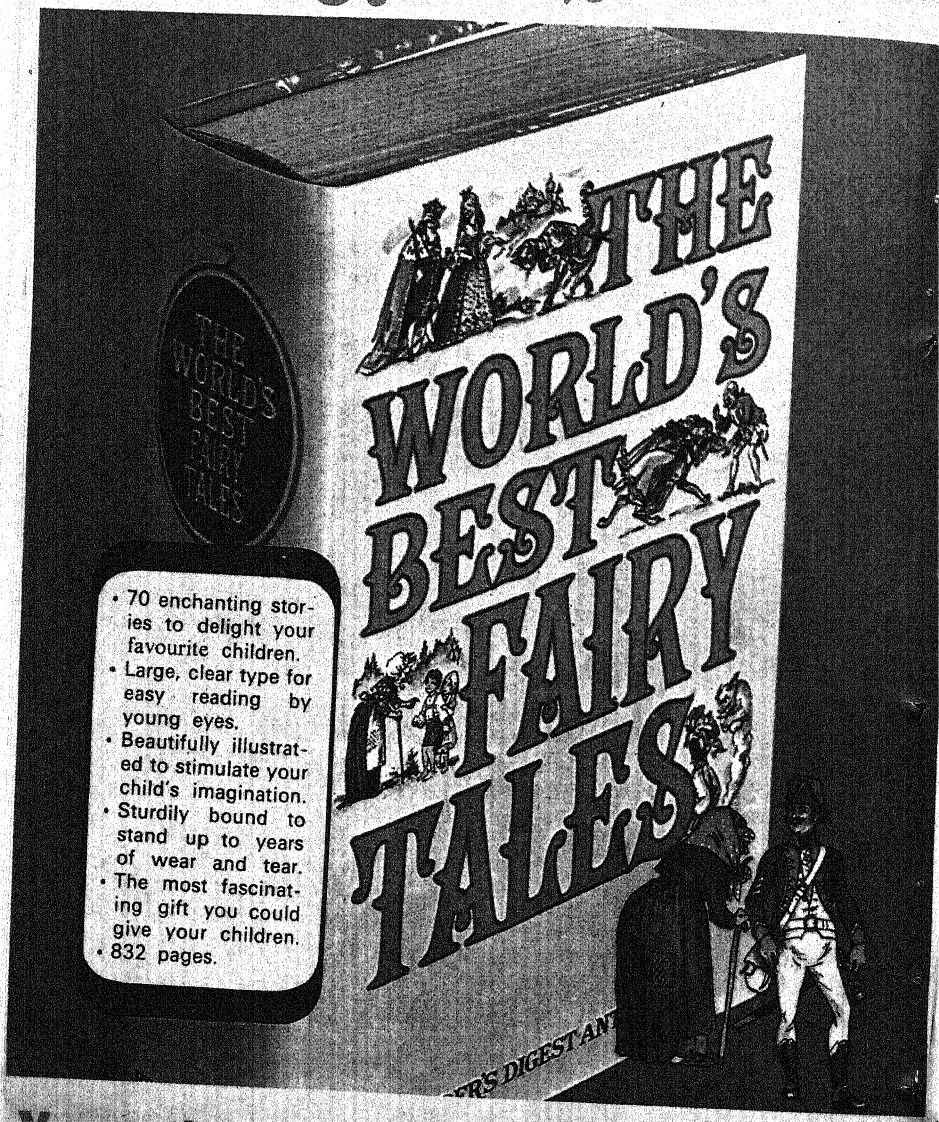
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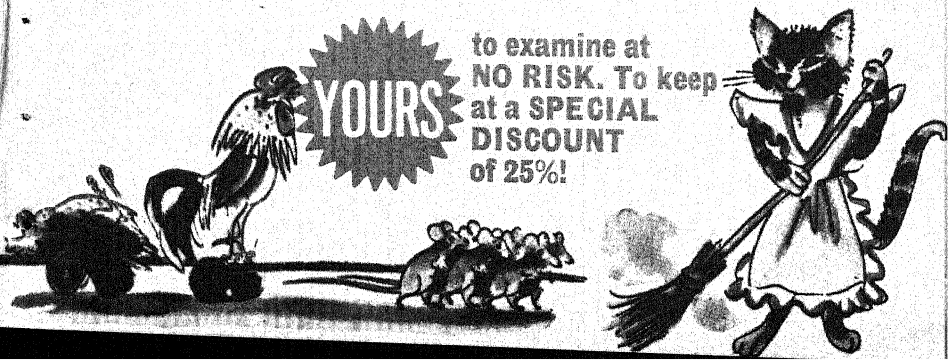
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The Joy of Walking

People all over the world are walking—and they are finding that the trails they follow lead to more than sights or places

By John Kayser

Early one Sunday last summer at the Gare de Lyon railway station in Paris, I met a happy band of people—men and women of all ages, some 60 strong. They were hikers waiting for the train that would take them out to the trails of the lovely Fontainebleau forest, 60 kilometres away.

I struck up a conversation with a handsome lady in her fifties who told me she was a professional translator. "My work requires intense concentration," she said. "Walking lets me unwind."

The man standing next to her remarked, "I used to suffer from



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asthma. Since I took up walking I feel as fit as a fiddle."

"We're going to see the real world," an exuberant young man exclaimed, "no concrete, no cars—only what God put there."

These three enthusiasts speak for a new trend gaining popularity all over Europe. People are rediscovering the secret of health and reason in a world that has beguiled them into switching on their cars, lifts and electric toothbrushes and switching off their bodies—they go for a walk. And thanks to doctors' warnings about the ill-effects of no exercise, these steadfast souls are no longer regarded as eccentric.

Almost every major city in France and Switzerland has its own walking organization, but I found that many of the new walkers belong to no group at all. During a five-country walking tour of Europe, I met entire families following trail markers, often with young children scampering ahead in search of the next turning. They are everywhere, and so are the signs of their increasing numbers.

In Switzerland, for example, a Friday afternoon broadcast on Radio Zurich gives full details on week-end walking tours. In Stuttgart and other big German cities, all you do is dial a certain number on the telephone and a pleasant voice will suggest somewhere near by for a Sunday stroll, with instructions on how to get there and interesting things to look for.

In the region surrounding Paris, motorway signs indicate 40 auto-pedestrian routes—marked paths which start at special parking areas, lead the hiker on a circuit of hill or forest terrain and bring him back to his car refreshed in body and mind.

One morning I went walking with Pierre Vallette, the Ile de France delegate of the National Committee for Long-Distance Footpaths. The Committee, supported by the Touring Club of France, works with all national tourist, sports and youth organizations and maps and maintains the nation's 10,000 kilometre network of trails. Some are short enough for a Sunday outing, others are more demanding. All are overseen by unpaid volunteers.

Veteran Trekker. Vallette, a blunt, vigorous man who discovered the joys of walking 25 years ago and has been at it ever since, drove south out of the city and parked the car at St. Chéron outside Paris. Minutes later we were following the meanderings of *Long-Distance Footpath Number 1*. We stopped occasionally to hammer a drooping trail marker straight, otherwise we stepped briskly along through woods and meadow and into the village of St.-Sulpice-de-Favières with its lovely mediaeval church.

There are many of these long cross-country trails in France. *Long-Distance Footpath Number 5*, for example, begins in Nice and runs

across the country from south to north, through Luxembourg and the Belgian border to Liège—850 kilometres in all.

French hikers also have a choice of three other international trails that lead through neighbouring countries: The *Ardennes-Eifel* through France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany; the *Trois-Pays* through France, Germany and Switzerland; and the famous *Tour du Mont Blanc* through France, Switzerland and Italy. For each, the Footpaths Committee publishes a detailed guide listing estimated walking times, stop-overs and keys to sights along the way.

"What starts a man walking?" I asked Vallette.

He shrugged. "Sometimes his doctor, sometimes by chance. I know a man who wouldn't walk to the store if he could take the Métro. Then, during the strikes in May 1968, when he had to walk, he discovered he liked it."

Official Backing. Each European country does things a little differently. In Switzerland there are government-supported walking associations and the Swiss railways, besides offering reduced rates and guides for walkers, have begun blazing new trails for them.

Elsewhere, paths are laid, streams bridged and shelters erected by volunteers. In southern France I saw a band of villagers, men and women, clearing brush from an overgrown trail—the good humour of everyone gave the scene a picnic-like air.

In West Germany *das Wandern* has always been a special tradition. Today the *Verband Deutscher Gebirgs-und Wandervereine,* an association of 49 German walking clubs, numbers 350,000 members and more than 120,000 kilometres of marked path criss-cross the Federal Republic. Travel agencies do a brisk business in arranging walking holidays. One trail, a living history lesson, winds amid the fine old castles of the Bavarian Alps and offers hiking families inexpensive lodgings—an average eight marks a night.

Little Luxembourg, an area of 258,000 hectares, has more than 1,000 kilometres of marked trail, the most comprehensive network in Europe, and Luxembourg's grand old man of walking is Erny Schmit, a crusty, robust 75-year-old who still guides parties of 50 or more over the trails he helped plan.

Schmit began hiking as a youth because, as he puts it, "I loved my country and wanted to know it." Unlike many people who advocate walking, he has no antipathy for cars. "What's wrong with the car? It gets you to the best trails. What's wrong is people who use cars as a crutch because they're too lazy to use their feet!"

Today, all over the world, members of the medical profession are encouraging people to take walks. For rheumatoid-arthritics, regular

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exercise is an important part of therapy. Dr. Joachim von Thomsen, a noted German orthopaedist tells his patients that a heart attack begins in the feet.

Professor Ernst Fromm, president of the *Bundesärztekammer,* Germany's Federal Doctors' Association, claims: "A man who succeeds in getting people to walk does more for public health than all the doubtful improvements in the social security system or the building of a new sanatorium."

One such man is Georg von Opel, a member of the car manufacturing family, now one of Germany's leading financiers. In 1963 von Opel, determined to fight back against the sit-down, push-button lives we lead, organized the *Stiftung Spazierengehen* [Strolling Foundation] to encourage people to walk. Each member is given a logbook to record the distance walked—strictly an "on your honour" system.

At the last count the eight-year-old *Stiftung* had almost 325,000 members. More and more doctors write to von Opel requesting logbooks to give patients suffering from the ills of inactivity. Said one: "Half my patients could cure themselves if they'd get out and walk one hour a day."

Indeed, it is striking how many resolute walkers past their seventieth and eightieth years remain healthy. But young people, too, have been caught up in Europe's walking revival. One group of French scouts, aged 14 to 18, spent part of their holiday last summer clearing and working a ten-kilometre stretch of abandoned trail in the Alps. In Grenoble, the *Club Alpin* runs a special walking section for 7- to 15-year-olds which has proved increasingly popular. In Germany's Swabian Alps, there is an upsurge in the number of young visitors.

What, then, are the logistics of a walking trip? For a leisurely two- or three-hour stroll, minimal: a pair of thick-soled, well-fitting shoes, comfortable clothing and a plastic raincoat with hood to guarantee a good walk, rain or shine. For longer treks, add a light rucksack with whatever you like to eat on a picnic and a map of the area. Where to go? Almost anywhere. Your local motoring or touring club is the best bet to start off and they will put you in touch with the nearest walking group. Organized hiking tours vary from a few hours' outing to two-week walking holidays, so keep your own experience and stamina firmly in mind.

Exploring Alone. Of course, an organized tour need not be an essential part of the walker's world. Venture beyond your city or town and you will almost surely find a beckoning country lane. Nor should you be afraid to strike out cross-country—the natural world is still our most natural environment.

In Italy, a wise old Roman said to me, "If you want to *see* Italy, have an aperitif on the Via Veneto

in Rome and ride a gondola along the Grand Canal in Venice. If you want to *know* Italy, walk out in the country for a few days."

But it was in Luxembourg that I really came to understand the universality of the trail. Resting a moment by a crystal brook in a leafy, sun-spotted forest, I watched a white-haired old gentleman walking hand-in-hand with a blonde girl of eight or nine. The great gap in their ages was plainly bridged in this timeless, four-kilometres-an-hour world of calm. We nodded to each other as we passed, then I heard the child say, "Grandpa, who owns this forest?"

"Whoever walks here," came the reply.

Labour of Love

ONCE THERE was a little saint who had lived a long and happy life. One day God's angel came to the little saint, who was in the monastery kitchen washing pots and pans. "God has sent me," said the angel. "The time has come for you to take up your abode in eternity."

"I thank God for thinking of me," said the little saint. "But, as you can see, there is this great heap of pots and pans to be washed. I don't want to seem ungrateful, but do you think I might put off taking up my abode in eternity until I have finished?"

The angel looked at him in the wise and loving way of angels. "I'll see what can be done," he said, and vanished.

The little saint went on with his pots and pans, and a great number of other things, too. One day, as he stood hoeing the garden, there again was the angel. The saint pointed with his hoe up and down garden rows. "Look at all these weeds," he said. "Do you think eternity can hold off a little longer?" The angel smiled, and again he vanished.

The saint went on hoeing, and then he painted the barn. What with one thing and another, time raced on until one day he was in the hospital tending the sick. He had just given a drink of cold water to a feverish patient when he looked up and there was the angel.

This time the saint just spread his hands in a gesture of resignation and compassion and drew the angel's eyes after his own around the ward where all the sufferers were. Without a word, the angel vanished.

That evening, when the little saint retired to his cell in the monastery and sank down on his pallet, he began to think about the angel, and how he had put him off for such a long time. Suddenly he felt very old and tired, and he said, "God, if you would like to send your angel again, I think I would like to see him now." He had no sooner spoken than the angel stood beside him. "If you still want to take me," said the saint, "I am ready now to take up my abode in eternity." The angel looked at the little saint in the wise and loving way of angels, and said, "Where do you think you have been?"

—James Dillet



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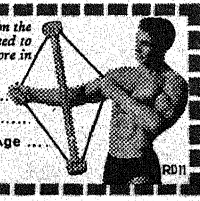
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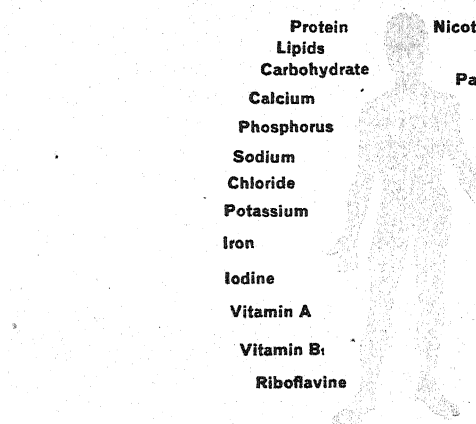
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How a scattered nation of expatriates dominates South-East Asia's finance, industry and trade

Private Enterprise, Chinese Style

By Louis Kraar

The most formidable economic power in S.E. Asia, outside Japan, is a nation of 21 million without homeland or government—the overseas Chinese.

These remarkably resilient, industrious people are scattered throughout South-East Asia, from Burma to the Philippines. They live in tight-knit communities, linked to each other across national boundaries by family and clan bonds forged over the centuries. Though deeply conscious of past traditions, the Chinese are the most modern, adaptable group in their part of the world. At every level, from major commercial banks to small rural middlemen, they dominate finance, industry and trade.

Their strongholds are the British colony of Hong Kong (98·5 per cent of whose population is Chinese), Singapore (76·1 per cent), and Malaysia (32·3 per cent). Elsewhere —Thailand, Indonesia, and the Philippines—the Chinese are a small part of the population. All together they constitute only 6 per cent of the region's population, but their economic importance is far greater than their numbers suggest. The scope of their power at every level is underscored when they celebrate the Chinese New Year. Business in South-East Asia grinds to a halt.

"A definite common denominator for markets in this part of the world is the Chinese businessman," notes Wong Nang Jang,

CONDENSED FROM FORTUNE, MARCH 1971

a banker in Singapore. Wong's job is indicative: he is resident vice-president for the First National City Bank of New York. More and more international banks and corporations are finding the Chinese invaluable as employees, managers —and allies.

The overseas Chinese share a cultural heritage that encourages individual enterprise. Although they speak a variety of dialects, they all use the same written language, which facilitates commerce among them. And their loose network of clan associations and personal contacts crosses national frontiers.

Chinese merchants in Indonesia send their pepper, coffee and rubber to trusted Chinese relatives and friends in Singapore, who ship back textiles, cosmetics and transistor radios—and often reinvest the profits for their distant associates.

Many other valuable ties exist, too. Members of the Chinese chambers of commerce in the various cities and nations provide a reservoir of capital and keep one another informed. Economic intelligence flows swiftly through Chinese newspapers and, when especially urgent because of a shifting market situation, via short wave radio. A communal credit system based on mutual trust allows many Chinese businessmen to operate for six months or longer before paying their suppliers.

In their adopted countries the overseas Chinese have managed to prosper even where regimes have been unstable. Now they face new perils: growing economic nationalism and the heightening envy of indigenous businessmen, often less experienced and successful than themselves. Sometimes hostility boils up into violence. Thousands of Chinese were massacred in Indonesia in 1965–66, and Malaysia was riven by racial riots in 1969. Almost everywhere, the Chinese are being subjected to tightening economic pressure and harassment.

Plans for Survival. To protect their commercial position, the Chinese are organizing their businesses along more modern lines, diversifying their individual holdings, and establishing public companies that can be identified more visibly with the interests of their host nations.

It was the desire for self-improvement that first led millions from the peasant poverty of South China to seek opportunity, often as indentured coolies, in South-East Asia. The wave of emigration began more than a hundred years ago at the height of colonial economic expansion. Until about 1930, the British, Dutch and French imported this cheap, willing labour to work their mines and plantations.

For mutual aid and protection in strange lands, the immigrants banded together in groups based on kinship or home district. Those with the same surname would form a *kongsi*, or benevolent association, to look after clan members newly

arrived from China. These links still contribute to the cohesiveness of the overseas Chinese.

Over the years, many labourers accumulated capital and started small shops and trading centres. They became manufacturers, mechanics, tailors, restaurateurs and second-hand dealers. The European colonial administrators found the apolitical attitude of the immigrants well suited to their needs, and the Chinese emerged as the principal middlemen between the Westerners and the local people.

One lasting result was that other South-East Asians never had a chance to get as much trading experience as the Chinese. After countries in the region gained independence, the Chinese commercial structure remained supreme—a fact resented by South-East Asians.

Since the Communist take-over of China in 1940, few expatriates have shown any desire to return to their cultural homeland; indeed, about a quarter of Hong Kong's nearly four million Chinese are recent refugees from the mainland.

Some family and business ties with China persist. An enduring sense of filial duty prompts the overseas Chinese, in the aggregate, to send their mainland relatives about Rs. 112 crores every year through the Peking-controlled branches of the Bank of China in Hong Kong and Singapore. The bank also helps some overseas Chinese import products, mostly textiles, food and cheap consumer goods, from China on easy terms.

Most of the entrepreneurs view such transactions simply as profitable deals, although Peking reserves the best deals for those who vow allegiance to Chairman Mao Tse-tung. One family accountancy firm in Hong Kong has a pragmatic approach that is not uncommon: one brother concentrates on large international corporate clients, while another deals with communist business interests.

Tenuous Links. Nationalist China provides no alternative homeland for the overseas Chinese. Few are committed to Chiang Kai-shek's regime or believe it will ever retake the mainland. Moreover, Nationalist China is no more able than Mao to provide protection against anti-Chinese legislation and harassment. Taiwan's Overseas Chinese Affairs Commission woos businessmen with a monthly trade magazine and an annual Overseas Chinese Traders Conference. But direct investments by overseas Chinese in Taiwan ventures are relatively small—Rs. 108·7 crores.

Profit, rather than patriotism leads South-East Asian entrepreneurs to do business with both Chinas. A Singapore Government official, who is himself Chinese, sums up neatly the attitude of the expatriates: "They're loyal not to Mao or to Chiang—but to the almighty dollar."

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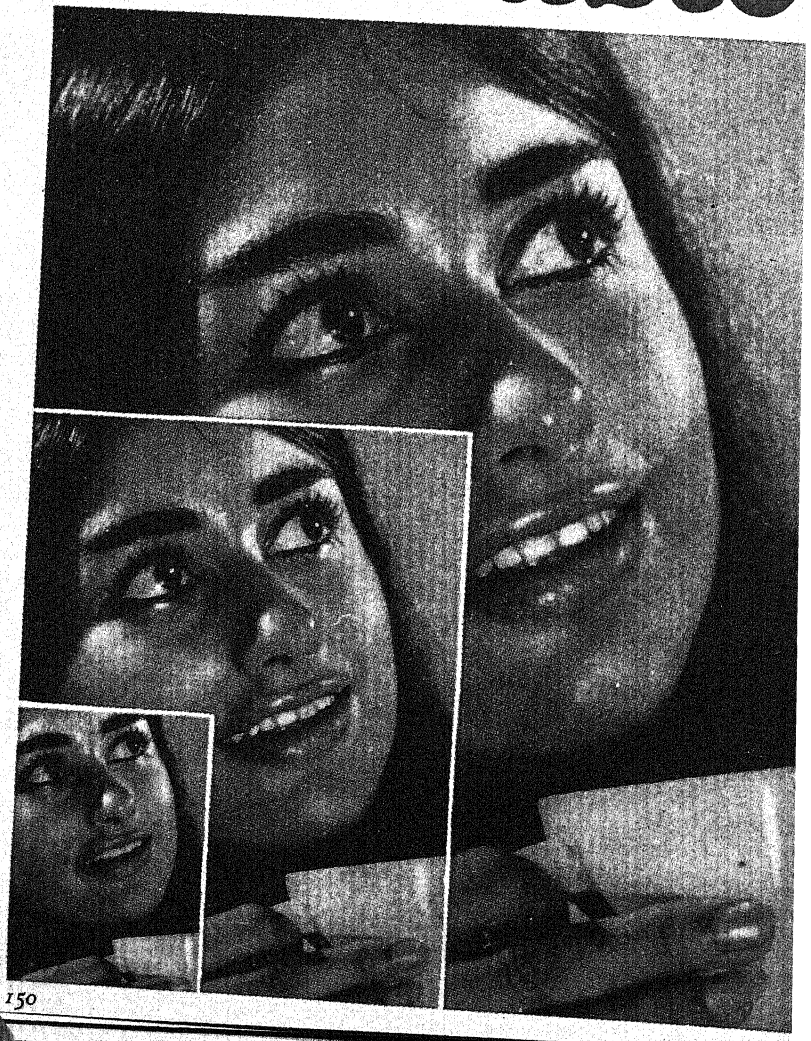


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co-operation among themselves for survival and continued economic supremacy. Lien Yingchow, 64, chairman and managing director of Overseas Union Bank, Ltd., in Singapore, having assets of Rs.112 crores, often teams up for projects with Thai bankers who originally came from his home district of Swatow. "If we Chinese are from the same village, or are related, we help each other," he explains.

Kuok Hock Nien, 46, an aggressive Malaysian entrepreneur who has cornered 80 per cent of his country's imports of unrefined sugar, makes full use of the informal Chinese network. He is chairman of Kuok Brothers Ltd., a family trading firm that operates in world commodity markets, and has branched out into manufacturing, shipping and other enterprises.

After the Malaysian Government had talked for several years about organizing a national shipping line, Kuok was the one who got it moving. He put up some of his own money, augmenting it with capital and expertise from Hong Kong shipowner Frank Wen-King Tso, plus local investment by members of Malaysia's Chinese chambers of commerce and the government. The Malaysian International Shipping Corporation, of which Kuok is chairman, recently launched its first cargo vessel.

The independent island republic of Singapore is the only nation where the Chinese are a political

majority. While it rejects any role as a "third China," Singapore's rapid economic growth and the social-welfare benefits it provides for workers make the city-state an attractive place for the Chinese.

In Malaysia, they operate in an especially sensitive racial situation. Chinese are not only economically dominant, but almost numerically equal to the largely rural indigenous Malays. The racial violence that broke out in May 1969 revealed the bitter discontent of Malays with their economic subservience. Now the government promises to end "problems of racial economic imbalance." It will subsidize a Malay management class, will require new industries to employ workers roughly in proportion to the country's racial composition, and has ordered companies to set aside a portion of stock issues especially for Malay investors.

The climate is friendlier in Hong Kong. Chinese trading skill and a willing labour force have made the colony one of the most cosmopolitan business centres in Asia. But the outlook for overseas Chinese in Hong Kong is far from certain. Britain's lease on the New Territories, which comprise more than nine-tenths of the colony's area, is due to end in 1997. No one can predict what Peking will do then.

Throughout South-East Asia the Chinese are changing their business methods to meet new conditions. They now realize that old-fashioned family enterprises rarely survive much beyond the lives of the founders, especially in the face of competition from modern corporations.

One Hong Kong company, The China Engineers, Ltd., is consciously dispersing operations all over the Far East. Chairman and managing director Y. H. Kwong, who was once driven out of Burma, explains: "The reason I lay stress on spreading out in the region is the inherent danger of operating only in one country, particularly for a Chinese. Spread out the way we are, we can survive. A loss in one place would not wipe me out."

Settling Abroad. While retaining their ethnic identity, most overseas Chinese are eager for permanent security in their present South-East Asian homes. Countries, such as Thailand, that promote full acceptance of the Chinese, find them both loyal citizens and tremendous stimulants to the economy.

The Chinese want to keep their traditions. But their racial pride and distinctive customs are not real barriers to full citizenship in South-East Asian lands already made up of a variety of races, religions, and tightly-knit communities. And it's hard to see how South-East Asia could do without them.

OVERHEARD in a stationery shop: "Do you have any 'I Told You So' cards?"

—Chris Hobson

When you consider Company assets

FINANCIAL HIGHLIGHTS	Rupees in lacs	
	1970-71	1969-70
Sales & Direct Sales Compensation	2,732.46	2,019.78
Investment income (net)	25.49	25.43
Emoluments to employees	148.14	135.84
Profit before taxation	134.50	116.55
Estimated Taxes	62.50	52.25
Proposed Dividends	31.93	30.04
Shareholders' Funds	454.85	420.92
Borrowings	427.44	440.82
Total capital employed	882.29	861.74
Number of Shareholders at year end	3,211	3,299

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A modern Florence Nightingale, she has set up unique houses where mental convalescents find the will to return to normal life

Elly Jansen's Half-Way Homes

By Oscar Schisgall

Mary was in her teens when she developed schizophrenia. Her parents, feeling helpless and instinctively ashamed of her mental disease, took her to an institution—and never went back for her. For 20 years Mary lived in and out of a succession of dreary mental hospitals in Britain. Unable to adjust to life outside them, she punctuated each release with senseless shoplifting sprees. Doctors held out little hope of a permanent cure.

Charged with stealing three coats from a shop, Mary was about to be sent to prison. Instead, on the advice of the probation officer, she went as a "last chance" to one of Elly Jansen's Richmond Fellowship hostels. In this remarkable house—half-way between hospital and everyday living—she met others who had suffered harrowing experiences similar to hers but were now making their way back into society. For the first time she was treated as an adult; taught to be responsible for her actions. After a while she got a job and graduated from "half-way" to normality. To this day she marvels at her escape from the grey world of the mentally ill.

Mary is typical of many of the 200,000 mental patients who are discharged from hospitals in Britain each year. They return to lonely flats or to the bewildered families who may have contributed to their illness. Bearing the stigma of

mental disease, they have difficulty in finding work or accommodation, and soon retreat back into hospital. Despairing doctors call it the "revolving door" situation.

Elly Jansen (pronounced Yan' sen), a 41-year-old Dutch woman, was among the first in Britain to break the vicious circle. Her Richmond Fellowship, founded only 12 years ago, now runs 19 half-way houses and its own staff-training college. Each year it helps some 350 former mental patients, alcoholics and drug addicts—and only about one in ten ever needs more hospital treatment, compared with the figure of one in two for those who plunge directly back into the outside world from mental hospital.

"The Fellowship's aim," Elly says, "is to re-invest human beings with dignity. We encourage former mental patients to give up the role of the mentally ill."

Oversized Family. Elly accepts people aged between 16 and 65, suffering from all mental disorders except severe disturbances, and each half-way house contains between ten and twenty residents. "As soon as a person arrives at a Fellowship home," says Elly, "he is treated as a mature individual with recognized rights and needs."

Running through Elly Jansen's work is her passionate conviction that "the experience of being loved and accepted is never wasted on anyone." Yet at times she has to temper this compassion with toughness.



MICHAEL JOHNSON

One man who came to see her had spent many years in several institutions, and for half an hour he delighted in telling her how incompetent they had all been. "I believe," he concluded harshly, "that nobody will ever help me. What are *you* going to do for me?"

"Nothing," said Elly. "I'm not going to accept you." For a moment the man was stunned. "We have no wish to become another excuse for your failure," Elly continued. She held out her hand: "Good-bye."

Shaken out of his aggression, the man pleaded: "Won't you even give me a chance?"

"On one condition," relented Elly. "The first time you complain



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that we're failing, you leave. In your case the only one who can fail is yourself."

The man's cure began from that moment. During his year in the house he was able to develop a positive attitude to life. He is now holding down a responsible job with a law firm.

"Often far more is achieved by fellow-residents than by the staff," says Elly. "People who have suffered breakdowns learn to share each other's problems."

She cites the case of Sylvia, an 18-year-old whose father had remarried and was living in a distant city. He sent her a meagre allowance, but no longer found time to see her. Sylvia felt utterly rejected. When she came to Elly's half-way house, she was moody, unsociable, and spent hours alone in her room, sobbing. Elly and the whole community tried often and without success to break through the wall of silence.

Finally one of the residents went into Sylvia's room. "Pitying yourself won't help you," she said. "Come down and have coffee with us." Sylvia refused.

"If you don't come down," said the other girl, "we'll all come up here." Faced with an invasion of her privacy, Sylvia saw no escape. She dried her tears and went downstairs. Soon she found herself listening to a discussion on the importance of being self-supporting and the satisfaction of contributing to society rather than taking from it.

Within a week Sylvia had a job—selling dresses in a London shop. At last she had discovered that she *could* get along without her father.

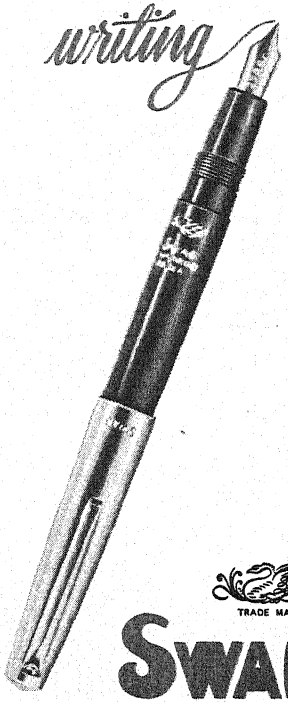
Dr. Robert Gosling, Chairman of the Professional Committee at London's Tavistock Clinic, describes the Fellowship's homes as "uniquely therapeutic." For many residents, they provide the first experience of human warmth.

Each home has a weekly meeting at which difficulties are discussed in complete frankness. Groups go for picnics, boat trips and theatre outings, and to ensure that no half-way house is cut off from the outside world, the staff encourage local people to share in the process of rehabilitation. Neighbours respond enthusiastically by inviting residents out for meals, tennis and bridge. Local pop groups enliven Fellowship parties.

Elly Jansen's interest in community service began at Amsterdam's Free University, where she combined her psychology studies with the care of maladjusted children. Afterwards she trained as a nurse, then came to England to study divinity at London University.

Soon after she arrived, the 1959 Mental Health Act was passed, allowing local authorities to set up or finance rehabilitation homes for discharged mental patients. Elly saw a way of turning Christian love into action. Abandoning her divinity course, she rented a house in Richmond, Surrey, with Rs. 1,800 she

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had saved, and pinned notices on the boards of two near-by mental hospitals, inviting discharged patients who had nowhere to live to come and see her.

"I scrubbed the floors of the house, repapered the walls, repaired the furniture," says Elly. "For weeks no one came." Then, just when Elly was about to lose the house through lack of funds, two middle-aged women arrived. Soon she had eight residents—all paying a nominal sum for their board and lodging.

As now, Elly ran that first house as a family community. But she soon had a problem. For years some of her boarders had been cared for by hospital attendants. Their beds had been made for them, their wards cleaned. Elly could not afford to give such service. When she asked the residents to clean their own rooms she ran into indignant objections; some even threatened to leave. Faced with rebellion, Elly called in one of her more tractable boarders to discuss the problem.

"I would like you all to feel at home here," she told the woman, "but if you want the kind of service you got in hospital, you'll have to be re-admitted to hospital. If you prefer to stay here, you'll have to show willing to look after yourselves.

That evening Elly did not join the residents for their usual discussion in the sitting-room. But she heard her emissary start a conversation about self-help and social responsibility. The talk went on for three hours; next morning Elly awoke to the merry clatter of breakfast being prepared—by the residents. Soon all were pitching in to help with the housework.

Though many of her first residents found jobs and left to live elsewhere, Richmond House could not accommodate all who needed help. Then in 1962 an anonymous benefactor helped Elly buy a second house in Bickley, Kent. Leaving a trained warden in charge at Richmond, Elly moved to Bickley to run the new home along the lines of the first. As further homes were opened, Elly led a nomadic existence, moving into each one to get it started.

When the Fellowship proved its worth, Richmond Borough Council allocated maintenance grants to residents from the area. Other councils soon followed suit, but the Fellowship remained desperately short of funds.

Top Sponsors. Elly approached the Archbishop of Canterbury and so impressed him that he pledged whole-hearted support. Other leaders in religion, government, medicine and industry—among them Britain's Cardinal Heenan, Roman Catholic Archbishop; the Moderator of Britain's Free Church Federal Council, and Archbishop Anthony Bloom, head of the Russian Orthodox Church in Western Europe, together with Lord Beaumont, an Anglican clergyman and Liberal Party politician, and

consultant psychiatrist Dr. David Stafford-Clark—followed suit. She bombarded charitable foundations, businesses and private individuals with requests for money and furniture. "I can use anything you can spare," she wrote.

In 1967 Elly decided to broaden her scope of activity by raising funds in the United States. A New York pastor admired her cause so much that he gave her free office space—but was startled when Elly took to sleeping on the office floor. "What I save on hotel bills," she explained, "I can spend on one more assistant in a half-way house. That's far more important than a soft bed."

One natural by-product of her American tour was the Richmond Fellowship of America. About two years ago, Elly established a half-way house in Washington, D.C., with 24 residents, followed by a home for adolescents in Maryland; other homes are planned for New Hampshire, Connecticut and New York.

In 1969, Elly married George Whitehouse, a fellow worker, and the couple moved into a small flat in the Fellowship's headquarters in London. Not even the arrival of baby daughter Natasha has slowed Elly's pace. As Director of all the half-way houses, she handles an annual budget of Rs.54 lakhs, continues to work an 80-hour week and travel some 64,000 kilometres a year, raising funds, interviewing new staff, lecturing and writing articles. Says Deputy Director Ted Matthews, "Elly drives herself much harder than anyone on her staff."

Elly Jansen's pioneering methods in the treatment of mental illness have been compared to those of Florence Nightingale in the field of nursing. As Cardinal Heenan said: "She's not only a 'do-gooder,' in the very best sense of the word. She makes 'do-gooders' of us all."

Creditable Remark

PUBLISHER Bernard Grasset once told Jean Cocteau that publishers are more important than writers. "You ought to imitate the film producers," Cocteau reflected. "Announce a BOOK BY GRASSET in big characters, and then, in tiny letters, Words by Cocteau."

—Jean Galtiers-Boissiere, *Mémoires d'un Parisien* (La Table Ronde)

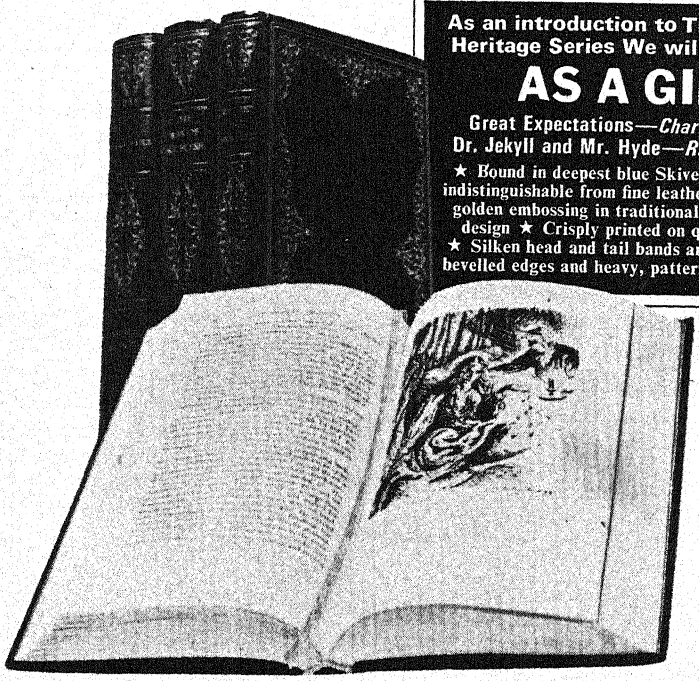
Figures of Fun

AN INSURANCE company received the following letter:

"Dear Sirs: I do not have a policy No. 569009. However, if this notice refers to policy No. 412581, which replaces policy No. 983727 and is referred to by policy No. MP 301444 to which policy No. M 216172 is attached, then be informed that I no longer need this coverage since a local agent will now take over the task of attempting to confuse me."

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Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—R.L. Stevenson

"All the world's Louis," wrote S.R. Crockett at the time of Robert Louis Stevenson's death in 1894. The truth of that statement has not been altered through the passing of time. His works are marked by his power of invention, command of horror and the supernatural, and the psychological depth he was able to bring to the characters he moulded. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* gained crowning success as a masterly story, brilliantly told. This and a few more of the brilliant stories of this great author are included in the Literary Heritage Series edition of the book *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. It is also yours FREE.

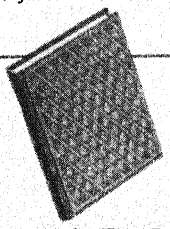
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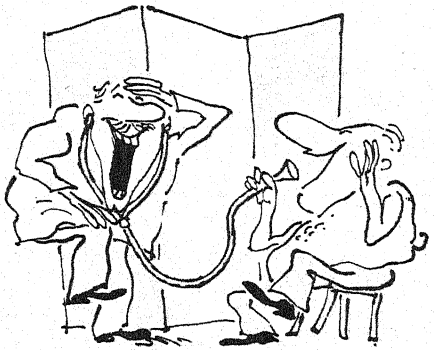


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THE REISSUING of the film *Lawrence of Arabia* reminds me of the man who went to see that desert epic and asked at the box office for "Two in the shade, please." —Earl Wilson

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD boy, a shy newcomer to the church nursery group, refused to play with the other children. One of the women workers tried everything she could think of to help him lose his timidity, but he wouldn't say a word to anyone. Finally, she picked up a toy telephone and pretended to carry on a conversation. After solemnly watching her for some time, the little boy looked up and quietly uttered his first words since entering the nursery: "Your three minutes are up." —Charlene Christy

WHILE holidaying at our cottage on the coast, two female friends decided to take out our sailing-boat. They were soon becalmed and were waiting for help when a fishing boat appeared. Without a word the skipper threw the girls a line and began to tow them back to shore. The girls were embarrassed by their situation and a bit flustered by the taciturn nature of their rescuer. In an effort to break the ice, the girl sitting on the foredeck called up to the fishing boat, "I bet you don't think much of women sailors."

The fisherman looked down at the girls and replied, "Never met one."
—G. Hazelbauer

EDDIE ALBERT, American television actor, has been working for the preservation of wildlife. One day, his co-star Eva Gabor, arrived on the set wearing a marabou kimono. "Eva," he said, "that's beautiful, but just think of the number of birds that had to die for it to be made."

"Oh, darling," she said, "feathers don't come from birds. Everybody *knows* feathers come from pillows."
—TV Guide

MANY psychologists say you can cure insomnia with auto-suggestion. Just lie there telling yourself, "I'm a night watchman—I'm a night watchman," and before you know it, you'll be sound asleep. —James Thom in *Nuggets*

BEFORE a small, anaemic-looking man was hired as a barman in a Wild West town, the saloon owner gave him a word of warning: drop everything and run for cover if ever he heard that "Big John" was on his way to town.

The man worked several weeks without incident; then one day a cowhand came rushing in, shouting, "Big John is a comin'!" and knocked the unfortunate barman to the floor in

his hurry to get out. Before the barman had a chance to recover, a giant of a man with a black bushy beard rode up to the saloon on a buffalo, using a rattlesnake for a whip. The man tore the doors off their hinges, flung the snake into a corner and split the bar from end to end with one blow of his massive fist as he demanded a drink.

The barman nervously pushed a bottle at the man. He broke the neck off, downed the contents in one gulp and turned to leave. Seeing that he wasn't going to be harmed, the barman asked the man if he would like another drink.

"Not me," the man roared. "I'm getting outta here. Big John's a comin'!"

—J. H. Ehlinger

ONE YOUNG bachelor, who had been going out with a pretty girl, abruptly changed his mind about asking her to marry him. "I called on her the other night," he explained to a friend, "and I was hardly inside the door before her mother started asking me how much money I was making and what my intentions were towards her daughter."

"That must have been embarrassing," said the friend.

"Yes," said the young man. "But that wasn't the worst of it. Just then the girl called down from upstairs, 'No, Mother, that isn't the one!'"

—Dan Bennett in *Family Weekly*

STAYING at a health farm, a guest flatly refused to follow the prescribed schedule of strenuous exercises. "I came here to eat, rest, and get the alcohol out of my system," he insisted. "Exercise is ridiculous."

As the bulky guest was leaving, the manager pleaded, "Before you go, change your mind and do just one exercise for me. Bend over, keep your knees stiff, and touch your suitcase."

The man bent over and said, "Well, I'm touching my case. What next?"

"Open it," said the manager, "and give me back our towels." —Bennett Cerf

PRIME Minister Pierre Trudeau recently caused a furore in the Canadian House of Commons when he reacted to criticism by silently but eloquently mouthing an indelicate expression.

"Shame on you!" cried a shocked Conservative.

Trudeau arose and blandly declared, "I challenge any member opposite to say that they heard me utter a single sound."

Said the opposition's Maclyn McCutcheon, "I guess the Prime Minister wants to be obscene but not heard."

—*Newsweek*

A CONSCIENTIOUS accountant is one who looks at a girl measuring 90-60-90 and says simply, "240."

—Mickey Porter

DRIVING past the grounds of a university, a professor saw a student running hard. Snarling at his heels were three huge dogs. Intent on rescue, the professor braked his Volkswagen to a halt and threw open the door. "Get in!" he commanded. "Get in!"

"Say, you're the greatest," the bearded youth gasped. "Most people won't offer me a lift when they see I have three dogs."

—P. A. Isaacson


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You won't believe it, but that's how it is. With Afghan. Hour after hour... So perfect, so gentle. How could anyone care so much? That's a secret I suppose. But you can share it. Anytime you choose!
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Land-Rover: Made for All Work

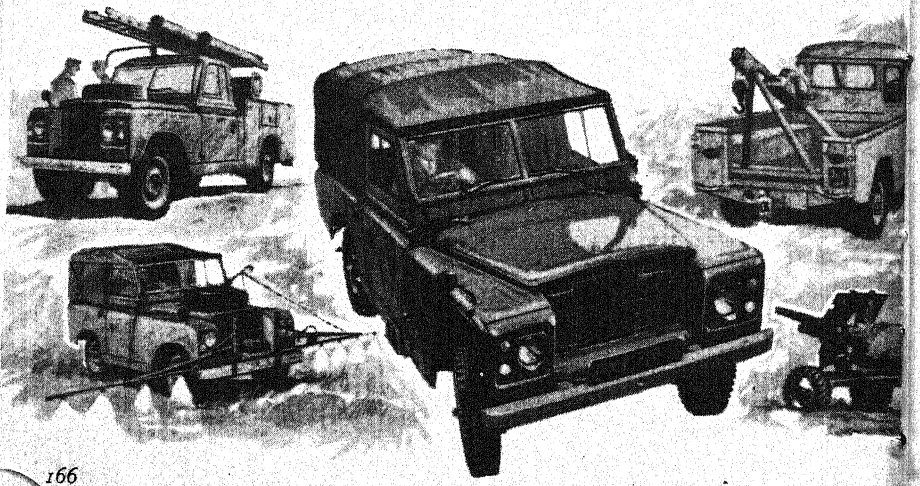
By David Lampe

A sturdy slogger, it ignores car fashions and follows its own rough-riding trail

Ray Webley was parking his Land-Rover on a hill in North London, when he looked in his rear-view mirror with horror. Heading straight towards him was a lorry stacked high with concrete paving slabs—and running alongside it, gesticulating frantically, was its driver.

Webley kept his head. Watching the lorry's approach he held his Land-Rover on the footbrake until the impact, when he released the brake. Then as they shot downhill together he braked hard, grimly holding his bucking Land-Rover on course as it fought a weight 20 times its own.

He could smell rubber burning as, tyres squealing, the Land-Rover gradually checked and halted the runaway. When Webley inspected the damage to his vehicle, he found



nothing more serious than a dent in the tailboard.

"If I'd been in an ordinary car I'd have jumped for my life," he said later. "Only a slogger like the Land-Rover can take that sort of manoeuvre."

His faith is shared by some 250,000 people who own Land-Rovers from the Arctic to India. Queen Elizabeth runs a Land-Rover on her estate at Balmoral in the north of Scotland, and the Bishop of Whitby had his specially adapted to accommodate his 199-centimetre frame.

Noisy, harsh-riding and utilitarian, Land-Rovers sell as fast as they are built because of the extraordinary range of jobs they can tackle. Fitted with auxiliary devices they dig holes, saw logs, shovel snow, plant crops—all over the world. In the copper mines of Zambia, they are commonly used for transport, more than half a kilometre below ground.



JAMES LEECH

In the Sahara Desert the Land-Rover is making the camel obsolete. Guaranteed to climb a 45-degree incline, one Land-Rover on test even drove 1,340 metres to the top of Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain.

Many people owe their lives to the car's rugged reliability. A Land-Rover carried 12 foresters through a raging Australian bush fire. Petrol in the underseat tank became so hot that it hissed, the windscreen cracked, the tyres began to melt—but the car kept going through the flames to safety. And when an inexperienced soldier-driver lost control of his Land-Rover during an army-assault hill-climb and it somersaulted five times down the hill, landing at the bottom with its wheels uppermost, he crawled out, not even bruised. He righted his car with help from other Land-Rovers, and then drove on.

So tough is the Land-Rover, in fact, that until recently a specially strengthened model was kept at Britain's Motor Industry Research Association's testing ground near Coventry. For five years, without ill-effect, this car was used to test other motor manufacturers' new models by crashing into them until they broke up. And one of the first Land-Rovers, built 23 years ago,

regularly wins endurance trials.

As its makers admit, the Land-Rover isn't built for speed, but for reliability. Noel Barber, journalist and author, did a three-month, 19,000-kilometre drive from England to Tibet without once topping up his Land-Rover's radiator. The only time a Land-Rover has ever competed in a major rally against conventional cars was in 1968 when four soldiers entered a specially-adapted car for the *Daily Express* London–Sydney Marathon.

Its endurance and versatility compensated for its relatively low maximum speed—105 k.p.h. on a good road. The car had to stop only for refuelling; meals were cooked on an electric stove in the front, and there was a lavatory at the rear. Although the car didn't win, it completed the 16,000 kilometres at an average speed of 55 kilometres an hour, without even an oil change.

The Land-Rover story began early in 1947 when Spencer Wilks, managing director of the old-established Rover Car Company, spent a week-end on the estate of his brother Maurice, the firm's technical director. They had a serious problem to discuss: the cars that Rover were making at the time attracted few buyers abroad, and without export orders the company's quota of rationed steel would be still further reduced. Rover faced extreme difficulties.

While the brothers talked they rode around the woodland estate in a battered war-surplus U.S. army jeep that Maurice had bought to haul timber. Spencer idly asked, "What will you do when this jeep packs up?" Then the idea struck them both simultaneously: why not make such a car specially tailored for farmers, engineers and pioneers in countries where roads hardly existed? If it succeeded, Rover would get the export orders —and therefore the steel—to stay in business.

For the rest of that week-end the brothers took turns with the jeep, noting its strengths and weaknesses. On the Monday they asked the Rover designers at their Solihull factory outside Birmingham, to plan a similar type of vehicle for civilian use.

Driving Force. Within days the new car began to take shape on the drawing boards. It would be high off the ground to ford rivers and plough over ditches, but with a low centre of gravity to give road-hugging stability. Like the jeep, it would have a four-wheel drive to grip surfaces for which conventional rear-wheel drive was inadequate.

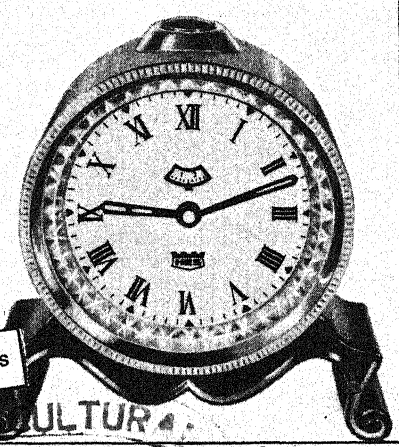
An existing Rover 1·6-litre engine would have to be used, because there was no time to design a more powerful new one; but a gearbox with eight forward speeds, instead of the jeep's six, would give the needed extra punch. And the car was to be—and remains—the world's first with three separate power take-off points for driving

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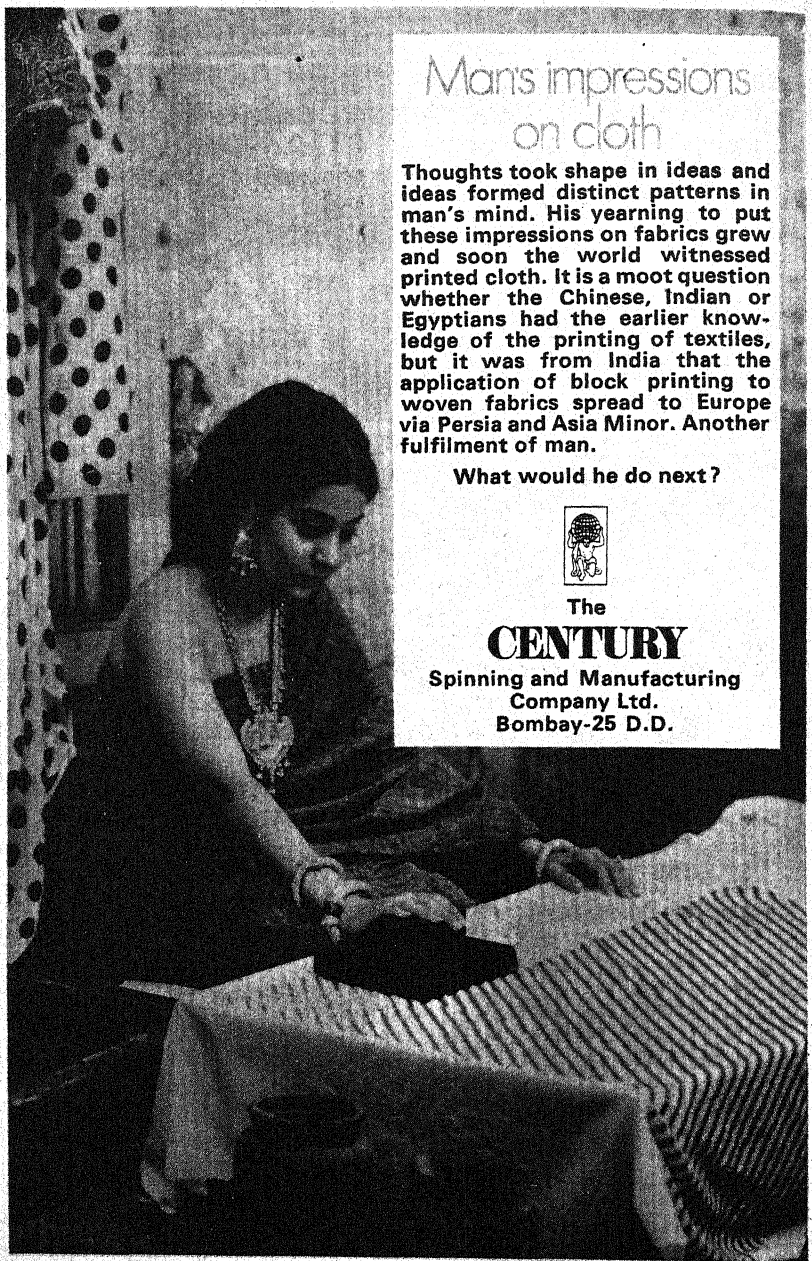
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What would he do next?

The

CENTURY

Spinning and Manufacturing Company Ltd.
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auxiliary devices such as rock-drills, dynamos, pumps and a range of agricultural implements.

Aiming for a vehicle that would survive the world's worst climates, the Wilks brothers insisted on galvanized steel for exposed chassis parts. The body, too, must be rust-proof, but lightweight. They specified an expensive aluminium alloy.

Work on the test cars went at such speed that the first hand-built chassis was finished in six weeks. Soon the prototypes were being tested on farmland that surrounds the factory.

Car manufacturers normally take up to four years to transform the squiggles on the back of an envelope into a saleable vehicle, but Rover's need was desperate. On April 30, 1948, a year after the Wilks brothers had their brainwave, the Land-Rover was unveiled at the Amsterdam Motor Show.

Commercial Success. In the next 17 months 24,000 cars were sold, bringing in Rs. 9 crores of foreign currency. Today they are assembled in 30 countries.

And now three cars out of every four have been exported, and have earned Britain more than Rs. 720 crores from 175 countries. Home market customers still have to wait a year or more for certain models.

In the beginning Rover made one Rs. 8,100 model, take it or leave it. Now there are so many variations costing twice that upwards, that no two vehicles in a year's production of some 50,000 need be exactly alike.

In addition, dozens of outside firms buy chassis and build special bodies for them. One version is an outdoor cinema, with a screen rising from its roof and the engine powering a projector. Another is a fire-engine whose prototype went to a circus—to hose elephants.

As a military vehicle, the Land-Rover is used by more than 30 armies. Some warlike Land-Rovers are mobile pill-boxes, each with a revolving machine-gun turret, armour-plating, and air-conditioned accommodation for three soldiers. Others can swim, or have breathing snorkels so they can cross rivers completely submerged. Lightweight versions can be stripped down and stacked three high, like canteen chairs, inside troop-carrying planes.

Land-Rover disregards car fashions, and a 1971 model looks very like the original version. Rover salesmen explain austerely that the only changes made are mechanical improvements. These are being incorporated all the time—many of them at the suggestion of Land-Rover owners—but only after the most rigorous testing. Complete cars are baked in ovens and frozen in refrigerators to find out their reaction to climatic extremities.

Four times a year, the Rover factory at Solihull runs a special three-day course—so popular that it is booked up for more than a year in advance—to any Land-Rover owner

who intends to drive off into the unmapped, unpaved unknown. Graduates include a trio of silver-haired ladies who drove overland to Australia to see their grandchildren, a radio producer who went round the world recording lullabies, and many big-game hunters, naturalists, engineers and Army brass-hats.

Each pupil receives an expedition handbook which imparts such useful information as how to wash clothes in "the world's most versatile car." *Put dirty linen, hot water and soap flakes into a sealed container, wedge it behind the driver's seat, travel a hundred bumpy kilometres—then rinse.*

Quick, Quick, Slow

"GOOD DAY, ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking, and I'm happy to announce that this is the first supersonic flight from New York to Paris. We will be flying at an altitude of 18,000 metres and a speed of 2,900 kilometres an hour. Our flying time from New York to Paris will be two hours and forty-five minutes.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I know you're wondering why we have been waiting to take off for two hours. Unfortunately, air traffic conditions are very heavy. We are now the twentieth in line for take-off . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen, we've finally been cleared for take-off. I apologize for the six-hour delay at the runway, but this is something we have no control over . . .

"Well, we seem to have broken some sort of record. Our flying time to Paris was two hours and thirty-one minutes. Unfortunately, there are many planes circling Orly Airport, and we've been asked to fly over to Copenhagen and wait there at 17,000 metres.

"Ladies and gentlemen, since I last spoke to you, ninety minutes ago, I regret Paris has asked us to maintain altitude and fly in a pattern over Sicily.

"I know you're all very tired and hungry and thirsty, but trying to knock down my door is not going to help anybody. We should be getting the green light from Paris any time now . . .

"We will be permitted to land within the next hour. Please fasten your seat belts . . .

"We are now on the ground at Orly. Unfortunately, there doesn't seem to be any room at the ramp, and we've been asked to wait out here until someone leaves. It should not be more than forty or fifty minutes . . .

"Here we are at the terminal, and I hope you've enjoyed your first supersonic flight. I'm happy to announce we beat *Queen Mary's* record by four hours and twelve minutes."

—Art Buchwald, condensed from *Have I Ever Lied to You?* © 1966, 1967 and 1968

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74

Still Dying for a Smoke?

1. THE KILL

By Lawrence Elliott

New evidence from recent British and American reports shows more conclusively than ever that cigarettes are a deadly hazard. Yet people all over the world persist in smoking their way to an early grave

A pregnant woman who smokes as many as ten cigarettes a day has a significantly greater chance of losing her baby, either before it is born or in the first four weeks of infancy, than a non-smoking mother.

If the child survives, he has a significantly greater chance, in his early school years, of being behind his classmates in reading ability and social adjustment than the children of non-smoking mothers.

These are among the striking new findings on cigarette smoking detailed in two recent reports: one by Britain's Royal College of Physicians ("Smoking and Health Now—A Report of the Royal College of Physicians"), the other by the Surgeon General of the United States ("The Health Consequences of

Smoking—A Report of the Surgeon General: 1971").

A specialist at the London Chest Hospital called the reports two of this century's most important texts on public health. "Imagine the doctors of a hundred years from now reading them. They will say incredulously: 'People knew all *that* —and did so little about it?'"

Based on a world-wide survey of continuing medical research, the studies contain additional bad news for heavy smokers:

• Cigarette smoking can treble the risk of coronary heart disease. It also generates a surge of fatty acids in the blood, and causes blood platelets to adhere to each other. Doctors have long known that this process is a factor in atherosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, the underlying problem in most heart disease.

• Cigarettes are the single most important factor in the increase of chronic bronchitis and pulmonary emphysema as causes of death in the United States: from 2·1 recorded deaths for every 100,000 people in 1949, to 12·9 in 1967. Those who smoke 40 cigarettes a day run an 18-times-greater chance of contributing to these grim statistics than the non-smoker.

• In Britain, the lung-cancer mortality rate has risen by 2,000 per cent in the past 40 years. In 1970 more than 33,000 people there died of lung cancer, a disease that would still be a rarity if cigarettes had never been popularized.

• Smokers are now seen to be more prone than non-smokers to peptic ulcers, to certain forms of blindness and to gingivitis, an inflammation of the gums which may cause loss of teeth.

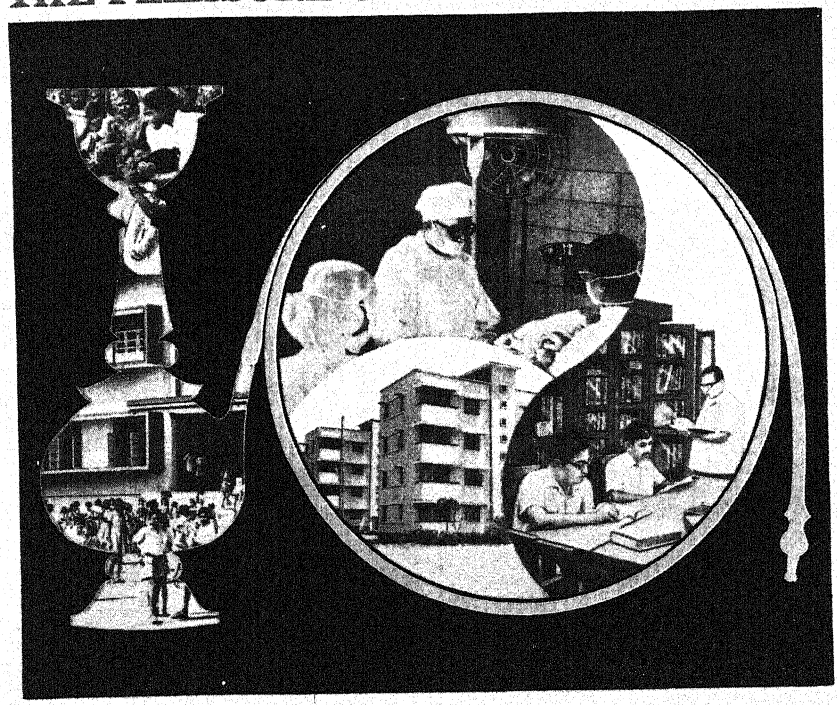
• One of the most impressive bits of information in the new reports comes from a monumental long-term follow-up of 40,500 British doctors and their smoking habits. Starting in 1951, half of all the participating doctors who smoked gave up, becoming, in effect, a self-selected reported test group.

While deaths from lung cancer for all men aged 35 to 64 in England and Wales rose seven per cent between 1951 and 1965, among all of the doctors such deaths fell by 38 per cent. And among the doctors who stopped smoking, the risk of getting lung cancer was found to fall in direct proportion to the time elapsed since they'd last smoked.

This experiment effectively laid to rest the argument of tobacco interests that there is such a thing as a "smoker personality" who, through a coincidental quirk, tends to be predisposed to lung cancer as well. If this were so, giving up should have no effect on mortality.

THE DISTRESSING evidence of what smoking can do to an unborn baby comes from studies independently pursued in nine separate countries. All arrived at the same stark conclusion: that some agent in cigarette smoke besets the foetus, with

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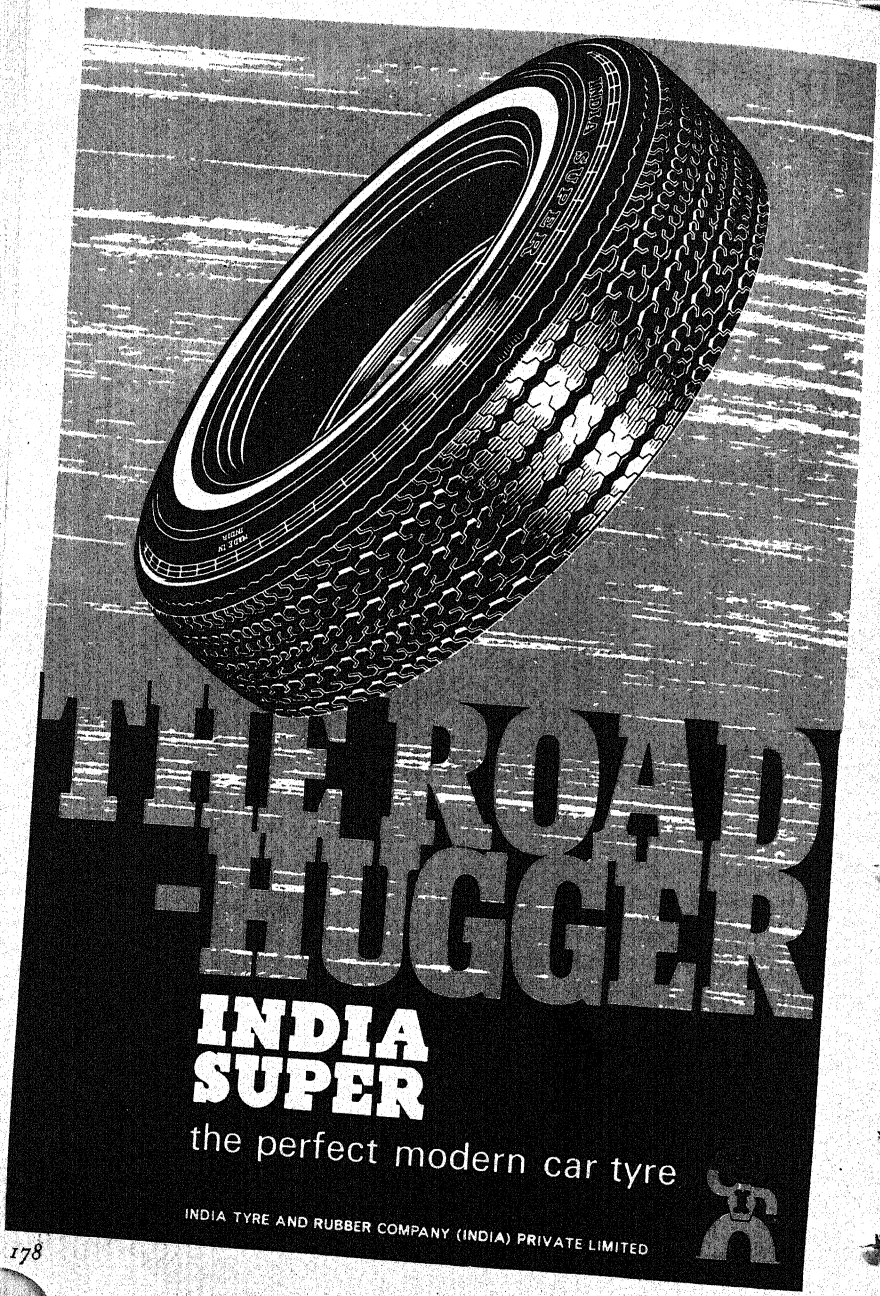


Enlightened industrialism has become an NRC tradition. And the spirit of employee-welfare, a constantly motivating force. No less than 8,000 persons are housed in NRC's vast and impressively maintained factory colony at Mohone, while as many as 24,000 dependents are supported by NRC employees on remuneration and benefits received. From housing to medical care, from schooling to recreation, an NRC employee receives careful company attention. But even more than this quantum of actual benefits, is the *real* benefit an NRC employee receives—of good talent well rewarded.

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potentially disastrous consequences. Precisely how is not yet known. Smoking may restrict the flow of blood to the placenta, thus reducing the nourishment the baby gets. Another possibility is that the carbon monoxide present in the blood of a smoking mother may work its way into the baby's circulation.

Whatever the exact cause, the most apparent effect is to retard the growth of the unborn child. The studies further show that a mother who smokes during pregnancy is more apt to have a still-born baby or one who dies soon after birth; and that the more she smokes, the more she increases such risk.

The key is the baby's weight, which averages approximately 200 grammes less than that of babies born to non-smoking mothers—sometimes a crucial difference in a newborn infant's fight for life. (Smoking before the start of pregnancy does not appear to affect foetal growth; and if the mother stops in the early months, normal growth can still be expected.)

Further facts from the more than 15 studies that dealt specifically with smoking and pregnancy:

• Two years of laboratory tests with pregnant Rhesus monkeys demonstrated that nicotine introduced into the mother's bloodstream increased acidity in the foetus, impaired its heart rate, blood pressure and oxygen supply.

• In Sheffield, England, a study of 2,000 pregnancies found that 7·9 per cent of the women who smoked lost their babies, compared with only 4·1 per cent of those who did not smoke. In sum, one in five of the smoking mothers who lost their babies would probably have had a successful pregnancy if she had stopped smoking in time.

• Perhaps the most disturbing finding of all is that babies who develop under tobacco's toxic influence may suffer long-term liabilities. This shocking discovery was made in an ambitious study called Britain's National Birthday Trust Peri-natal Mortality Survey. Set up under Professor Neville Butler, director of Bristol University's child-health department, the study used as a test group all of the 17,000 children born in England, Scotland and Wales during the week of March 3, 1958.

In 1965, when the children were seven, they were tested thoroughly for school performance and physical well-being. Though there were, of course, exceptions, Butler found that the following disheartening profile emerged of the seven-year-old child whose mother smoked heavily after her fourth month of pregnancy.

He was over a centimetre shorter than children of non-smoking mothers. He was four months behind the average reading level for his age. He was significantly less adjusted to the school environment, was generally clumsier at handling objects, and had an impaired spatial

sense, being among the bottom ten per cent in his class at copying simple designs.

Professor Butler points out that at least some of these defects may turn out to be a delay in development rather than permanent impairment. Be that as it may, there is a strong suspicion that the children's present scholastic handicaps are directly attributable to the cigarettes their mothers smoked during the months when they were most vulnerable to harm.

In spite of the evidence piling up against cigarettes, statistics show that women are starting to smoke at an earlier and earlier age, are smoking more, and are not giving up in such great numbers as men. This is now beginning to be reflected in the relentless tally of cigarette-linked deaths.

In the case of lung cancer, women are today dying of this disease at twice the rate they did 20 years ago. Further, Dr. Charles Fletcher, secretary of the committee that produced the Royal College of Physicians report, says that if women keep smoking at the present rate, "they face death in epidemic proportions, from lung cancer, emphysema, bronchitis and coronary heart disease."

WHAT to do? Obviously, the best thing is for all smokers to give up completely. Those who cannot must be encouraged to smoke fewer cigarettes and less of each one (the greatest danger is in the last one-third), to take the cigarette out of the mouth between puffs, not to relight half-smoked cigarettes, and to smoke brands with low nicotine and tar content.

Anti-smoking authorities advocate forthright action by government. Responsible officials must take an emphatic stand on the proposition that cigarette smoking is calamitous to health.

Most doctors agree that *all* cigarette advertising should be halted. The tobacco industry, which spends vast sums of money on sales promotion, cannot hide from the unconscionable immorality of urging people towards suicide by continuing to insist that their advertising promotes only brand competition. To young people especially, the well-being pictured in the cigarette advertisements is often irresistible.

Taken together, the sickness and death directly chargeable to cigarettes constitute the greatest single avoidable health menace in the Western world today. Sir George Godber, Britain's Chief Medical Officer, puts the total number of deaths associated with cigarette smoking among British men and women at 100,000 a year.

Saying it another way, nothing now known in the field of preventive medicine would do more to improve health and lengthen life than putting an end to cigarette smoking.

Isn't it time *you* stopped?

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2. THE CURE

Practical advice on ways to beat the smoking habit

THERE is no guaranteed painless method of giving up cigarettes. The longer you have smoked, the more your body cries out for its supply of nicotine and tobacco smoke. And when this supply is suddenly cut off, the body is bound to react.

The first few days are inevitably going to be trying. Fortunately, doctors have now discovered several methods which will make it easier for any smoker to give up.

First of all, it helps if you can decide what kind of smoker you are. All smokers fall into one (or several) of six basic categories, and once you've discovered which apply to you, you can plan your attack.

Crutch Smokers light up in moments of stress and worry. Whenever things go wrong they reach for their cigarettes. When a crutch smoker gives up, he must be as far as possible from strain and tension. So a good time is on a Friday night before a relaxing week-end.

Handling Smokers like to play around with the packet and the cigarette lighter. These are people who have the greatest success with dummy cigarettes, but a pencil or a pipe can be just as effective. After handling smokers find something to do with their hands for a few days, the rest is easy.

Habit Smokers are hardly conscious of smoking. For them there is no easy way out. Yet remarkably they're often the most successful at giving up because once they've made the initial break they fall into the habit of not smoking.

Relaxation Smokers love to light up after a meal, with a cup of coffee or tea. The solution: avoid such situations for a few days. Instead of sitting about after a meal, get up and do something.

Craving Smokers are psychologically addicted to tobacco. The craving for the next cigarette begins the moment the last one is put out. The solution is determination—all a craving smoker has to do is decide that he really wants to give up.

Stimulation Smokers feel that a cigarette picks them up. When a stimulation smoker gives up he looks for a substitute with a similar effect on his nervous system, such as coffee, tea, spicy foods or alcohol. Unfortunately, these substitutes trigger off the desire for a cigarette, and they should be avoided.

Once you've given up cigarettes,

CONDENSED FROM A PUBLIC-SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT, PUBLISHED BY THE HEALTH EDUCATION COUNCIL, LONDON

there are going to be many temptations to start smoking them again. Friends will offer them to you . . . you'll begin to notice the enticing advertisements . . . you'll think of a thousand excuses why you should have "just one."

There are, however, four ways which will help you to resist the temptation.

1. Give up with a friend. You'll be able to lend each other moral support. And of course the less you see people smoke, the easier it'll be for you.
2. Travel in non-smoking compartments of trains and buses.
3. Change your routine for a few days at least, so that you avoid the situations when you really enjoyed or felt the need for a cigarette.
4. Announce to your family and friends that you've stopped smoking. They'll see you over the worst time. And it'll also make it harder for you to go back on your word.

Finally, be prepared for a struggle. It probably took quite some time before you smoked as heavily as you do now. It may take just as long for you to give up. But even if you've smoked heavily for years, it's still worth making the effort, because from the day you stop, you reduce your chances of getting lung cancer or any of the diseases which are caused and aggravated by cigarette smoking.

Easy Rider

A WOMAN owned a rather regal Airedale which liked to go exploring. He had a collar which noted his address and the fact that he liked to wander. Anyone who found him was asked to send him home in a taxi.

During a violent rainstorm, the woman was caught in the centre of town without her car and she took a bus which dropped her near her home in the downpour. As she puffed and paddled her way uphill to her house, she noticed a passing taxi containing—comfortably ensconced on the back seat—her relaxed, dry dog. —P. T.

Jumping to Confusions

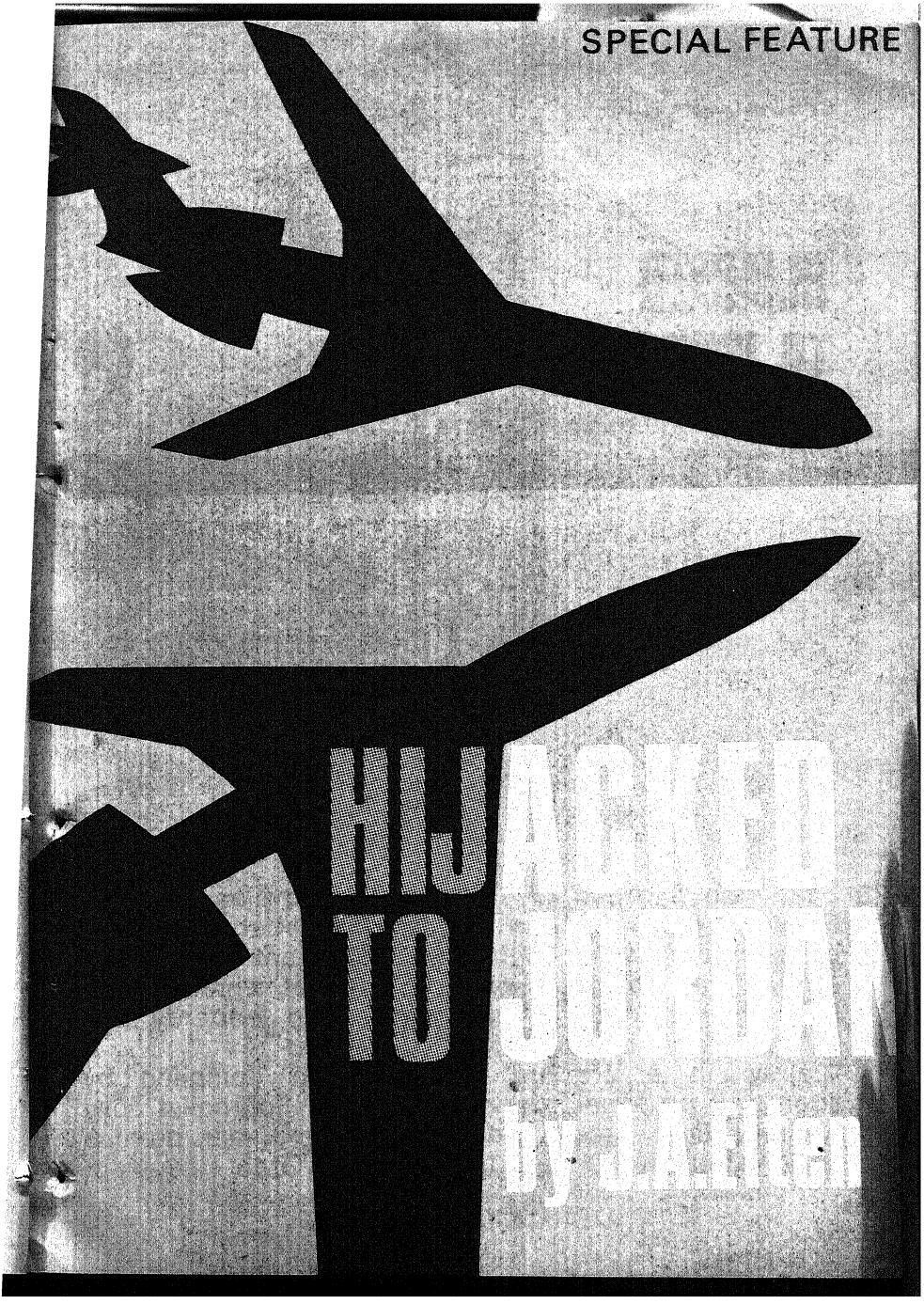
WORRIED wife describing her husband's symptoms to the doctor: "It's his head. He's had it on and off all day." —Wilmer Shepherd

MOTHER scolding her three offspring: "Oh, you three are a pair if ever there was one!" —Evelyn Gratton

MAN looking at the plans for a public building: "It has all the earmarks of an eyesore." —Herb Caen, *Only in San Francisco*

HOLLYWOOD producer: "The dozen people you can trust out here, you can count on the fingers of one hand." —Earl Wilson

SPECIAL FEATURE



HIJACKED TO JORDAN

by J.A.Eden

SPECIAL FEATURE

HIJACKED TO JORDAN



Last Year a group of Palestinian guerrillas shocked the world when they carried out the most daring criminal conspiracy in aviation history. Five giant commercial aircraft were involved in their hijack plot, which put the lives of hundreds of passengers into jeopardy and triggered off a brutal civil war in Jordan.

Now, in a graphic reconstruction compiled by scores of personal interviews, German journalist Jörg Andrees Elten recalls the tensions, the human dramas and the final, unforeseen tragedy of the Great Hijacking.

"DIE ENTFÜHRUNG" (THE HIJACKING), © 1971 BY GRUNER + JAHR GMBH & CO., PRESSEHAUS, HAMBURG WEST GERMANY. THIS MATERIAL APPEARED IN STERN (DECEMBER 20, 27, 1970; JANUARY 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; FEBRUARY 7, 14, 21, 1971)

THE COUPLE held hands as they boarded the Israeli Boeing 707 in Amsterdam. A steward remembers thinking: "Honeymooners." The man was in his early twenties, spare, wiry, with reddish hair and a narrow face. The girl, graceful, slim-waisted, had long black hair and an olive complexion. She was wearing a light-blue suit.

El Al Flight 219—Tel Aviv-Amsterdam-New York—was almost fully booked, but the two managed to find adjacent seats, a few rows behind the partition separating first-class and tourist sections. Next to them, at the window, sat Mrs. Faye Schenk, an American from New York. Glancing at the couple, she thought, "What nice-looking people!" But she noted that they did not exchange a single word.

Shortly after 1 p.m., the aircraft took off and, with 148 passengers aboard, began climbing to its cruising altitude of 9,800 metres.

Suddenly Mrs. Schenk heard an "animal cry" and looked up in amazement. The two young people beside her had leapt into the aisle and were running forward into the first-class compartment. Again and again they cried, *"Yallah! Yallah!"* —an Arabic word meaning "Let's go!"

The man was holding a silvery revolver in his hand, so small it appeared to be a toy. The woman brandished two cylindrical containers—hand grenades.

Charging through the first-class area, the pair reached the service lounge, a special compartment for the crew. Beyond this was a door leading to the aircraft's cockpit. It was locked.

"Open up!" the man shouted, and began beating on the door handle with his revolver. Behind him, the woman held the grenades aloft and warned, "The safety pins have been pulled!"

There were three crew members in the service lounge: the chief steward, Avraham Eisenberg; a steward, Shlomo Vider; and a stewardess, Jeanette Demerjean. As Israelis, they had been briefed to act differently from crews of other airlines in case of a skyjacking; they were expected to react like soldiers under Arab attack.

Today, September 6, 1970, as usual during these months of intensifying enmity in the Middle East, the El Al plane carried two security officers, one in the tourist section and one in first class. This afternoon, however, the first-class security man had gone into the cockpit.

It is an ironclad El Al rule to keep the armoured door to the cockpit closed during a skyjack attempt. Thus, the security officer had little choice of action. If he left the cockpit, it would mean opening the door for the hijackers. But if he stayed inside, perhaps the three crew members—Eisenberg, Vider and Jeanette Demerjean—could handle the situation without his help, since they

had been schooled in defending their aeroplane.

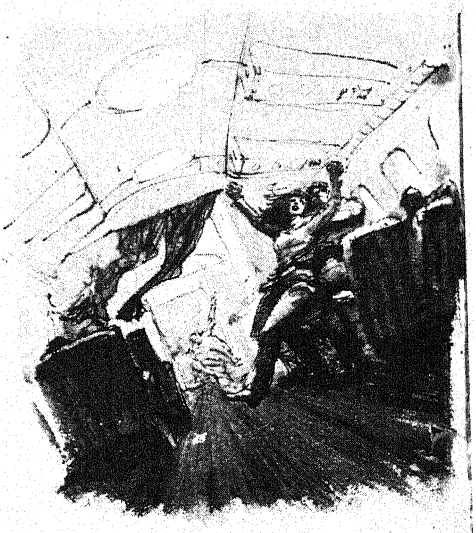
Confronted by the locked door to the cockpit, the hijackers momentarily seemed undecided. Noticing this, Vider began to rise slowly from his seat. The male skyjacker turned, weapon in hand, and then fired. Perhaps it was meant as a warning, but the bullet hit Vider in the leg.

Seeing that the skyjackers were becoming increasingly agitated, Vider, even though he was wounded, knew that he had to act quickly. "Don't get excited," he said quietly. "Let me talk to the captain over the telephone. I'll tell him to open the door."

The skyjackers assented. But Vider, speaking Hebrew, fully agreed with the captain's suggestion to fly on. The door remained closed.

In frustration the male skyjacker now grabbed Jeanette round the neck and aimed his revolver at her temple. Then he dragged her to the cockpit door and shouted, "Open up, or I'll kill the girl!"

Wounded as he was, Vider realized he had to do something. Slowly he stood up. The skyjacker immediately pointed the revolver at him. "Let me speak with the captain," Vider said. He advanced a few steps and then, from a distance of a metre, he lunged. With his left hand he slapped the revolver aside and with his right he grabbed the skyjacker's hair and began beating his head against the cockpit door. Both



men fell, and the women—Jeanette and the female skyjacker—fled to the rear of the first-class section.

At this moment, the captain of the aeroplane went into a daring flight manoeuvre. He turned the heavy Boeing 707 on its left wing and plunged into a power dive. The female skyjacker, still holding the grenades, lost her balance and staggered towards a seat occupied by New York tax consultant Harry Clark. Clark leaped up and tackled her from the rear.

"I'll blow the plane up!" she shrieked.

Disregarding her threat, Clark gripped her throat and panted: "O.K., then we'll both die!"

Clark kept his hold. "I squeezed and squeezed and thought I had killed her," he said later. The grenades dropped from her hands; they

did not explode. The safety pins were still in place.

In the tourist section, where few passengers could see what was happening, the dive added to the confusion created by the sound of the gunshot. Several women began shrieking, and children cried. Yet one woman, Mrs. Esther Moyal, kept her head. She began singing a Hebrew folk song, "Hava Nagilla," and the others joined in.

By now the second Israeli security officer, stationed in tourist class, was well aware that he had trouble aboard. But so far he had delayed action to see if other accomplices might be on the plane. As the aircraft dived, he stepped forward with his hand on his revolver. Seeing the fighting men at the cockpit door, he fired at them. Three shots hit the skyjacker. Vider was bleeding profusely.

"Suddenly the struggle was over," Vider said later. "I thought the skyjacker was unconscious. I stood over him and poked him with my foot —he did not move."

The female skyjacker had lost her wig and much of her make-up, and the Israeli security officer now recognized her as a woman reputed to be the "heroine of the Palestinian nation," 24-year-old Leila Khaled. She had established her reputation in August 1969, when she had skyjacked an aircraft belonging to Trans World Airlines. This was precious "cargo" indeed, and under other circumstances the plane would have flown non-stop back to Israel. But Vider needed immediate medical attention. The pilot decided to land in London.

Eighteen minutes after Leila Khaled and her fellow skyjacker, Patrick Arguello, had sprung from their seats, the Boeing landed at Heathrow. The Israeli crew and security officers were reluctant to hand over their prisoners to the British police, but the police insisted that the skyjack attempt had occurred in British air space—specifically, over Clacton, Essex. Therefore British security services were responsible for the skyjackers.

An ambulance took Arguello and Leila away. Leila was weeping profusely and Arguello made no sound. By the time they reached the hospital his heart had stopped beating.

Meanwhile, word of the attempted skyjacking had been radioed to Amsterdam—much to the consternation of the El Al ground-security officer there. It was his job to check all passengers before they boarded. Obviously, he had slipped up, but now his attention was drawn to a more crucial matter. Had he made only one mistake? Although he had allowed Leila Khaled and her companion to board Flight 219, he had denied seats to two men who had aroused his suspicions—and these two were now aboard a Pan American plane bound for New York.

The two men in question were Negroes called Semoe Gueeye and

Sanghone Diop, purportedly students from Senegal, West Africa. They had aroused El Al's suspicions by purchasing only one-way tickets from Amsterdam to Santiago, Chile, via New York, and by offering to pay for them in cash, an unusually large amount. Nothing more concrete than this developed, but it was enough for El Al to tell them, "Sorry, Flight 219 is full." However, the two had open tickets, so they decided to take Pan Am Flight 093 instead.

Precautionary Move

AT FIRST El Al said nothing to the American airline about its unsubstantiated suspicions. But, as Flight 093 prepared for departure, the airport police were alerted and ground control radioed the Pan Am captain, Jack Priddy. The Pan Am craft, one of the new Jumbo 747s, had left the terminal, but was still on the runway, awaiting take-off clearance.

"Clipper 093. El Al has refused two passengers for their flight from Amsterdam to New York because they didn't like the look of them. It looks as if they are aboard your aircraft."

Priddy obtained the names of the men, then left the cockpit and descended the spiral staircase leading from the lounge on the upper deck of the giant jet to the first-class compartment. The two suspects were paged, and after a short delay they identified themselves.

"It was an awkward situation for me," Priddy later revealed, "because, according to the law, I had no right to search the two. Nevertheless, I said, 'I'm sorry, gentlemen, I have a message from ground control. I apologize, but I must search you. If you do not agree to this, I must take you back.'"

The two appeared surprised, but they remained polite. "We don't understand," one of them said. "But if you want to search us, go ahead, please."

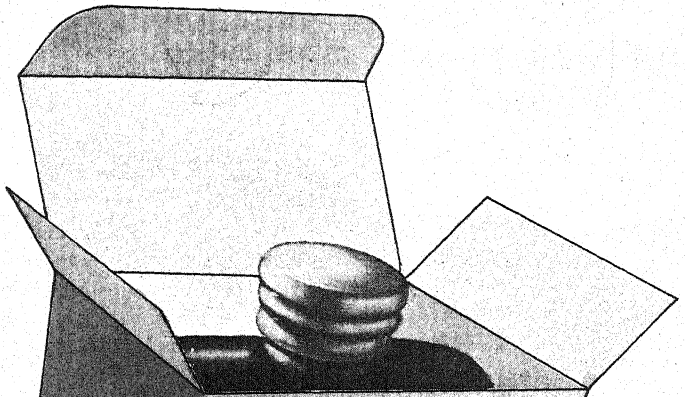
Priddy searched both from their shoulders to their socks, and examined their attaché cases. He found nothing. A stewardess checked the seats with the same result.

Priddy felt a little ridiculous. "Forgive me, gentlemen," he said. "It appears to have been a mistake." The two men only smiled.

At 2.21, Priddy reported tersely to ground control: "093 ready for take-off." And soon the aircraft was aloft.

But he had not frisked the two thoroughly enough. In fact, the polite young Negroes were very well armed: they carried two small revolvers and two hand grenades equipped with plastic explosives. They were hidden in special containers in the genital regions of both men.

The second skyjacking began in the first-class lounge. Gueeye, holding a grenade in one hand and a revolver in the other, cleared the area of passengers. Then he ordered a purser, Augusta Schneider, up the



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spiral staircase. Seizing her about the neck and pressing the gun to her temple, he pushed her towards the cockpit door.

"Open!" the man barked.

"My key is downstairs," she pleaded. The skyjacker shifted the revolver to her ribs and repeated his command. She beat against the door with her fist. On the other side, a flight engineer opened it a crack, and Gueeye pushed his way in, shouting, "Hands up! This is a hijacking!" Behind him, Diop also entered.

Unobtrusively, Captain Priddy flicked on radar code 3100. As a result, on a radar screen of British Airways Control in London, Pan Am 093 showed up as flaring dots. However, code 3100 was being used only in the United States at that time, and its meaning—a skyjacking—was unknown elsewhere. British flight controllers who assign air lanes over the Atlantic realized that something was amiss. But what?

One skyjacker told the captain, "Turn back to Amsterdam!" Priddy increased his air speed and put his enormous machine into a turn.

British Airways Control immediately inquired: "093, why are you changing course? What's happening?" Priddy did not answer, and the flight controller on the ground seemed to understand. "Descend immediately to 8,000 metres," he told Priddy. "Avoid a mid-air collision."

Priddy took the jumbo down. But

Gueeye became agitated. Evidently he believed that the pilot was preparing for an emergency landing. Feeling the revolver in the back of his neck, Priddy coolly tried to reassure him. "Calm down!" he said. "We'll fly you wherever you want. Just tell us where."

The skyjacker then said he wanted to go to the Middle East, to a "friendly" country. Priddy switched on the public-address system and gave the news to his passengers.

With that, Gueeye seemed to relax. He took a seat behind the captain and confided, "This is my third skyjack."

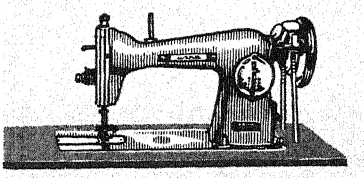
Priddy received the news with relief. Later he observed: "The man was a professional, thank God. In a skyjacking, it's better to be dealing with an expert than with some amateur who might suddenly go off the deep end."

No More Innocents

It was now shortly after 5 p.m. For controllers in the European flight-safety centres, a sensational situation was materializing. The abortive attempt to hijack the El Al aircraft was dramatic enough. But now, just a few hours later, not only a Pan American jumbo 747, but *two other* giant jets—a Boeing 707 and a DC-8—were hurtling towards the Middle East. Obviously this was a concerted and well-organized operation, for all three had been commandeered by men and women who reported in broken English that

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they were acting on behalf of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine.

The Front is an organization of Palestinian guerrillas which carried out previous hijackings in 1968 and 1969, and planned other bombings aimed at the West. But many people on this September afternoon were still only dimly aware of what it stood for and what its members hoped to achieve.

The hijackers themselves were representative. All were under 30, and nearly all of them belonged to the new generation of Palestinians whose homeland is occupied by the Israelis. Most of them had spent their youth in Palestinian refugee camps, growing up in miserable housing conditions, with short rations and an inbred hatred of Israel.

Only one thing is relatively good in the camps—the schools, which are subsidized by the United Nations. In them, during the past 22 years, a new *élite* has been trained. Unfortunately, some of these bright young people, under the impress of social and political discrimination, have developed a revolutionary creed.

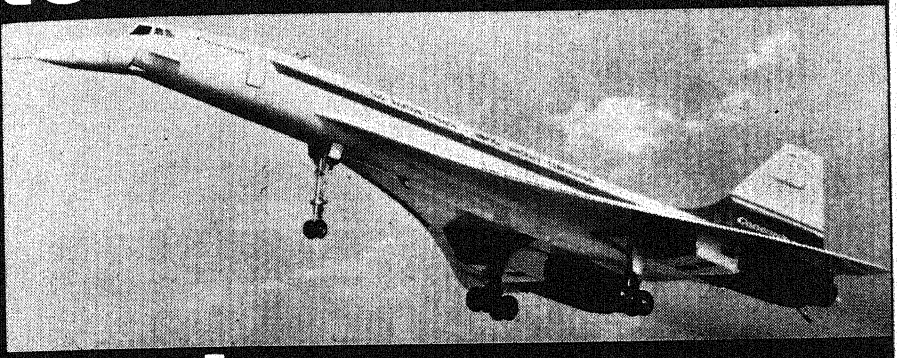
Out of their ferment and dissatisfaction the Popular Front was born in 1967. With Mao as its model and the works of Lenin as its ideological grounding, it is the most radical of several Palestinian commando groups, dedicated to winning back the homeland and defeating Israel. Its membership, including followers abroad, is currently estimated at 3,500. The chief coordinator of the skyjackings was a doctor who had studied medicine at the American University in Beirut: Dr. Wadif Haddad, 42, head of the political department of the Popular Front.

Planning for the skyjacking began in August soon after President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt, following a peace plan put forward by the United States, agreed to a cease-fire with Israel. The Front violently opposed any such move, and so an elaborate scheme was devised to put pressure on the West and publicize the Palestinian cause.

It appears that Haddad has available a well-trained hijacking squad. For example, Leila Khaled and her accomplice carried with them detailed instructions on radio operation and air routes from the English Channel to Amman, Jordan. The Front had obtained flight maps for Europe and the Middle East, of the kind that professional pilots use. The hijackers knew the basics of navigation, and were familiar with the instruments in the cockpit. Their hand grenades and pistols were purposely made of non-ferrous substances to thwart the electronic surveillance equipment at airports.

Unlike the skyjackings to Cuba and other countries, these were meant to have political impact. Therefore, the planes would not be flown merely to "a friendly country," but to a lonely bit of Jordanian

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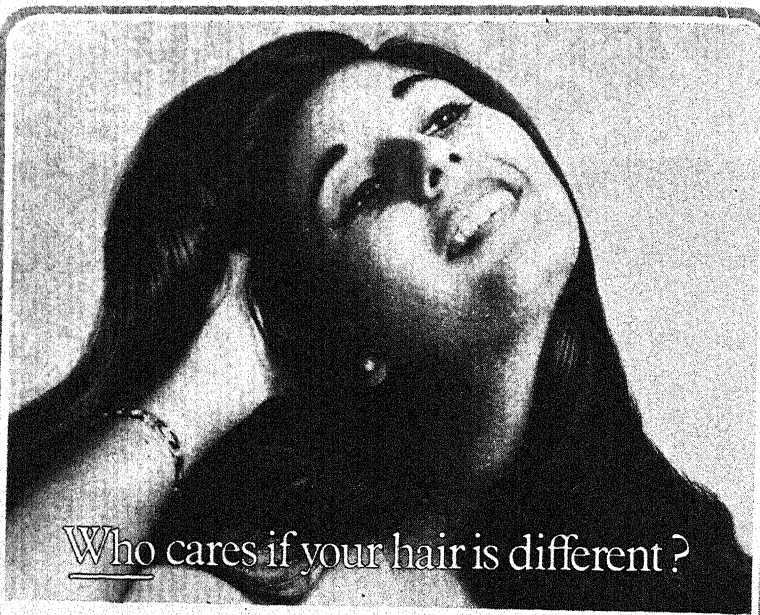
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desert where Popular Front guerrillas would take charge of the passengers. Aptly this hard-packed bit of wasteland near Amman had been dubbed "Revolution Airstrip."*

The political nature of the skyjackings quickly became evident, and within a short time President Richard Nixon had been notified; so had Prime Minister Edward Heath and Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, who broke off a holiday in Scotland. Everywhere in the West, leaders and their ministers were kept posted on the unfolding events.

Their concern proved warranted. The hijackings crippled international air traffic, the most important means of transport in the modern world. They opened a new episode in the guerrilla war of the Third World against the "establishment" of the rich, industrial nations. They were to trigger off a civil war in Jordan and thereby plunge the entire Arab world into a deep crisis.

Finally, in all likelihood, they hastened the death of President Nasser, who managed to deal with the crisis but, in doing so, sapped his last remaining physical reserves.

Meanwhile, 9,000 metres above the European continent, the lives of 477 innocent people aboard the three planes lay in jeopardy. But this did not bother the Popular Front. As Leila Khaled told her captors in a London police station: "One is on the side of either the oppressed or the oppressors. There are no innocent people, and there is no neutrality!"

* The airstrip was originally created for operational use by the British Air Force in 1948, when it was named Dawson's Field after Air Chief Marshal Sir Walter Dawson.

Mission Accomplished

FOR ALL their careful arrangements, the skyjackers had made one serious miscalculation. Not until they boarded Flight 093 did Gueeye and Diop realize that the plane would be a giant 747. The aircraft was too big to be accommodated at Revolution Airstrip, and there was a period of confusion about where to take it. At last they decided on Beirut, Lebanon.

Most of the time, Gueeye sat directly behind Priddy, holding his gun and hand grenade. While flying over Salonika, however, the captain noticed that both the skyjacker and the flight engineer were crawling around on the floor, looking for something with torches. "What's up?" he asked. The flight engineer answered in a tone of urgency: "He's lost the safety pin from the grenade!"

While Gueeye searched, he held the grenade's trigger mechanism down with his thumb. One false move would have destroyed the cockpit and sent 152 passengers and 17 crew members to their deaths. But at long last the pin was found and carefully reinserted.

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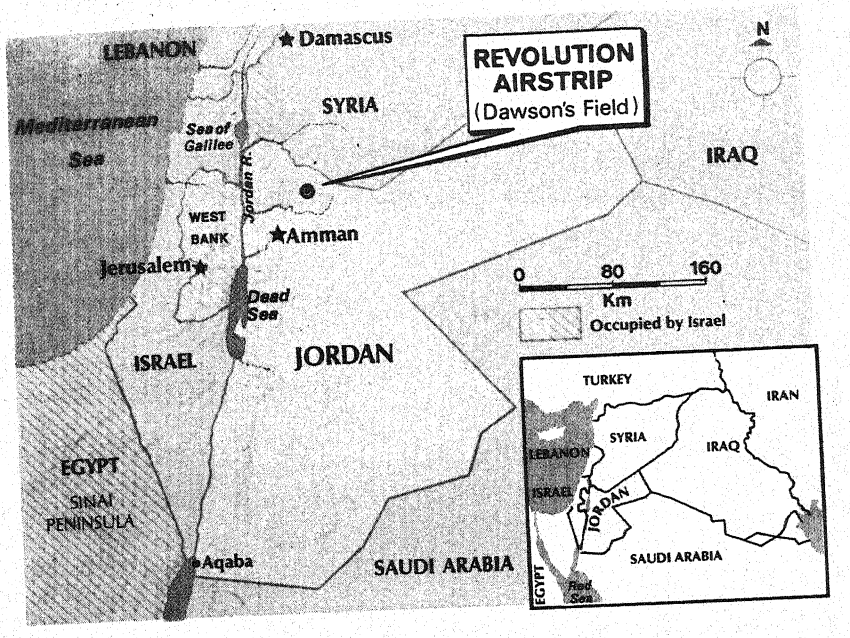
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in the lounge, Augusta Schneider tended the other skyjacker. At one point, he asked for some orange juice. When Augusta handed him the glass, he said, "Drink from it first."

"He thought I had put poison or sleeping tablets into it," Augusta said later. "I had to drink half of the glass."

She also served him a plate of soup. He hesitated for a moment. How was he to eat while holding a grenade in one hand and a revolver in the other? Finally, he gave the perplexed stewardess the hand grenade and said, "Would you please hold this for a moment?"

As darkness fell, they reached Beirut. For the skyjackers, the situation now became critical: the Lebanese government was hostile to the Popular Front, and would certainly prepare an unpleasant reception for them. In addition, the Front itself did not know that the skyjackers were planning to land there; they were still awaited at Revolution Airstrip.

As the 747 came in over the Lebanese capital and began circling, Gueeye first requested that a "responsible representative of the Popular Front" be put on the radio. This alone took more than an hour, and when finally a Palestinian commando reached the airport and identified himself, Gueeye did not

recognize the name. An argument developed and, as it continued, a detachment of the Lebanese army, with armoured vehicles, moved on to the airfield, determined to prevent a landing.

When they learned this, Gueeye and Diop were close to losing their self-control. They trusted no one, not even the commando they were talking to. And then, as the excited exchange went on, Captain Priddy broke in to announce, "We have fuel left for 15 minutes. I merely wanted to tell you that!"

This announcement forced the Lebanese regiment to withdraw, and Priddy was allowed to land. Aboard, Gueeye and Diop masked their faces in white napkins and guardedly observed a yellow jeep in which the commando slowly approached. An identification was made, and shortly the skyjackers learned their new orders: proceed to Cairo and there—in protest against Nasser's agreement to a cease-fire—destroy the aircraft.

As the plane refuelled, a new cargo was brought out. A Palestinian commando in the Beirut control tower designated it as "sandwiches." In fact, it was dynamite.

A demolition expert put the sticks aboard and quietly affixed them to the washroom walls. The crew was being kept in isolation and had no idea what was happening.

In all now, there were nine Popular Front representatives on board, and they sauntered down the aisles of the vast aircraft, engaging the passengers in political discussions. Augusta Schneider remembers, "It looked like a tea party." Unnoticed, the dynamite specialist laid his detonating cord.

With the fuel loaded, Captain Priddy started up the 747 again and took off. Now Gueeye and Diop, plus the dynamite expert, were the only guerrillas aboard. Two hours later, as the plane neared Cairo, Gueeye came out of the cockpit and said to Augusta: "You will have eight minutes to get the passengers off." The crew at once prepared for an emergency debarkation.

Just before the landing, the young demolition expert got up and boldly asked Augusta for some matches.

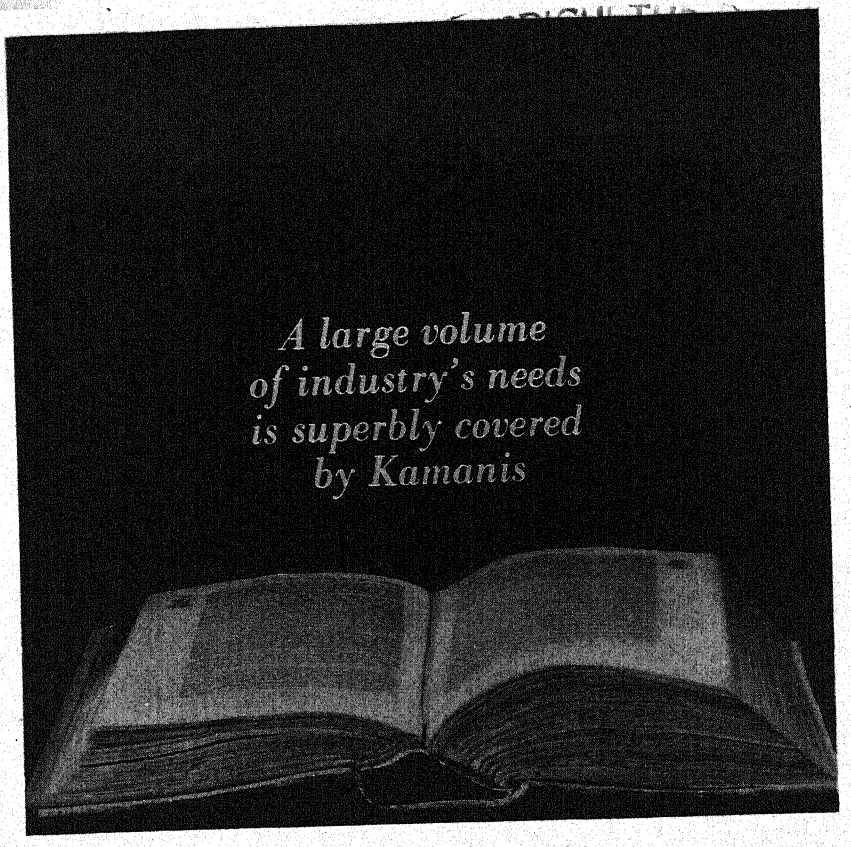
"The 'No Smoking' sign is on," she said. He smiled and insisted.

Augusta recalls: "I gave them to him, and then suddenly I saw this fellow lighting fuses. We were still at least a hundred metres above the ground!"

Captain Priddy braked the jumbo to a halt just short of the end of the runway, and the crew hurled open the doors. Emergency slides were automatically inflated and deployed. In less than 90 seconds all of the passengers were off the plane.

In the cockpit, Gueeye rose, looked at his watch, waited until the last moment, then said to the pilot and co-pilot: "O.K., go! Good luck!"

The men dived for the exits.

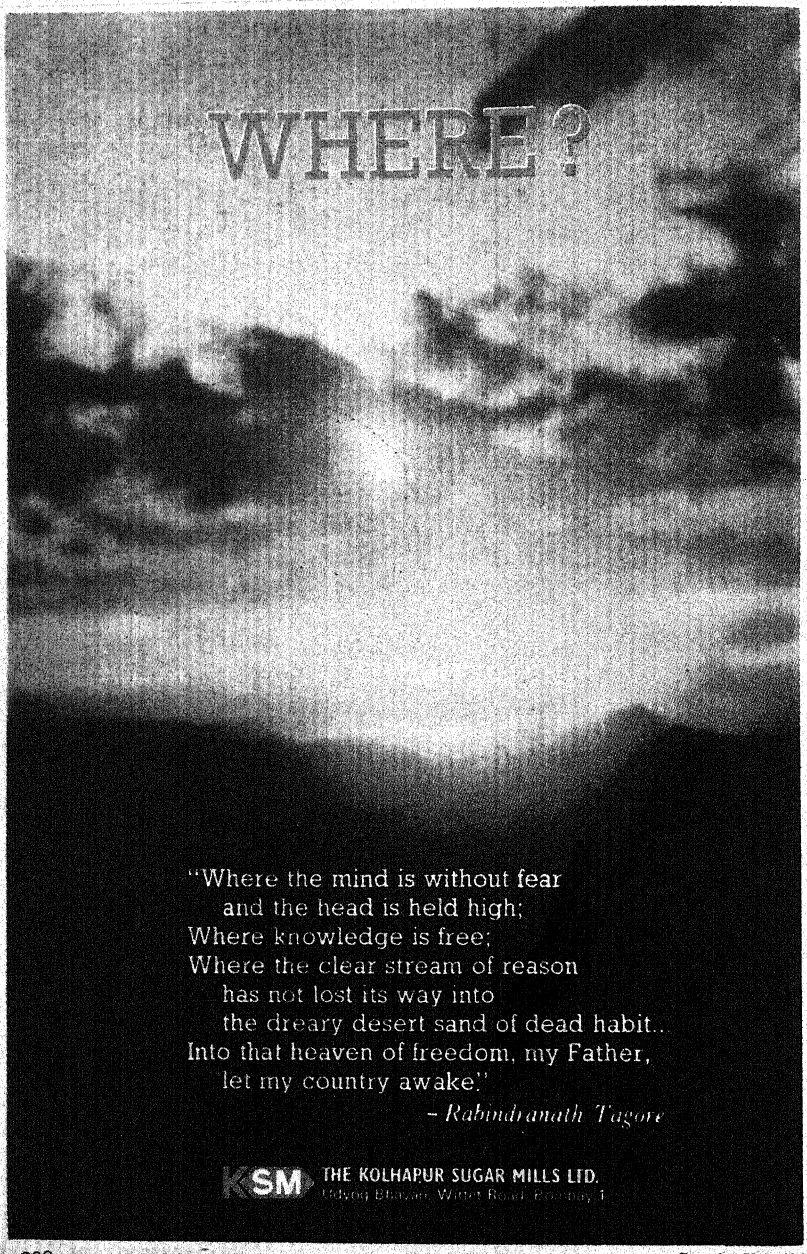


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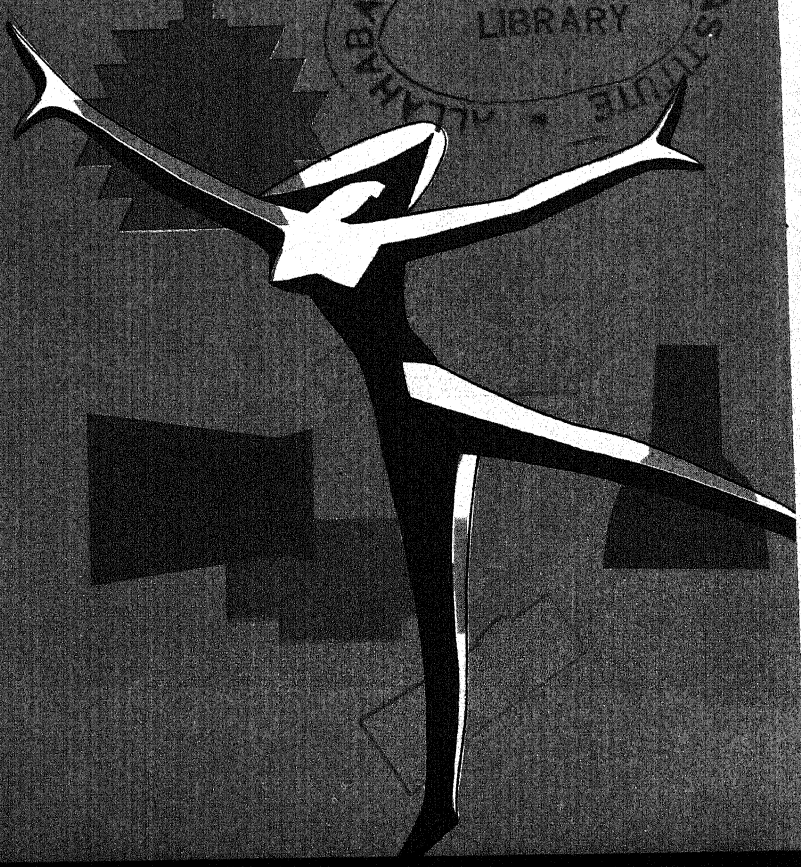
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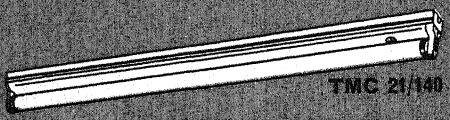

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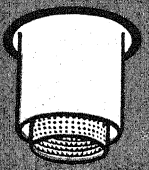
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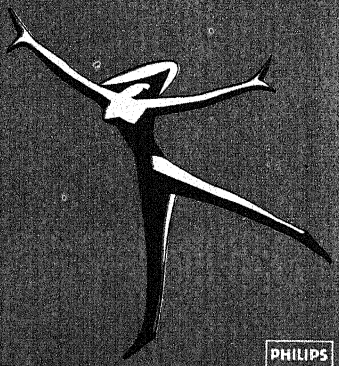
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Even so, Captain Priddy and Gueeye were still under the wing of the jumbo jet when the first explosion shattered the cockpit.

"I felt the pressure waves on the back of my neck," Priddy said later. "At the same time, I heard rifle fire all around. I did not know what to make of that. We jumped into an airport bus and threw ourselves on the floor. Gueeye was arrested by two Egyptian soldiers."

Augusta Schneider and another group ran in the opposite direction, away from the airport building. "Suddenly, I spotted Diop standing on a sand dune," she remembers. "He was holding his attaché case in his hand, gazing at the aircraft and observing the explosions. The flames illuminated him brightly. I noticed that he was smiling. He was happy. Later, he helped us with an Argentinian woman who had broken her leg, and he gave his handkerchief to someone else who was injured on the head. He was no longer dangerous. He had accomplished his mission."

Later that day, September 7, all the passengers and crew were picked up by another Pan Am plane and flown to New York.

Desert Hospitality

ROUGHLY 55 kilometres north-east of Amman lies Gaa-Khanna, a level stretch of sand resembling a dry lake bed. When the winter rains come, its sand becomes as slippery as soap. The rest of the year, it is as flat as an ironing board and hard-surfaced. No roads lead there—only desert tracks. This was Revolution Airstrip.

The first hijacked aircraft to reach it was the TWA Boeing 707 which had left Frankfurt that afternoon, piloted by a 51-year-old American, Carroll Woods. Although one of the hijackers, a trim, attractive young girl who sat behind Woods with a hand grenade, had charts of the area, the strip was not readily recognizable at first. Then, abruptly, the sun sank, and on a later pass over the spot, Woods made out two parallel rows of lights—paraffin flares indicating the runway.

The crew made preparations to land, going through an emergency check-list for lowering and locking the nose gear, and the jet came down. "All at once the aircraft was surrounded by armed figures," Woods reported later. "I was afraid that I would roll over them. Finally, I braked the plane at the very edge of the strip."

At the rear of the tourist-class compartment sat an old man from India, dressed in his national costume. Not having realized that the plane had been hijacked, he was under the impression that he had landed at his desired destination. "New York?" he kept asking. "New York?" Finally an Indian sitting behind him shouted, "Not

New York! Hijack! Jordan!"

Silent and fearful, the passengers observed half a dozen men and women climb aboard, armed with sub-machine-guns. They wore green uniforms and *kafiyehs,* a Bedouin head-dress. Stalking along the aisle, they presented a grim picture, and several children began to cry. But the commandos didn't act like pirates lusting for blood. They behaved more like officials at an international airport, distributing entry forms and asking for passport data. Even in a revolutionary situation, Arab bureaucracy triumphed.

As the passengers completed the forms, the noise of another plane startled them from their seats. It was the second hijacked craft, a Swissair DC-8 from Zürich. This flight, too, had had difficulty in finding the desert airstrip, and at one point a radio voice had advised: "Fly heading 260."

Checking his maps, pilot Fritz Schreiber, 56, discovered that this course would take him straight to Lod, the Israeli airport near Tel Aviv. Apparently the Israelis had picked up the Swiss jet on radar and wanted to lure it to their territory. Schreiber deemed the risk too great. "Thank you," he had advised the anonymous voice. "We know!"

Finally, the DC-8 touched down at Gaa-Khanna, and braked to an emergency stop as the co-pilot reversed the engines. The Popular Front now had 286 passengers and 22 crew members in its power.

Fully armed, the commandos strolled down the aisles, advising their hostages to prepare for the night and explaining their cause. On the Swiss jet, one Palestinian said in faultless English: "We are sorry for having brought you into this situation. But we had no choice. We wanted to attract the world's attention to the fate of our people."

The passengers sat listening in the dark. With the engines off, there was no electricity. The stewardesses served a few cold left-overs from the galley, holding their trays in one hand, torches in the other. Many passengers declined the meal. Said the co-pilot, "Morale was at rock bottom." Soon a brooding silence descended, interrupted only by the sound of the Arab guards pacing the aisle.

The sun rose the next morning on a unique scene. The two silvery planes, symbols of the twentieth century's great technological advances, shimmered in the desert, while around them were pitched the flapping tents of the Palestinians. The flag of the Popular Front, planted in the sand, waved defiantly; in the distance sat several armoured vehicles of the Royal Jordanian Army. They had approached in the night, but had made no move to attack.

The crew served breakfast brought by the guerrillas: flat Arabian bread, sheep cheese, hard-boiled eggs and tea. Table napkins from

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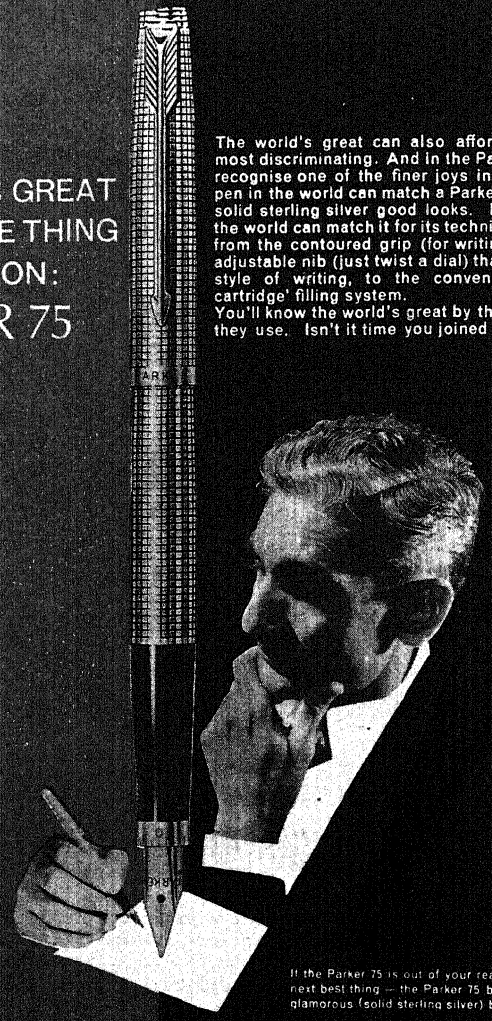
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first class were used as babies' nappies. By 11 a.m. the thermometer stood at 40 degrees centigrade in the shade. The toilets, no longer operating properly, gave out a foul odour.

About noon a black Chevrolet carrying the Chief of Staff of the Jordanian army, General Mashour Haditha, arrived, and under the wings of the TWA jet he spoke to the guerrilla chief, Abu Fahdi. "The king is appalled," Haditha said. "You have put to shame before the whole world the Arabs' celebrated reputation for hospitality." Then, carefully, he hinted that King Hussein might order his men to free the hostages by force.

Abu Fahdi was unimpressed. "If the army attacks," he said, "we'll blow up the planes with all the hostages in them."

Finally, the two agreed on a compromise. The commandos would release most of the women and children and let them go to Amman. In return, the Jordanian troops would retreat to new positions a kilometre from the aircraft.

Through the morning, Popular Front soldiers had been examining the papers of the TWA passengers. This plane had come from Tel Aviv, but to the guerrillas' surprise, they found not a single Israeli passport. Meanwhile, to alleviate the sanitary situation, holes were dug beneath the craft and a flight engineer opened the waste outlets to the toilets. Amid the mess, a guerrilla



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made an interesting discovery—several torn-up Israeli passports. So there *were* Israelis aboard!

A thorough search of hand baggage was made, and more Israeli passports turned up. In fact, among the hostages possibly a dozen had dual citizenship, American and Israeli, although none resided permanently in Israel.

With this information in hand, the guerrillas picked 127 people from the two planes and loaded them on to buses bound for Amman. Most of the men had to remain. And no hostages of the Jewish faith were relinquished from the TWA flight. Many families were separated, and there were heartrending goodbyes as the buses pulled away.

A 16-year-old American, Barbara Mensch, said later: "I was travelling with my friend Nancy. We had spent our holiday on a kibbutz. Nancy was allowed to go, but I was forced to stay behind. That's the first time I cried."

Sudden Development

HARDLY had the buses left when the chief of the Popular Front in Amman came on the radio. "I hope you did not release anyone of British nationality!" he said urgently.

"We have no Britons here at all," he was informed.

To the guerrillas this was unwelcome news, and at 2 p.m. the leaders of the Popular Front met in Amman to discuss a question of highest priority: What could they do to free Leila Khaled, who was being held at a London police station under heavy guard? There was only one answer. After a short consultation, the guerrillas began to prepare for their next "expedition."

Bargaining Point

THE PLAN was to hijack yet another plane—this time one belonging to British Overseas Airways Corporation. The flight chosen was that of a four-engine VC 10 jet which left Bahrain, a small island in the Persian Gulf, the morning of September 9, bound for Beirut and London.

Nearly half of the passengers were Orientals, as the flight had originated in Bombay with a stop at Dubai. But 52 were British citizens —more than enough to bring pressure on the British Government to release Leila Khaled.

The hijacking began without a hitch. A little over an hour after take-off, one of three Palestinian commandos on board—informally dressed in light shirt and slacks—rose from his seat and calmly and undramatically proceeded to the cockpit.

Captain Cyril Goulborn turned in his seat as he heard the door open and looked into the barrel of a small pistol. Having followed the accounts of the other skyjackings, Goulborn knew at once what was happening. He reacted with the poise of an experienced wartime



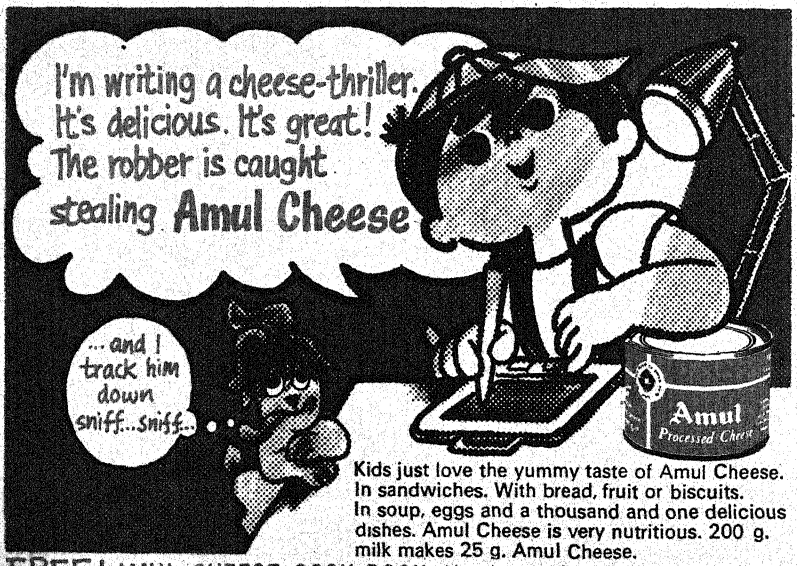
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pilot. "I realized immediately that I had to create a relationship of confidence with the man holding the gun," he said later. In the passenget compartment, two other guerrillas took charge. A British major named Fawkes Potts, a contract officer with the Abu Dhabi defence force, on his way to Beirut with his wife, Jenny, and his daughters, Susan and Annette, watched the men closely.

"My daughters called one 'Goggle-eyes,'" he said; "the other, 'Fleabrain."

Instead of flying directly to Revolution Airstrip, the guerrillas decided to stop first at Beirut. Having handled a hijacked 747 jumbo jet only a few days earlier, the men in the control tower there took the situation routinely. But, as before, there were delays. The British ambassador in Beirut, informed of this new crisis, demanded that the Popular Front release the passengers as soon as the plane landed.

Twenty-one of the 34 school-children on board were travelling alone. Their fathers worked for oil companies, or belonged to British forces in Bahrain, and the children were returning to boarding schools in the U.K. after summer holidays. What did the skyjackers want with all of them in the Jordanian desert? But Popular Front orders were exact: "Don't let a single passenger



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leave the BOAC plane in Beirut!"

In the air, the children had their own ideas. Stewardess Mandy Thomas was sitting with two young schoolboys, Leo and Aiden Biles. Near by stood "Fleabrain." Little Aiden took a penknife from his pocket, pressed it into Miss Thomas's hand and whispered to her, "Go ahead. Stick it in his ribs!"

As Mandy later explained, "The only thing that surprised these children was that the guerrillas had no machine-guns."

Landing clearance finally came through, and Goulborn set the plane down at Beirut. As soon as refuelling was completed, he lifted off again, and shortly before sunset the VC 10 joined the two other craft on the sands of the Jordanian desert.

Meanwhile, sitting in her cell in the London police station, Leila Khaled exchanged banter with one of her guards. Said the policeman, "Why don't you go home? We'll show you the way to the airport. You don't even need a ticket. Just skyjack a plane and fly away."

Leila smiled and replied, "I'd better not. Who knows, some Israeli sharpshooter might kill me. But you may rely on my comrades. They will get me out of here. I'm confident of that!"

A Hard Decision

NEGOTIATIONS aimed at freeing the hostages had begun some six hours after the first hijackings. At that time, no one in the West knew exactly where the planes had landed or whether the passengers were safe.

This lasted until a representative of the Palestinian Red Crescent (the Moslem equivalent of the Red Cross) invited the head of the permanent International Red Cross delegation in Amman to visit the hostages. After the delegate's return from the airstrip, it was learnt for the first time that the jets had landed in Jordan and that the passengers were unharmed.

Through the Red Crescent, the Popular Front made a demand: Free three Palestinians who had shot at an Israeli airliner in Zürich and were being held in Switzerland. Later, the Front requested the release of three guerrillas who had been tried and convicted in West Germany for an attack on El Al passengers in Munich.

The next day, as the world read in stunned amazement of the hijackings, diplomats conferred anxiously in several capitals. In Washington, D.C., Secretary of State, William Rogers met representatives of Britain, Israel, Switzerland and West Germany. The following day, he received ambassadors from ten Arab countries. The Arab reaction to the high-handed tactics of the Popular Front was far from favourable. Said Talat al-Ghoussein, ambassador from Kuwait, "The hijackings do not serve the cause of the Palestinian people."

Initially, the Germans and Swiss

agreed to accept the commandos' terms. The United States, however, was in a difficult position: although most of the hostages were U.S. citizens, the United States itself held no Palestinians and therefore had no bargaining power. In the end, all of the concerned Western nations agreed to act together and deal with the Popular Front as a unit through the International Committee of the Red Cross.

With the skyjacking of the British airliner, the poker game for the hostages entered a new phase. Within hours, Edward Heath had summoned his ministers to a meeting, and Leila Khaled became the focal point of the negotiations.

Meanwhile, at Revolution Airstrip, the Palestinians made two moves. On the first night, they had removed six men from the TWA plane and had imprisoned them in a small room in Irbid, a northern Jordanian city which was controlled by the guerrillas. Four days later, the Palestinians took ten more men to a refugee camp on the outskirts of Amman.

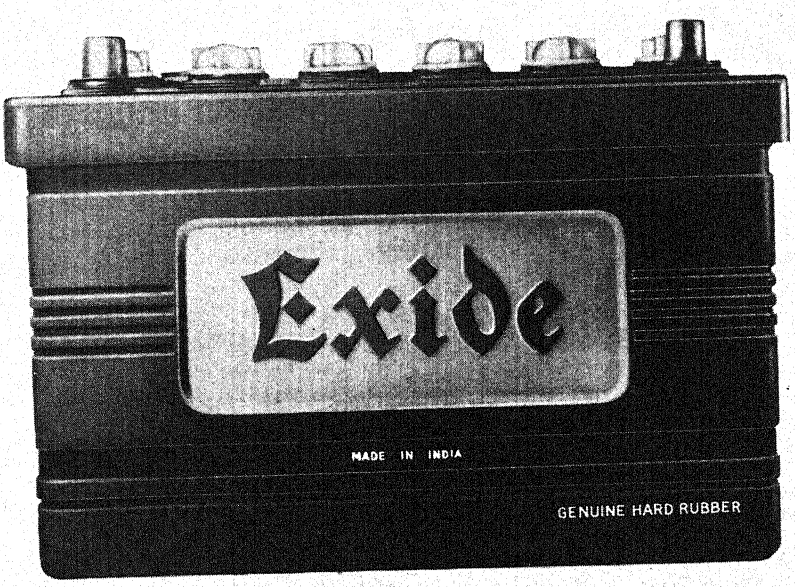
The uncertainty of the fate of these men played on the nerves of the hostages left behind. They heard news programmes on their transistor radios, and so they knew that the Popular Front had set a deadline for the fulfilment of its demands. First, it was September 10, 10 a.m.; then it was extended by 72 hours.

The nervousness of the adults in the TWA jet transferred itself to the children. They became restive and noisy. Miriam Beeber, a 19-year-old American, and her friend Sarah Malka, who had been born into a Jewish family living in the Sudan and who spoke Arabic fluently, took the children to the rear of the plane and opened a sort of kindergarten. Miriam said, "Sarah had bought herself a drum during her holiday in Israel. Now she beat it, and we sang songs with the children—things like 'Old MacDonald Had a Farm.' Later, we played riddles."

Next door, in the BOAC aircraft, 15-year-old Nigel Hatcher had a special problem: he had brought a turtle with him from Bahrain, which he placed in a tin box filled with water. "The water began to reek," he said. "I should have changed it. But we only got a cupful about every five hours, and I couldn't give the turtle much. It was pretty hot in the desert, and we were often thirsty."

The guerrillas told the BOAC passengers that they could go home as soon as their Prime Minister released Leila Khaled. Time passed, and the Britons began to chafe at the delay. They could not understand why Heath was letting them stew so long in an aircraft studded with dynamite.

None the less, it was partly due to the influence of the Prime Minister that the International Crisis Staff in Berne, set up to deal with the situation, finally made a weighty and



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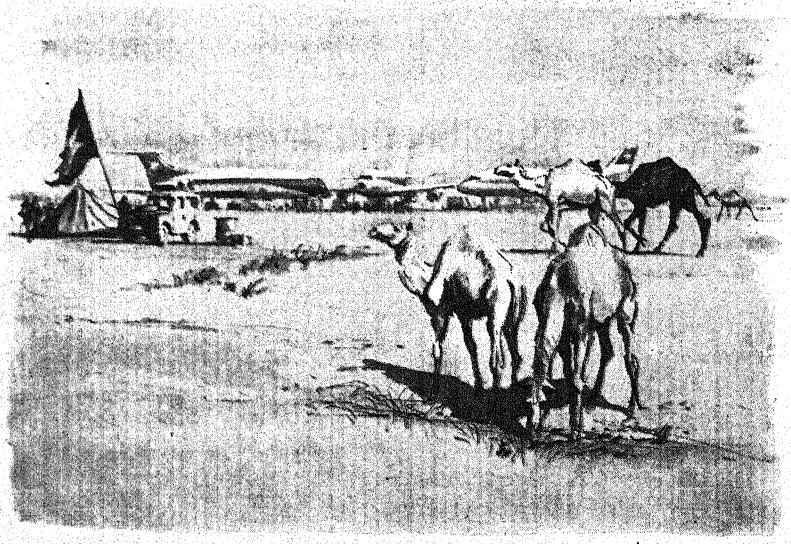
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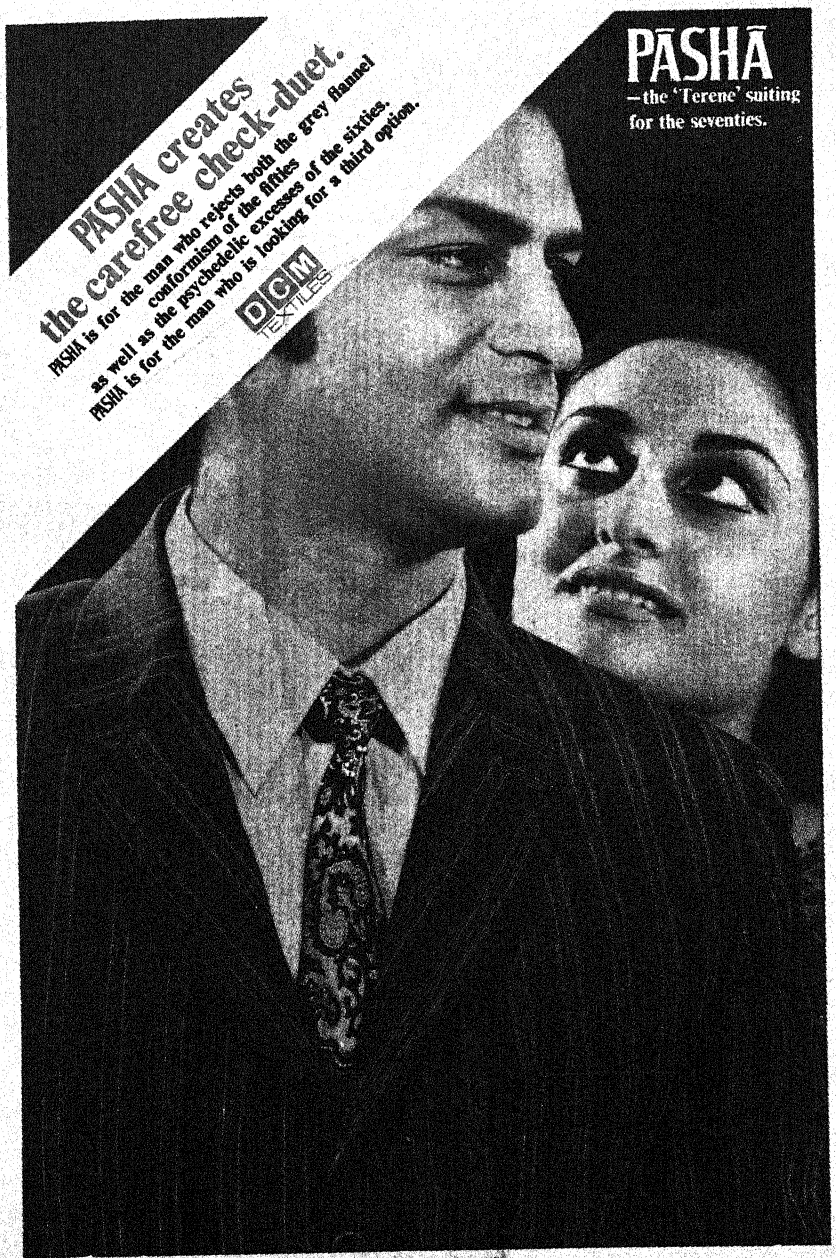
tough decision. This occurred on Thursday night, September 10. Representatives of the United States, Switzerland, West Germany and Britain met that evening at the Swiss Foreign Ministry, and discussed once again the ultimatum of the Popular Front which was shortly due to expire.



The Popular Front was now officially insisting on an additional demand: it wanted to retain an unspecified number of Jewish hostages of American citizenship until the Israelis would agree to release some Arab resistance fighters they had under detention. But it was unclear how many of these guerrillas were involved. Numbers given unofficially ranged between 300 and 3,000.

The meeting dragged on into the night. Diplomats kept leaving the room to consult their governments in Washington, London and Bonn. There was a terrible aspect to the decision being framed. Giving in to the blackmail of the Popular Front, in order to save the lives of the hostages, would almost surely encourage the guerrillas to skyjack other planes. That, in turn, would escalate the blackmail and endanger the lives of hundreds of other innocent people.

Edward Heath instructed his representatives to stay tough, and finally at three o'clock in the morning a decision was reached. Leila Khaled and the six other Palestinian terrorists would be liberated only if all hostages, including those of Jewish faith, were returned safely. No


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Arabs held by the Israelis would be included in the deal.

The decision was radioed to Amman via the Red Cross, and soon the guerrillas at the airstrip knew of it. They were extremely angry. A guerrilla girl, whom passengers called "Bombshell Bessie" for her rough ways, stormed into the BOAC plane and shouted, "Because of your bad government, we shall have to blow you all up with the plane!"

The children aboard looked at her in horror. The adults fell awkwardly silent.

Prisoners of War

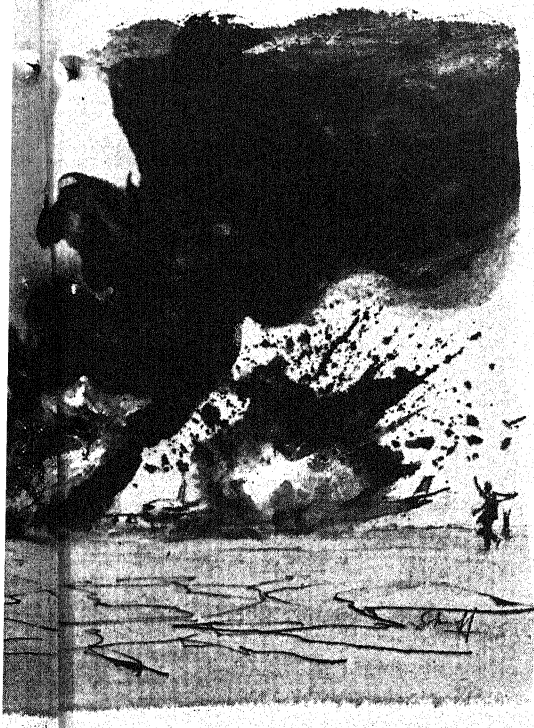
THAT night the nervous guerrillas began digging foxholes, in the belief that a small band of Israelis was planning a raid to free the hostages. Even without the feared attack, the guerrillas' situation was growing hourly more precarious. When the skyjackings had begun, the Popular Front was convinced that its demands would be met within 48 hours, and the barter of the hostages arranged. Now, with the passage of almost six days, logistical support for some 200 prisoners had become difficult, and the hostages' predicament was angering world opinion.

Nasser himself feared that the skyjackers were giving the Israelis or the Western powers a pretext to intervene in the Middle East. In fact, President Nixon had already given orders for several transport



planes to be moved to Turkey, where they would be quickly available for a rescue attempt. Aircraft carriers of the American Sixth Fleet, stationed in the Mediterranean, were heading for the Lebanese coast.

But there was danger right at the guerrillas' doorstep. For some time there had been sporadic fighting between Palestinian irregulars and the Jordanian army. This trouble had its roots in decades of Middle Eastern history. What it amounted to was that the Palestinian guerrillas, nominally citizens of Jordan, were in open civil war with the Hussein government. An outbreak in June



had killed or wounded more than 500 people before a cease-fire cooled things down. In the past week, at least two more cease-fires had been declared, only to be violated almost immediately. Hardly a day now passed without the two sides exchanging fire in Amman and other cities to the north.

The Palestinian irregulars embraced far more than just the Popular Front. In all, there were 12 guerrilla groups, loosely associated, and together they claimed to have some 30,000 troops. Of these, it is probable that fewer than 5,000 had ever had any military training.

In the face of all these mounting pressures, the leaders of the Popular Front in Amman issued an order: the passengers would be brought into the capital; the skyjacked aircraft would be left at the airstrip; the airstrip would be evacuated.

The plan displeased Abu Fahdi, the senior man at the airstrip. But dutifully he began to ship off his prisoners in minibuses sent out by his superiors. Before their departure, however, he had a surprise in store for them. The buses rolled only a few hundred metres from the aircraft and then began to take up a semi-circular formation.

Seconds later, an explosion shattered the cockpit of the BOAC aircraft. Next, the fuel tanks of the TWA plane exploded. Then, the fuselage of the Swissair jet went up. For 20 minutes explosions rocked the desert stillness—and more than Rs. 18 crores worth of aeroplanes disappeared in fire and smoke. Waving their sub-machine-guns, the guerrillas greeted the thunderous spectacle with cheers.

Suddenly, from all sides, heavy Centurion tanks of the Jordanian army advanced on the strip. For six days they had been keeping their distance. Now they hoped to free the hostages. Nervously, the guerrillas undid the safety-catches on their guns and trained them on their prisoners.

Abu Fahdi jumped from his bus, along with a couple of other men, and there followed a wild emotional

altercation between the guerrillas and the Jordanian officers.

"What are they saying?" Miriam Beeber asked her friend Sarah.

"If the army does not withdraw," Sarah translated, "the guerrillas threaten they will kill us all."

"One more step," Abu Fahdi yelled, "and you'll be returning to Amman with a column of hearses!"

The Jordanians gave up and withdrew. The buses, packed with hostages and guerrillas, careered across the desert. Passing through a village on the way, the convoy turned into a propaganda procession. "Everyone into the street" a guerrilla commanded. "Applause!"

People streamed from houses, cafés and shops and gathered on the pavements, hailing the commandos as heroes. To the simple villagers, they were daring young men who had plucked the "imperialist" aeroplanes from the skies and snared the "capitalists."

"The crowds gawked at us like so many animals in a zoo," Miriam said. "The noise was frightening."

Where were the buses heading? Miriam was convinced that the guerrillas were taking them to the Intercontinental Hotel in Amman. For six days she had not washed, or changed clothes, or even brushed her teeth. Her dress was sweaty, her hair full of sand. She looked forward to her first bath in the hotel and to an ice-cold Coca-Cola.

But her surmise was only partially right. Most of the hostages were delivered, as she expected, to the Intercontinental.

Inside the hotel, which had been badly damaged in recent street fighting, the scene was a mixture of television lights, interviews, happy reunions, tears, children running to and fro. But above the confusion two frightening questions persisted: "Has everyone been released? Who is missing?"

Representatives of the International Red Cross, diplomats, managers of airlines and reporters tried to make sense of the situation. Obviously, some hostages were still in the hands of the guerrillas. Who were they, and where were they being held? In fact, 56 people were still unaccounted for. (The tabulation eventually revealed that 38 Americans, eight Britons, six Swiss, two Germans and two Dutchmen were missing.)

Some of these were the men taken from the planes in the first days of the hijacking. But most of this number had actually been on Miriam Beeber's bus with salvation almost in sight. Then, as the vehicle rumbled through the sun-baked streets of Amman, it had suddenly broken away from the rest of the convoy, mounted a steep street, and halted in front of a low concrete building.

"Get out!" the hostages were ordered. "We are going to keep you as long as your governments do not fulfil our demands. You are now prisoners of war."

"For the first time in this terrible

period," Miriam confessed, "I cried."

At this point, the negotiations between the Popular Front and the Red Cross were temporarily suspended. The International Crisis Staff in Berne ceased functioning for all practical purposes, and the fate of the hostages became entwined in a bloody civil war.

Initially, the prisoners were held in Amman in four different places. But on the night of September 15 they were regrouped. The eight British, six Swiss and two Germans were taken to a small, single storey house at Al Wahdat, one of the Palestinian refugee camps on the outskirts of the capital.* Thirty-two of the Americans previously imprisoned at three different spots, were brought together in a three-storey building on a hill above the city. This occasioned a joyous reunion and talk long into the night.

The next morning Radio Amman announced the appointment by King Hussein of a military government, a move which the guerrillas considered a declaration of war. In the Palestinian refugee camps, arms and ammunition were distributed not only to men, but to women and young boys. "Brothers," the guerrilla radio declared, "keep your fingers on the trigger until the fascist military regime is removed!"

Captain Schreiber of Swissair remembers the morning of September 17. "Machine-guns rattled, and there were dull explosions everywhere. We lay close together in a small room. Light entered through a tiny barred slit. It was hot. In the front of our house, mountains of ammunition crates were stored. It's unthinkable what would have happened if we had sustained a direct hit."

A pall of dark smoke hung over the city as Hussein's tanks moved along littered boulevards, firing at guerrilla snipers on rooftops and in narrow alleys. Shops dropped their steel shutters, while in the houses people took to the cellars for protection. Electricity was cut; telephones were dead; a curfew had been imposed.

The Americans, on their hilltop, had a vantage point—when they were able to get near the windows. "On the second day," recalls Benjamin Feinstein, a steel contractor from New York, "the tanks of the Jordanian army approached within a hundred metres of our house. Shells landed very close. We threw ourselves to the floor in the middle of the building. But some stood guard at the windows, ready to throw back hand grenades before they exploded. After dark, the noise abated a little. We looked down into the valley. It was like watching a fireworks display."

For days the war raged, with Hussein apparently on top one ment, the guerrillas the next.

* Fifty-four hostages were now in guerrilla hands. The two Dutchmen—one a passenger, the other a TWA steward—had been released through the efforts of Michael Adams, information director of the Council for the Advancement of Arab-British Understanding in London.


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September 19, the Syrians intervened on the side of the Palestinian guerrillas, pushing across the northern border of Jordan with an armoured brigade of Russian tanks. The fighting grew intense, and Hussein was hard pressed.

Two days later, President Nixon sent 14 vessels, among them the aircraft carrier *John F. Kennedy,* to reinforce the Sixth Fleet; and the airborne units of the Eighth U.S. Infantry Division, stationed in Germany, were put on alert. The Soviets also added 15 additional ships to their Mediterranean fleet. But, under pressure from the Russians and the Jordanian army, the Syrians withdrew their tanks on September 23, and once again the scales tipped in favour of Hussein.

Preparing for a showdown, the youthful king now ordered his élite troops, the red-bereted Jordanian paratroopers, to free the 54 hostages, cost what it may. On the morning of September 25, the Jordanians broke through the guerrilla defences and stormed into Al Wahdat, the refugee camp.

The British, German and Swiss hostages could hear them coming. First there was the shrieking of women and children near by. Then crowds began running through the narrow street past the house. The roar of exploding hand grenades drew closer and closer. To alert the troops to their presence, Ernst Vollenweider, the Swissair flight engineer, thrust his white

shirt through the bars of a window.

By this time, the guerrilla guards had evaporated, and Vollenweider called out: "Prisoners! Swiss! Englishmen!" Suddenly the small interior court of the house was full of soldiers in red berets. They burst through the door. Laughing, they shook hands with the hostages. But almost immediately an officer interrupted them. "Fast!" he barked. "Come along."

Filing outside, the hostages followed their liberators through the narrow streets. Said one man, "A tank was systematically clearing the streets. When we passed it and the gun went off, it made us jump, and that made the soldiers laugh. But they were happy anyway—so happy that they emptied entire magazines from their sub-machine-guns into the air."

Soon the hostages were led to safety after an ordeal which had lasted almost three weeks. Now there remained only 38 Americans to be found.

Egyptian Aid

DURING these tense days, President Nasser of Egypt struggled desperately to end the fighting and to avoid the larger conflict he saw brewing. He first dispatched a high-ranking emissary to Amman to attempt to negotiate a cease-fire between Hussein and the leader of the guerrillas, Yassir Arafat. Rebuffed by both men, he convened an Arab summit meeting in Cairo's Hilton Hotel. But Hussein and Arafat refused to attend. Despite the absence of these principals, the conference decided to send a peace delegation to Amman, led by Gaafar Mohammed al-Nimeiry of Sudan.

Twice, at grave personal risk, al-Nimeiry flew into Amman, and on September 25, the same day that the first hostages were found and freed, he finally succeeded in persuading the warring parties to accept an armistice.

Concurrently, Edward Heath wrote to Nasser, asking him to intercede on behalf of the hostages. As a result, Egyptian embassy personnel in Amman made contact with the Popular Front. The guerrillas were now in a desperate situation. Water and food was short; they could no longer guarantee the safety of their prisoners.

At last, on September 26, just before midday, a guerrilla calling himself Abu Khaled appeared at the house where the bulk of the American hostages were detained. Khaled explained that TWA Captain Carroll Woods was to be guided to the Egyptian embassy by a guerrilla girl. There he was to transmit the "final demands" of the Front. These were as follows: They wanted the curfew lifted and an end to the military government instituted by Hussein. They wanted the right to bury their dead. They wanted the armistice to be observed.

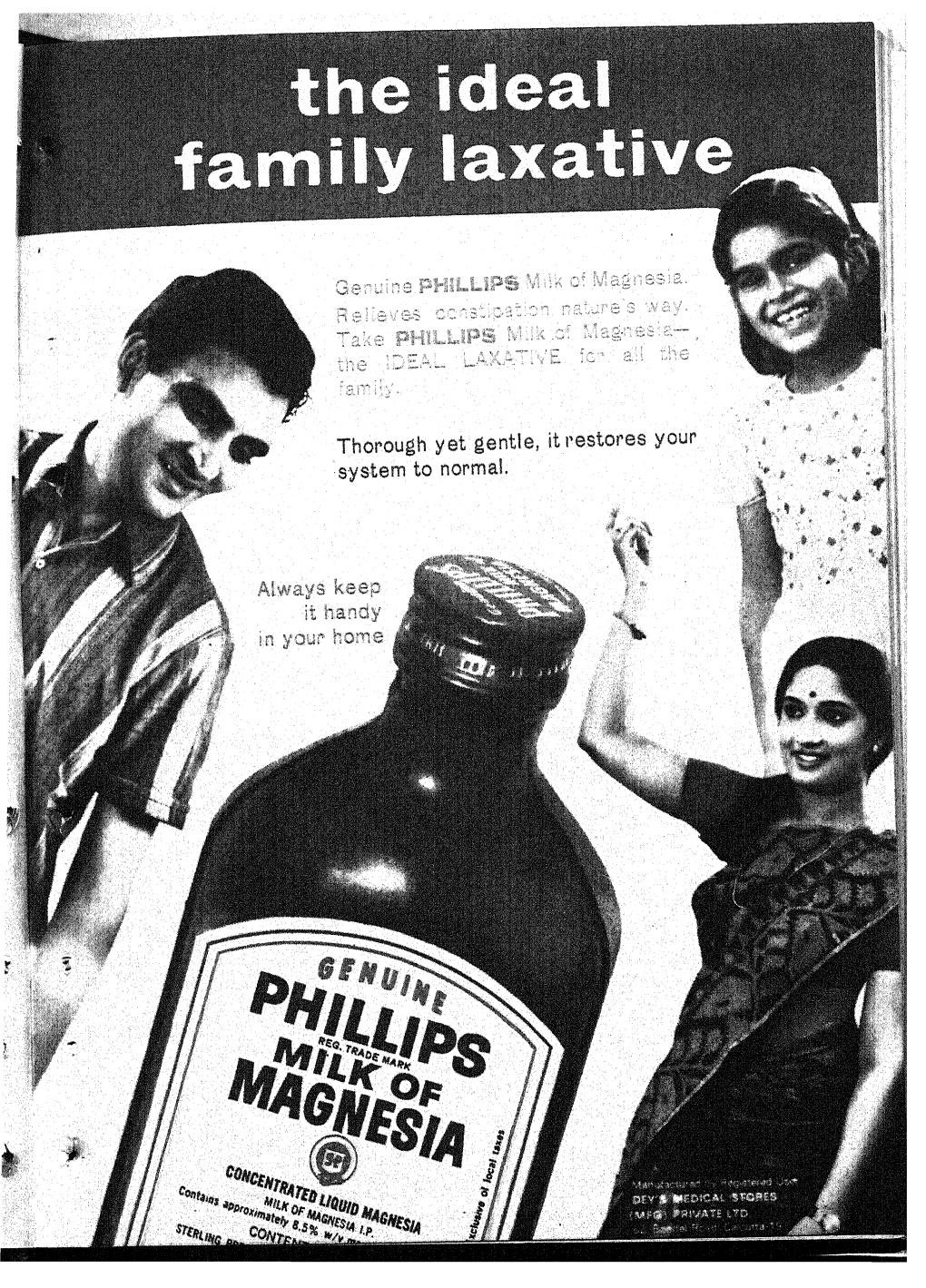
Woods and the girl left, and now

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everything proceeded swiftly. American contractor Feinstein recalled later: "I was in the kitchen opening a can of peas. A guerrilla entered in the company of an Egyptian and said, 'All of you are free!' Then the Egyptian—who used a walking-stick to help a limp—led us through the backyard. He was very excited. He said he was taking us to some Red Cross buses near by. Keeping close to the walls of houses, we followed him."

"Many Palestinians were watching us," says Miriam Beeber. "They knew that we were on our way to freedom. One man came running up, holding a small child in his arms. 'America! America!' he cried. He wanted to give us the child to take with us. He thought the Jordanians were going to massacre them all, and he wanted to save his child."

The Red Cross buses were not where they were supposed to be, so the Egyptian—he was a diplomat from the embassy—tied a white handkerchief to his walking-stick and led the hostages through the no-man's-land that Amman had become. Despite the armistice, shooting was still going on.

Finally, the Egyptians deposited the group in an industrial building in the heart of Amman and left to find the buses. Two agonizing hours passed, but at last he returned with a Red Cross delegate and the vehicles. As the hostages got in, machine-gun rounds whistled about. "Duck!" the Egyptian yelled, and the buses sped away.

Fifteen minutes later, they came to a Red Cross hospital. The front of it was shot up, and broken glass was everywhere. Wounded lay in the corridors.

"The next morning," Miriam said, "a Palestinian nurse led us through the hospital. There I saw children who had lost their arms, children with eyes torn out by artillery-shell fragments. I'll never be able to forget it."

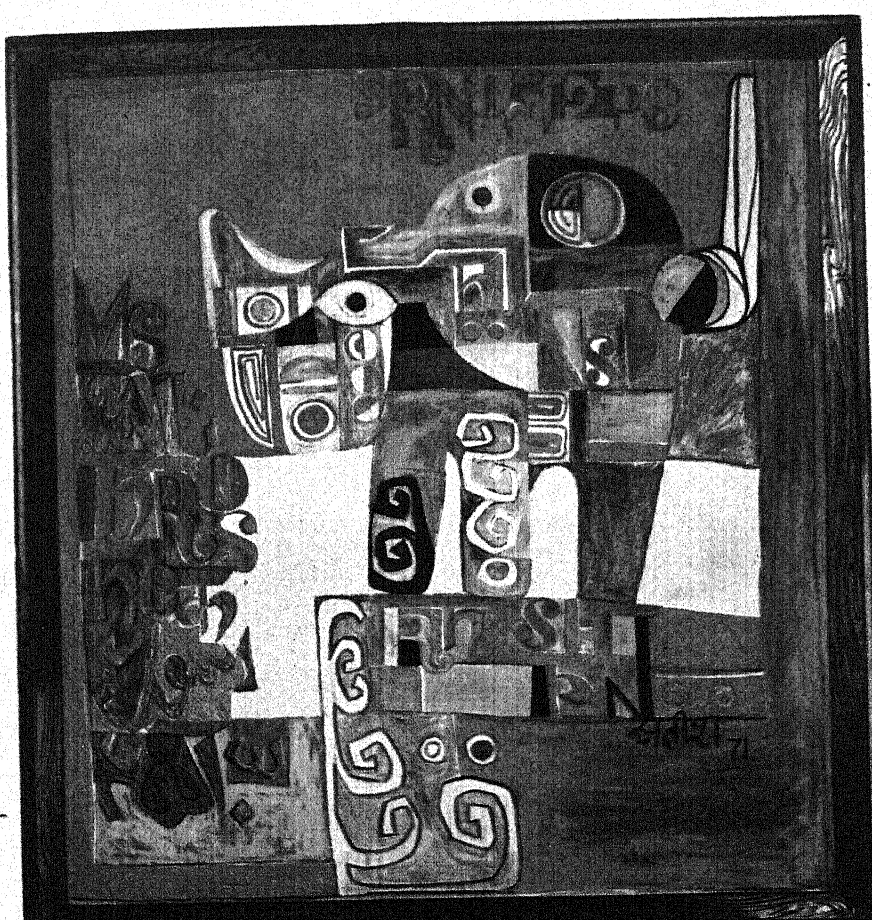
After breakfast, the hostages were taken to the airport and put aboard planes to begin their long-awaited journey back to New York.

At noon the same day, in Cairo, Nasser crowned his role as negotiator. After six hours of talks, King Hussein and his main foe, Arafat, shook hands. It was a cool handshake. But it marked the end of the civil war. Two days later, the last six hostages—the men who had been held in Irbid—were freed.

Final Reckoning

IN THE last analysis, what did the skyjackers achieve? One of their avowed purposes was to draw attention to the plight of the Palestinian refugees. In this they were certainly successful, not only with the hostages, who were subjected to constant propaganda, but with the world at large, which followed the skyjackings closely.

In addition, after the return of the last hostages, the Western



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nations lived up to their promise to release Leila Khaled and the six other commandos held by West Germany and Switzerland. A Comet with Leila on board flew from Lyneham, Wiltshire, to Munich, where it picked up three Arab terrorists. The Comet's next stop was Zürich, to pick up the remaining three. All seven disembarked in Cairo. Israel released no Arab prisoners.

Lastly, despite official disapproval of the hijackings, the Popular Front gained status and admiration among some Arabs for the audacity and nerve it displayed in stealing the four aircraft. In an area as volatile as the Middle East, the Front's success may turn out to have as yet unknown effects.

But there is a debit side to the ledger, too. The hijackings served as a warning to the Western nations that they had better take stronger steps to safeguard their aeroplanes. As early as September 11, President Nixon announced that armed plain-clothes guards would be aboard many U.S. flights. Other precautions would also be taken. In the future, the odds are high that aerial hijackers will be apprehended or—as in the case of Leila Khaled's accomplice—fatally wounded.

The risk to the lives of innocent people was enormous. Fortunately, not one of the hostages was injured, but in the civil war, which the hijackings helped to trigger, the death and devastation were catastrophic. Estimates of the number of casualties have ranged from 5,000 to 20,000, and nobody knows how many women and children from the Palestinian refugee camps were among them.

Undoubtedly, President Nasser was himself a victim of the crisis. His efforts to conciliate the warring factions had been strenuous, and at the close of the negotiations on September 27 he said, "All I want now is sleep!"

The following day, at 6.15 p.m., Nasser died at his home in a suburb of Cairo. Because he had agreed to the American plan for peace in the Middle East and was even then working towards implementing it, he was considered merely another of the Popular Front's many enemies. But for the millions of Arabs who mourned Nasser from the Atlantic coast of Africa to the Persian Gulf, his loss was incalculable.

Finally, despite the propaganda value of the skyjackings, the reaction around the world was strongly condemnatory. U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations, labelled them "savage and inhuman acts," and called for "prompt and effective measures to put a stop to this return to the law of the jungle." Pope Paul said, "These outrageous acts of piracy must never be repeated."

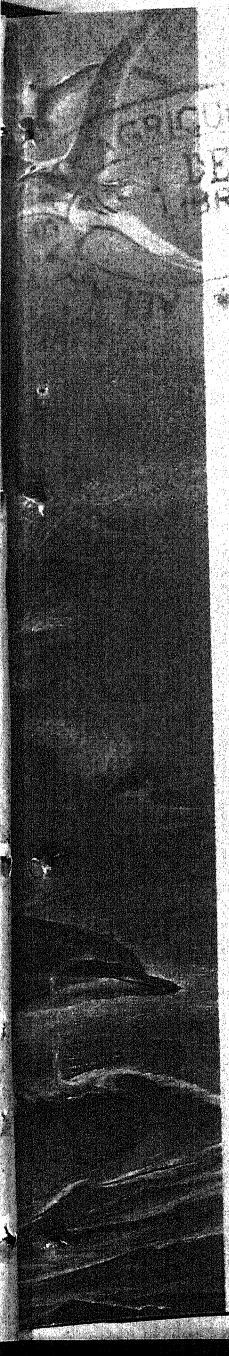
Though the guerrillas may have drawn attention to their cause, they lost much of the world's sympathy in doing so. THE END

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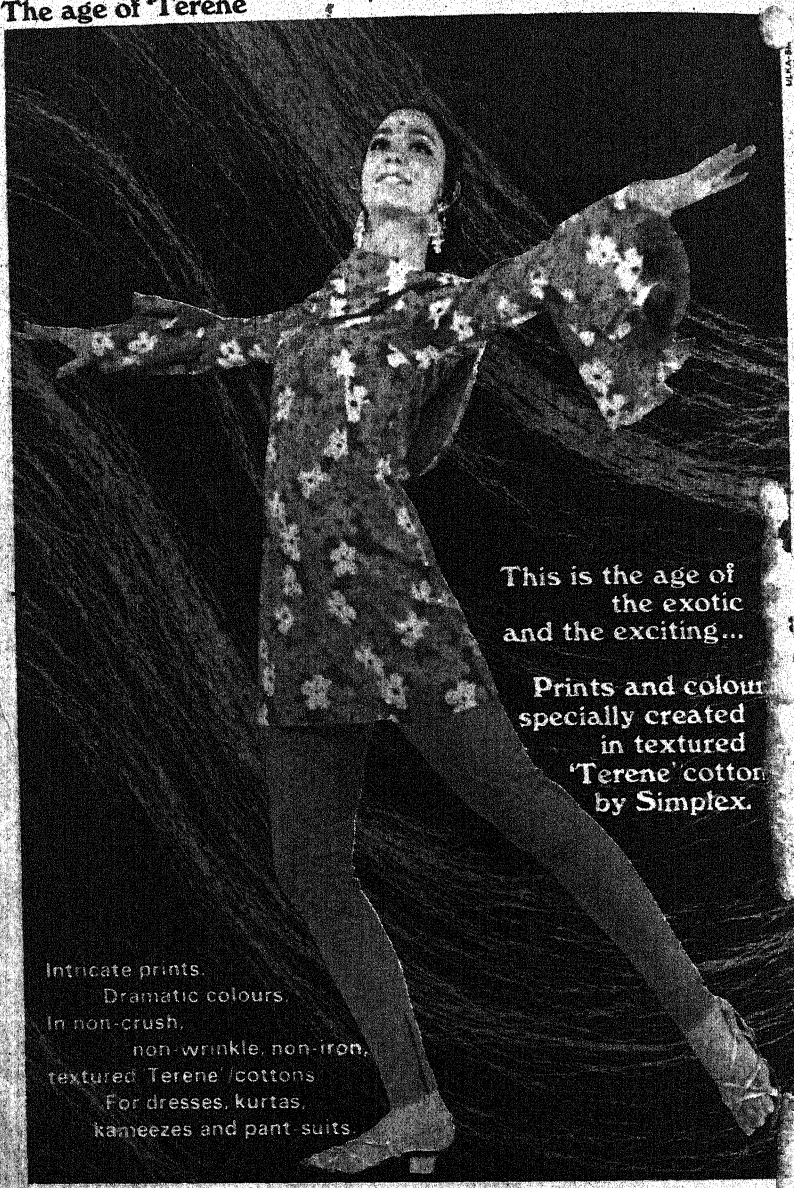
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—Bennett Cerf

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—Betty Habit

UMAN beings are not perfectle. They *are* improvable.
—Eric Sevareid

IT wasn't for the fun of antipating the pleasures of travel d the fun of telling about your ip when you get back, nobody ould ever go very far from me. —William Feather

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

"Sporting Porpoises"

(Painted for Reader's Digest by Andre Durenceau)

The Reader's Digest
VOL. 99 NO. 595 NOVEMBER 1971

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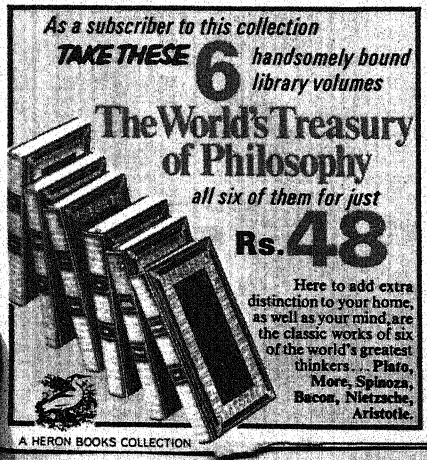
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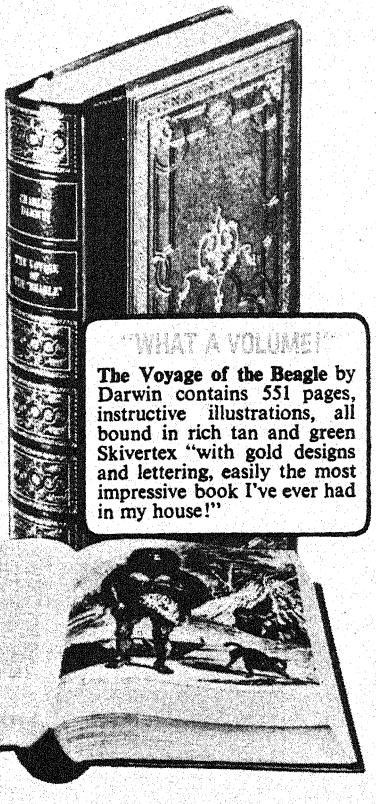


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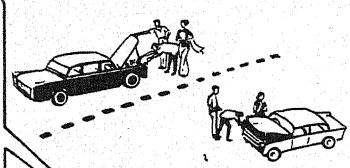
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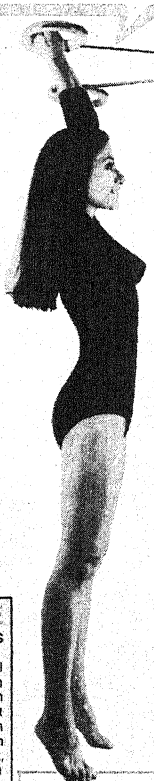
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By Peter Funk

In the list below, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

(1) **plethora** (pleth′ o ră; plee thor′ ră)—A: sufficiency. B: miscellany. C: superabundance. D: ancient unit of capacity.

(2) **vantage**—A: conceit. B: superiority. C: forefront. D: crux.

(3) **impeccable** (im pek′ ă b'l)—A: flawless. B: precise. C: fussy. D: having integrity.

(4) **sublime**—A: unconscious. B: hidden. C: decorous. D: exalted.

(5) **aquatic** (ă kwat′ ik)—Pertaining to A: primitive times. B: water. C: ecology. D: fowl.

(6) **profess**—A: to object. B: march forward. C: affirm. D: lavish.

(7) **cajole** (kă jole′)—A: to soothe. B: subdue. C: trick. D: coax.

(8) **intimidate**—A: to hint. B: frighten. C: bluff. D: harass.

(9) **caustic** (kaws′ tik)—A: sharp. B: causative. C: callous. D: angry.

(10) **topical**—A: relating to a region's physical features. B: superficial. C: of current interest. D: figurative.

(11) **equitable** (ek′ wĭ tă b'l)—A: calm. B: impersonal. C: compensatory. D: just.

(12) **pontificate** (pon tif′ ĭ kate)—A: to speak pompously. B: censure. C: elevate. D: bless.

(13) **deferential** (def er en′ shal)—A: distinguishing. B: respectful. C: shy. D: casual.

(14) **staccato** (stă kah′ toe)—A: quick. B: rough. C: disconnected. D: verbose.

(15) **incubus** (in′ kew bus)—A: embryo. B: Indian folklore. C: cocoon. D: nightmare.

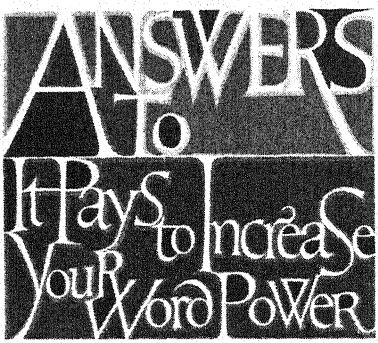
(16) **reputable** (rep′ yew tă b'l)—A: haughty. B: glamorous. C: estimable. D: notorious.

(17) **debilitate** (de bil′ ĭ tate)—A: to weaken. B: regurgitate. C: infect. D: belittle.

(18) **poignant** (poin′ yant)—A: careful. B: touching. C: bitter. D: profound.

(19) **affront** (ă frunt′)—A: insult. B: nonsense. C: contempt. D: pretence.

(20) **stringent** (strin′ jent)—A: stringy. B: tense. C: causing to shrink. D: strict.



(1) **plethora**—C: Superabundance; excessive amount; as, a *plethora* of cookery books. Greek *plēthein*, "to be full."

(2) **vantage**—B: Superiority; position offering an advantage; as, from the *vantage* point of lifelong experience. Old French *avantage*.

(3) **impeccable**—A: Flawless; irreproachable; as, a person of *impeccable* character. Latin *impeccabilis*, "without sin."

(4) **sublime**—D: Exalted; splendid; inspiring awe or emotion; as, a *sublime* symphony. Latin *sublimis*, "uplifted."

(5) **aquatic**—B: Pertaining to water; taking place in or on the water; as, *aquatic* sports. Latin *aqua*, "water."

(6) **profess**—C: To affirm; declare openly; as, to *profess* concern for the environment. Latin *profiteri*.

(7) **cajole**—D: To coax; persuade with flattery; as, to *cajole* a child into eating. French *cajoler*.

(8) **intimidate**—B: To frighten; make timid or fearful; as, to *intimidate* a witness. Latin *intimidare*.

(9) **caustic**—A: sharp; biting; cutting; as, a *caustic* remark. Greek *kaustikos*, from *kaiein*, "to burn."

(10) **topical**—C: Of current or local interest; referring to topics of the day or place; as, a *topical* song. Greek *topikos*, from *topos*, "place."

(11) **equitable**—D: Just and fair; reasonable; as, an *equitable* settlement. Latin *aequus*, "equal, fair, just."

(12) **pontificate**—A: To write or speak in a pompous or dogmatic manner; as, to *pontificate* on an abstruse subject. Latin *pontificare*, "to act as a pontiff."

(13) **deferential**—B: Respectful; having courteous regard for the opinion or wishes of another; as, to listen with *deferential* attention. Latin *deferre*, "to bring down."

(14) **staccato**—C: Disconnected; cut short; abruptly detached; as, a *staccato* rhythm. Italian *staccare*, "to detach."

(15) **incubus**—D: Nightmare; evil spirit; oppressive person or thing; as, the *incubus* of runaway inflation. Latin *incubare*, "to lie on."

(16) **reputable**—C: Estimable; well famed; as, a *reputable* medical school. Latin *reputare*, "reckon."

(17) **debilitate**—A: To weaken; impair the strength of; enfeeble; as, a *debilitating* illness. Latin *debilitare*.

(18) **poignant**—B: Touching; deeply moving; sharply affecting the feelings; as, a *poignant* story. Old French *poindre*, "to prick, sting."

(19) **affront**—A: Open insult; indignity; deliberate act of disrespect; as, an *affront* to human decency. Latin *ad frontein*, "to the face."

(20) **stringent**—D: Strict; having precise rules and standards of performance; as, *stringent* security measures. Latin *stringere*, "to bind tight."

Vocabulary Ratings

16 or more correct.....excellent

15–12 correct .....good

11–9 correct .....fair

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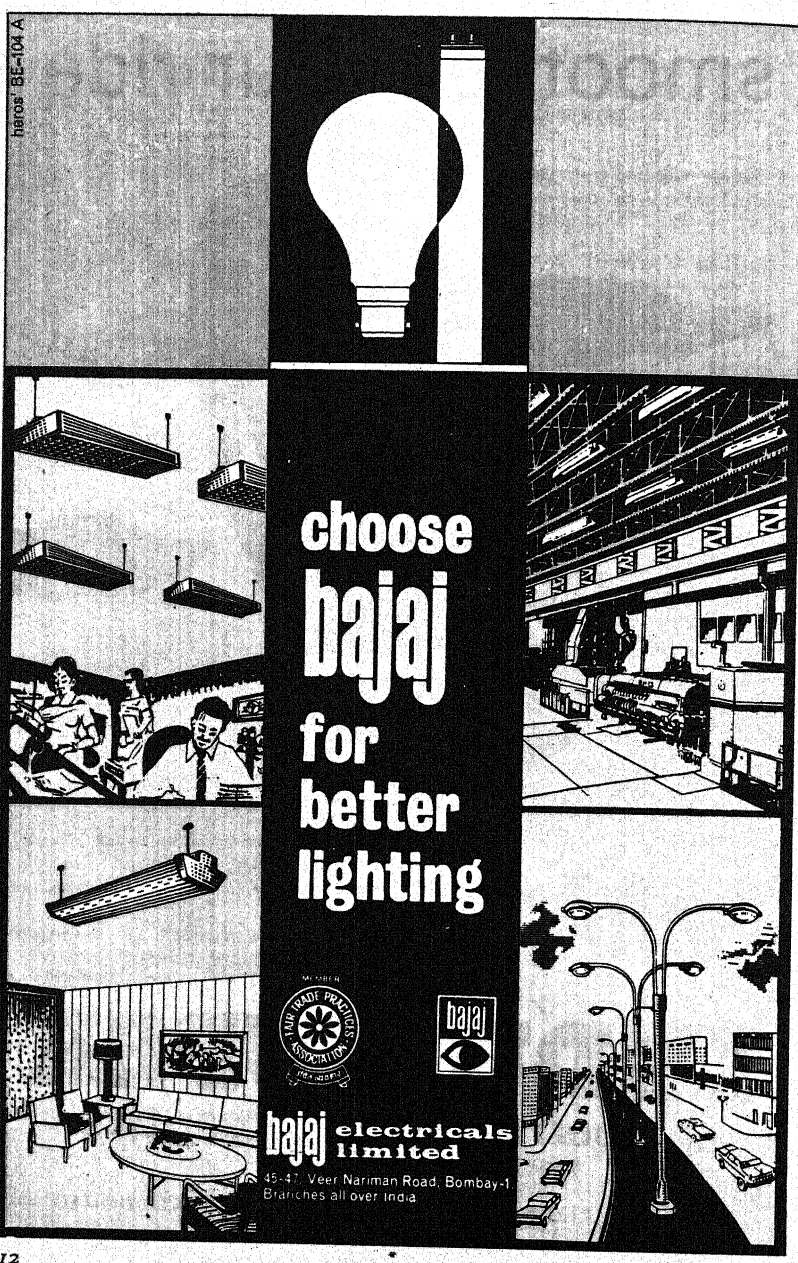


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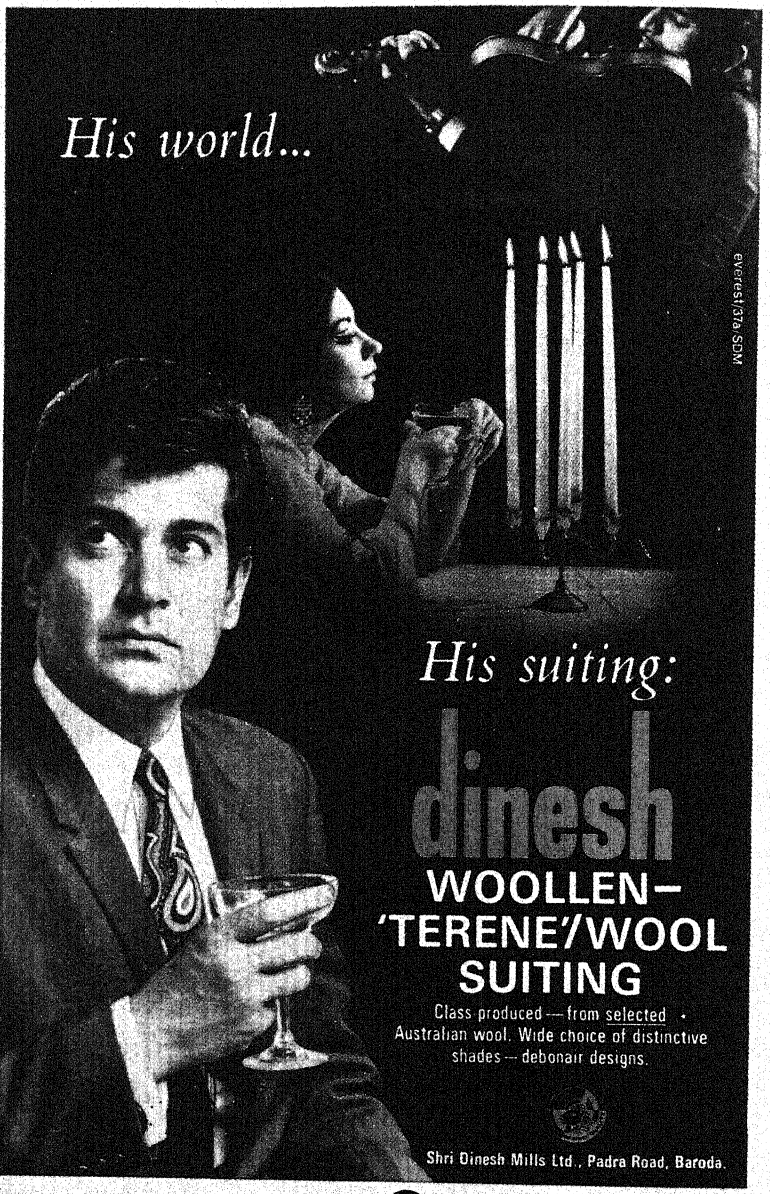


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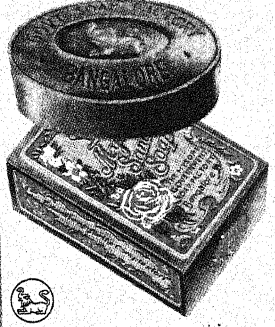


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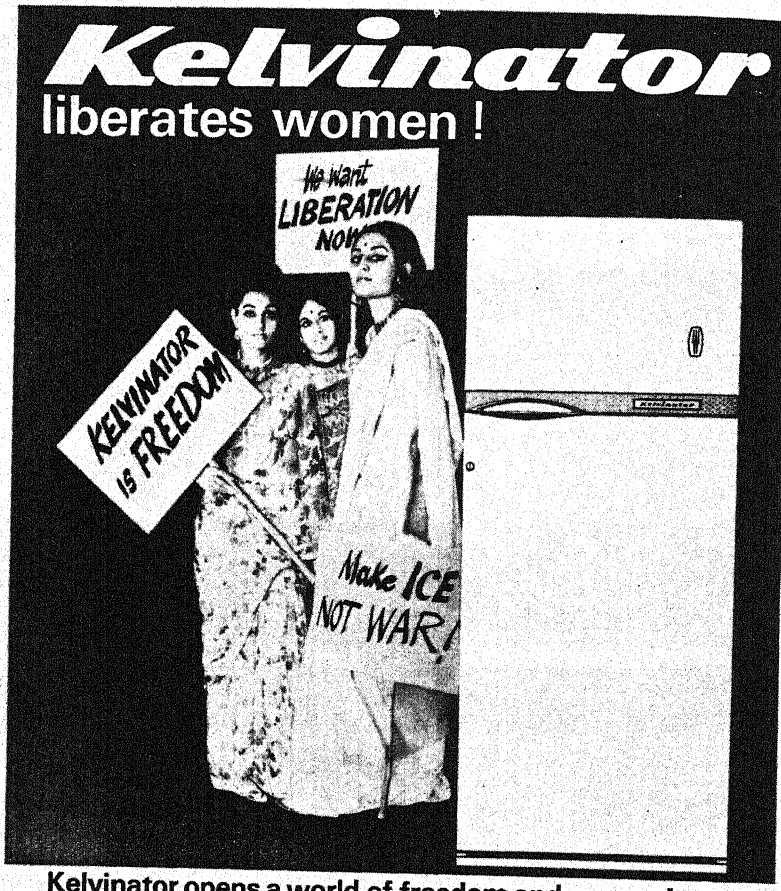
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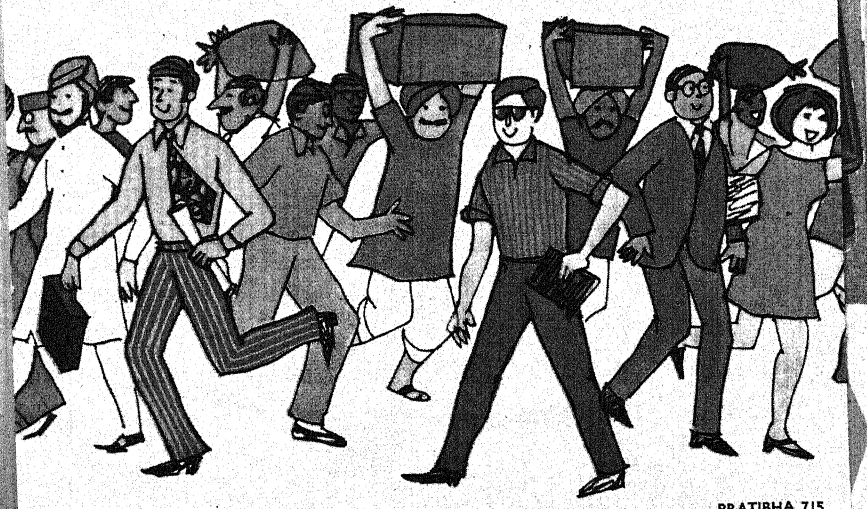
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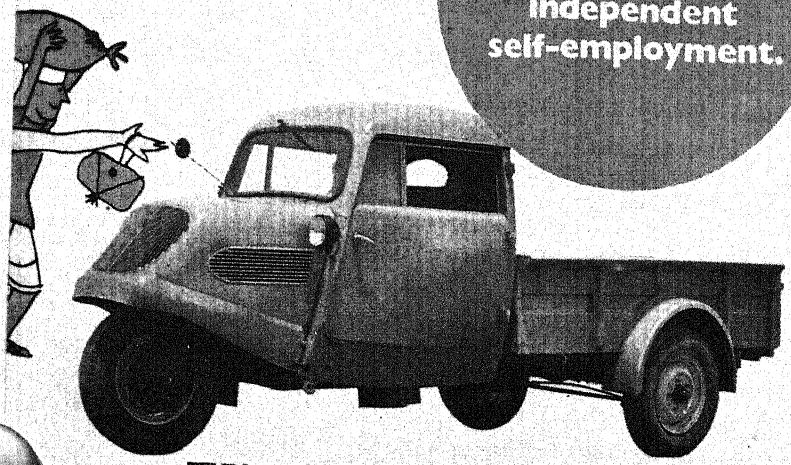
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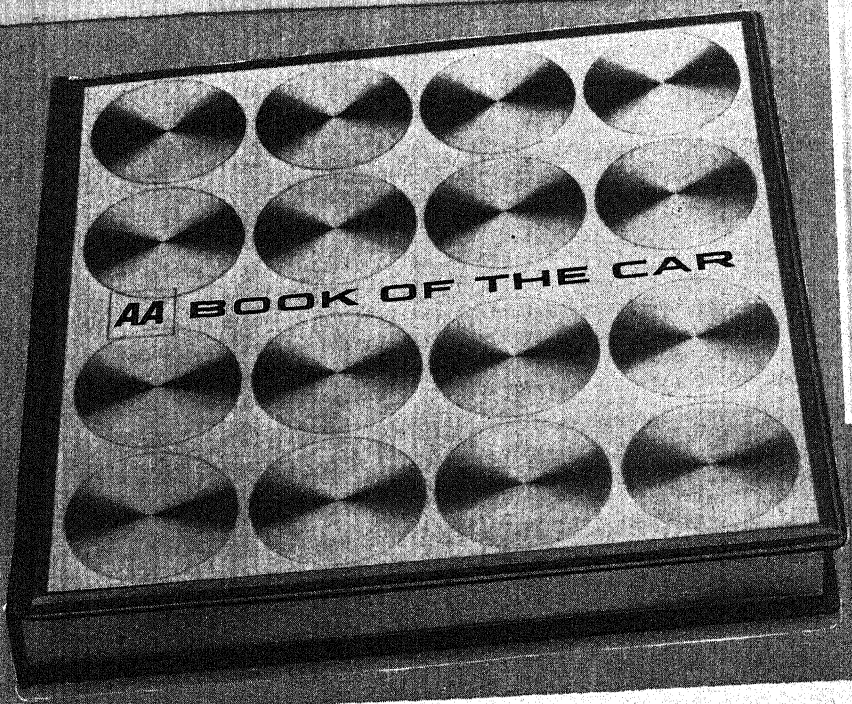


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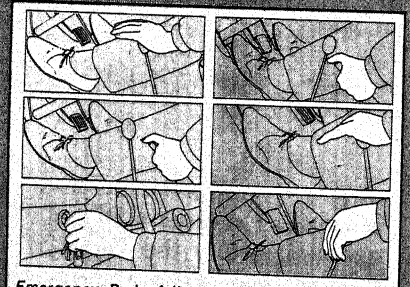
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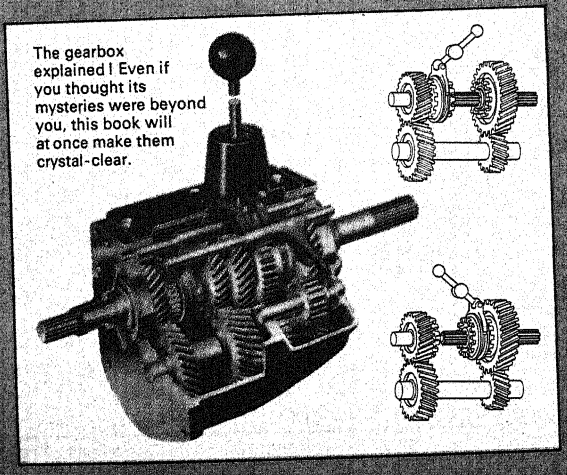
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Sound Barrier

THE U.S. table tennis players who were invited to mainland China last April found the people uninformed on a broad range of topics.

A noticeable number of Peking's citizens, for example, are inveterate smokers. When it was suggested that smoking might lead to lung cancer, they replied, "Oh no, you must be wrong." They had also missed the most dramatic event of the decade. No Chinese publication had yet announced the Americans moon landing.

—*Time*

Down the Drain

SCOTTS VALLEY, California, a tiny coastal community, paid Rs. 2,138 for three surplus missiles that cost the U.S. Army Rs. 75 lakhs each. Scotts Valley plans no limited war, however. City officials say the ten-metre missiles make excellent culverts to drain rainwater and cost far less than usual drainage piping.

—San Jose, California, *Mercury*

Final Error?

IN 1969 the population of the world increased by 71 million—more than the combined total of everyone killed in both World Wars. This gain of 2·2 per second means that each day there were 193,000 more mouths to feed. Whether enmity between nations constitutes a greater threat to man's future than the daily avalanche of babies is debatable.

Politics and economics are important, but biology is fundamental, and failure to recognize this in time and accord it priority could be man's final and most fatal error.

—The *Lancet*, quoted in *The Ecologist*

Social Calling

AN ORGANIZATION called Phonatact is helping to make London a friendlier place in which to live. Founded last year by 26-year-old sociology graduate Brian Snellgrove, Phonatact uses contact by telephone to bring people together, and now has more than 1,000 members—mainly young people. For Rs. 90 each year, members are put in touch with others who have similar interests, and are offered an extensive social programme. Phonatact also runs a public "dial-a-chat" service, which has so far handled over 3,000 calls.

"I foresee the day," says Snellgrove, "when a similar system will operate in every major town as an essential service."

—*The Times*, London

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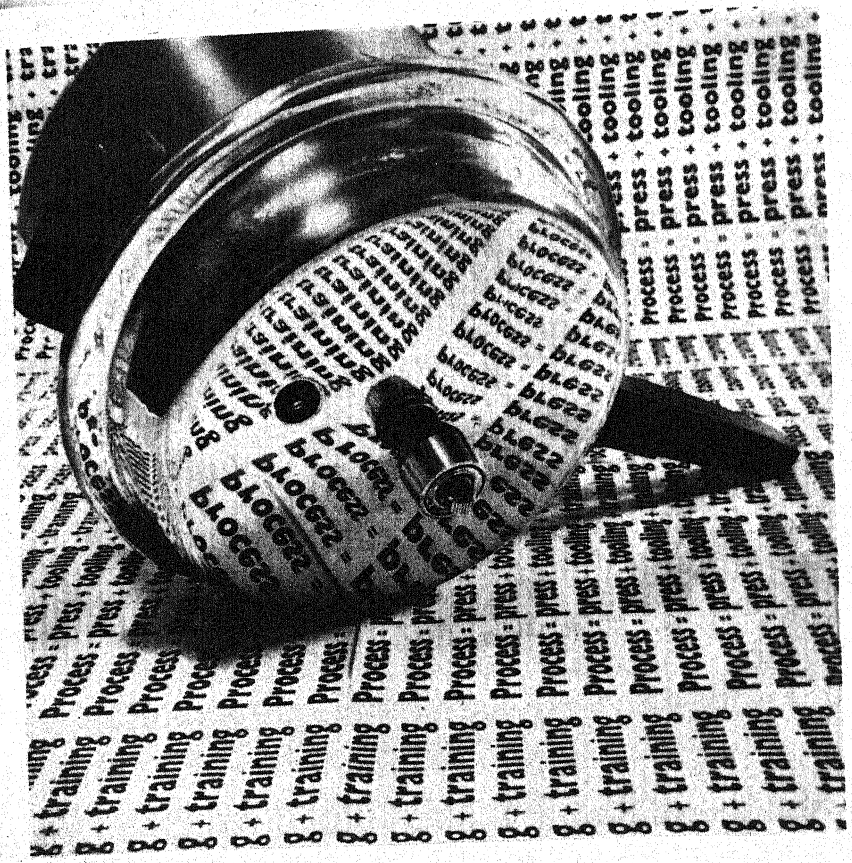


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Brazil's Poet of the Piano

By Edward Tomlinson

She has never had a press agent; all it takes to fill a Rio de Janeiro or São Paulo concert hall is a two-line announcement in Brazil's newspapers. A similarly modest mention that a new album of her piano recordings is available means that it will be sold out within a few days. She was awarded the Brazilian National Medal of Merit, the country's highest decoration for civilians, in 1955. A bronze plaque on the historic Municipal Theatre in Rio de Janeiro says: "To Guiomar Novaes' genius: a tribute from her admirers."

Today, after more than half a century on the concert stage, Guiomar Novaes Pinto continues to captivate her devoted following and win new admirers with each performance. She was 18 when she

gave her first concert in New York in 1916.

"After that," Novaes reminisced last year in São Paulo, "I was asked to sign contracts for 40 engagements the next year in North America. From then on that public was faithful to me, and I have returned the love I have received from them by dividing my life between Brazil and the United States."

The critics have also remained true. Eurico Nogueira França, writing in one of Brazil's leading newspapers, observes: "The march of time has not shown any decline in her extraordinary resources, but enriched them with a security which brings forth all the unexpected gifts of her rhythmic as well as musical sensitivity."

Inspired Touch. Albert Goldberg of the *Los Angeles Times* commented, "She still plays with the strength of a giant and the fairy-like delicacy of an Oberon." And an aspiring young pianist whom I invited to one of her New York concerts whispered to me as Novaes played Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata,* "I can almost see moonbeams dancing on the keyboard." The *New York Times* has characterized her as the "poet of the piano."

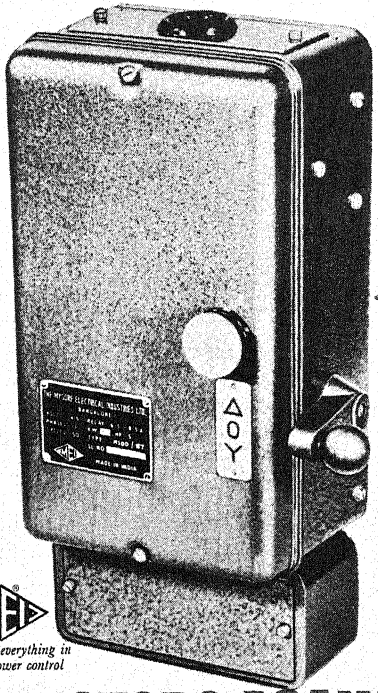
Because she has been a public figure most of her life, Madame Novaes cherishes time at her home in São Paulo. When I called on her, I did not recognize the shy, unassuming woman who opened the door. On the concert stage she is a commanding personality. Here in her own home she looked like the gentle great-grandmother that she is.

She continues to put in a stint of practising and studying scores that would exhaust most people half her age. A newspaperman who once had a room near her hotel-suite, insists that he heard her rehearse over and over again, the very passages the critics had pronounced perfect the night before. She admits to rehearsing pieces she has played for a lifetime, "Because it is always possible to discover new meanings the composer might have had in mind."

José Paes Nunes, a prominent Brazilian music critic, says this is the secret of her hold on the public. "No matter how many times you have heard her play a piece," he explains, "she invariably brings out fresh shadings and nuances you never heard before. I attend her concerts with eager anticipation, and I am never disappointed."

Although many people who have heard Novaes play mention her relaxed calm, her friends say she is tense and nervous before a concert. But the moment her fingers touch the keyboard, she is oblivious to everything but the music. I had evidence of this concentration during that visit to her. She played some music she wanted me to hear, and she seemed totally unaware that her two grandchildren were romping around the room.

On stage the petite pianist—she



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is only a little over 150 centimetres tall and weighs hardly more than 45 kilograms—makes no dramatic gestures with her head or body. Only her delicate hands move.

At the height of her career, when she travelled about 160,000 kilometres each season, a Steinway grand piano always accompanied her. She would not permit it to be moved after it had been placed on stage and she had rehearsed. She told me that once in Philadelphia the management called her to say the piano had arrived and would she like to come over to rehearse. "Imagine," she exclaimed, "before the poor thing had time to settle down from a jolting trip!"

Guiomar Novaes was born on February 28, 1898, in the town of São João de Boa Vista, in the northwestern part of São Paulo state. Her mother, who was of Dutch descent, was musical, and was the first to discover her daughter's talent. Her father, of Portuguese ancestry, was a businessman and a poet who wrote a poem for each one of his 11 children as they were born. Some of Guiomar's brothers and sisters became doctors and teachers; "I was the only musical one," she told me. "I started playing the piano at the age of three, and at eight became the music arranger and organist for our church."

Her incredible talent brought her under the instruction of the best teachers in Brazil. She had a photographic memory: once, when Guiomar was 12, a teacher assigned her Bach's monumental *Prelude and Fugue in A Minor* on a Monday; she played it for him from memory that Thursday. The São Paulo state government was only too happy to sponsor such a prodigy at the Paris Conservatory. "I was only 13," she told me, "when I set off for France." Composer Claude Débussy heard her audition when she arrived, and wrote, "Even now the young Brazilian has all the qualities of the great artist, eyes that are transported by music, and the power of complete concentration."

Rise to Fame. After two years of intense work at the Conservatory under the famous piano teacher Isadore Philipp, she walked away with the coveted first prize of that institution. Impresarios and managers besieged her with lucrative tour offers, and she appeared with resounding success in most of the European capitals.

In 1922, aged 24, she married Otávio Pinto, a brilliant architect and an accomplished musician and composer (she often plays one of his pieces as an encore).

He took over the management of his wife's musical career, travelling with her on tour and standing in the wings at every concert to cheer her on as she took her place at the piano. When their children, Ana Maria and Luís Otávio, were born, Guiomar withdrew from the concert stage to see to their upbringing. She interrupted her career again

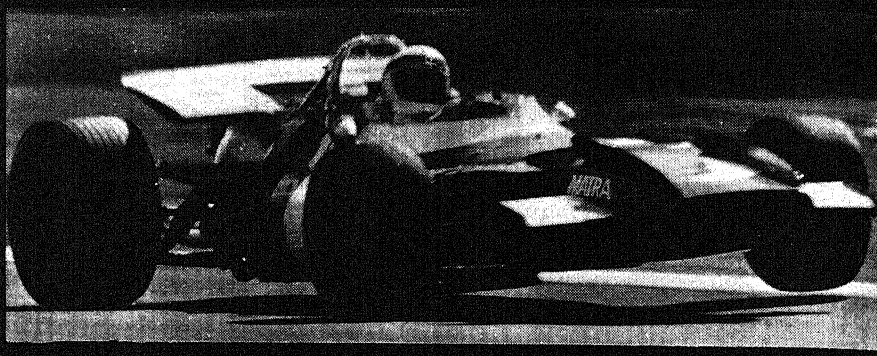
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Jackie Stewart thinks it is time well spent. The Rolex he wears is the Datejust.

ROLEX
OF GENEVA

in November 1951 when Otávio died.

She has now played with practically all the notable conductors of her time. In Austria she recorded six concertos with the Vienna Philharmonic, Hans Svarovsky conducting, doing them in six sessions without one repeat. In 1967, she played at one of the first concerts in London's Queen Elizabeth Hall, a new centre of classical music.

She was a staunch friend and a great interpreter of the works of the late composer Heitor Villa-Lobos, who defined the soul of Brazil through his musical rendering of his country's many moods. More recently she has been responsible for the revival of interest in a neglected musical prodigy from the United States, Louis Gottschalk, whose variations on the Brazilian national anthem she makes into a spectacular piece of patriotic fireworks.

Today Novaes devotes an increasing amount of time to the younger generation of musicians and composers. Some come to pay her tribute, some to ask her advice, some to thank her for a kindness. "In Brazil," she pointed out to me, "we need more education and cultural facilities for our young people. But these are on the way."

Now many Brazilian theatres where she has played carry a commemorative plaque similar to the one in Rio de Janeiro. Civic organizations have heaped honours upon her, and the Brazil's National Council of Women named her one of "the Republic's ten greatest women."

If she ever decided to wear all the medals, medallions and decorations she has received, she would outspangle any field-marshal. Yet the crowning accolade in this soccer-minded country was bestowed last year in a Rio newspaper's enthusiastic description of Brazil's resounding 6–0 victory over Venezuela: "Soccer star Pelé," it reported, "is with the feet what our great pianist Guiomar Novaes is with the hands."

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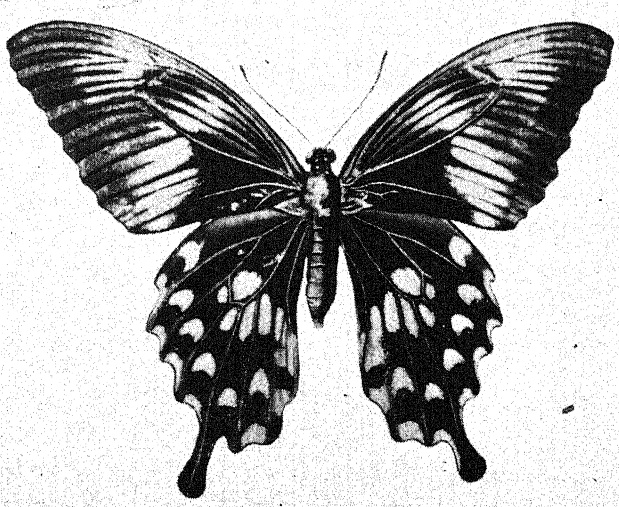
PET'S AD: "Need a sympathetic companion? Bassett puppies are all ears." —A. J.

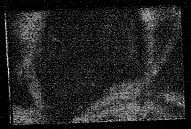
SIGN on office notice-board: "For sale: 1965 sports car. Excellent condition. Priced ridiculously high—owner loves to haggle." —Mrs. E. Santy

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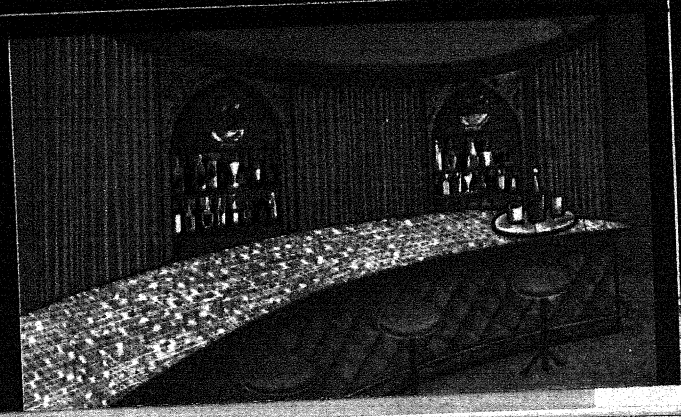




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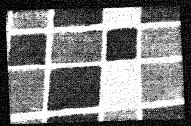
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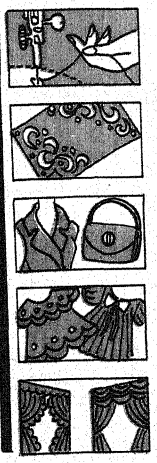
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He Brings Them Back to Life

By Roul Tunley

Reginald Maling's electronic devices are opening up new worlds for the severely handicapped

In Horsham, Sussex, not long ago, I saw something that made my eyes blink. Down the road came a small, four-wheeled vehicle with no steering wheel, no brake pedal and no gear lever. On top of this moving platform sat the driver, half-reclining in a special seat, feet tucked under a blanket, arms folded across his chest. Yet by some invisible means of control, the vehicle slowed down, signalled "left," and made a perfect turn, vanishing round the corner.

People living near-by recognize the driver as 37-year-old Paul Bates. Paralysed by polio from the neck down for the past 17 years, he has only a flicker of movement in three fingers and a thumb.

Like many tetraplegics, he once lay idle and useless in hospital. Now, through the magic of electronics, the flicker in those fingers has been harnessed to microswitches so ingeniously that he enjoys a new life of freedom. A successful salesman for modern hospital beds, he has written a book, *Horizontal Man* (published by Pan, London), drives his converted milk-float out shopping, visits

bars and indulges a penchant for travel.

Bates is one of many severely handicapped people throughout the world whom such modern technology has rescued from the limbo of the useless, and returned to the world of the living. Spastics, arthritics, victims of thalidomide, multiple sclerosis and muscular dystrophy, and others stricken with paralysing diseases need no longer be institutionalized vegetables. Though confined to a bed or wheelchair, unable to use hands, feet or even voice, they can now command a battery of miracle machines that not only allow them to communicate with the outside world, but to live in it and make a contribution to it.

One of the men most responsible for this Lazarus operation is a 43-year-old, ginger-haired bachelor named Reginald Maling. Equipped with laser-like intelligence, he is an engineer-inventor with a passion for solving mechanical and electrical problems—especially those which involve handicapped people.



Reginald Maling (in chair) visits Paul Bates and his Great Dane, Louise

He has rarely been known to say no to any patient, however hopeless the case. He exploits whatever shred of movement the patient has —fingers, toes, heels, elbows, even an eyebrow. "There's always *something* to work on," he says.

Maling was thrust into his current role almost by accident. Working as a research chemist for a gramophone-record company in Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, ten years ago, he spent some free time with the paralysed patients at Britain's

National Spinal Injuries Centre at Stoke Mandeville Hospital.

One evening he saw a young man who had broken his neck water-skiing and was totally paralysed from the neck down, his voice barely audible. He had just enough movement of his head to give a feeble blow on a police whistle, which his nurses had hung on a string near his mouth so that he could signal them. This gave Maling an idea. Why must the handicapped use hands or feet to run machines? Why not the mouth?

Breath of Life. He designed a device that was operated by gentle pressure and suction on a tube whose mouthpiece looked like a cigarette holder. By "sucking" or "puffing" even someone using a respirator could activate a mechanism that opened and closed doors, raised and lowered beds, turned on lights, heat, television. Even more important for those who couldn't speak, the unit could be rigged to run an electric typewriter. Using a simple code, speeds of up to 40 words a minute could be achieved.

Puzzled over what to call his brainchild, Maling described it literally: Patient Operated Selector Mechanism—or POSM. Pronounced, it came out POSSUM. Since *possum* is Latin for "I can," the name seemed appropriate and it stuck.

Working nights and week-ends, Maling spent more than a year building his unique mechanism. When it was completed, Paul Bates was chosen to demonstrate it on television. Impressed by the programme. Britain's National Fund for Research Into Crippling Diseases awarded Maling a number of grants over five years. This, and the encouragement of Sir Ludwig Guttman, then director at Stoke Mandeville, enabled him to work full-time developing Possums.

Maling, working closely with Roger Jefcoate, who joined the Possum Foundation later that year, devised units for a variety of purposes. By adapting the original machine, patients were able to operate adding machines, film projectors, switchboards, even industrial machine tools.

Bates implored Maling to do the impossible: enable him to drive. Maling measured the pressure left in each of Paul's good fingers, then worked out the technical details—thumb to steer right, middle finger left, forefinger to accelerate, and fourth finger to handle reverse, lights, traffic indicator and emergency brake. Soon Paul—who "hadn't enough strength in my fingers to crush a rotten tomato"—had won his licence to drive.

This kind of customer designing was expensive, however, and Maling found himself in difficulties as the grants ran out. Since revenue from the sale of Possums was limited (the basic unit costs Rs. 7,500), the enterprise might have foundered if Britain's Department of Health and Social Security had

not stepped in and decided to issue units to all who could benefit most from them.

Today, half of Possum's sales are to the government. Since Possum-users no longer need to be in hospital (which is very expensive), the price of the machine is, in effect, amortized within a few months, thus proving a blessing to the taxpayer as well as the handicapped.

To see what the latest devices can do for the disabled, I called on Possum-users whose lives have been transformed.

Another Chance. Hilary Pole is reputedly the most paralysed woman in Britain. While in her early twenties, a radiantly healthy physical-education teacher, she contracted myasthenia gravis, which prevents nerve impulses originating in the brain from reaching the muscles.

In Hilary's case, one of the severest on record, virtually all body functions ceased. Unable to breathe, she was kept alive by a respirator; unable to move her eyelids, she could not see. All that was left when the disease stabilized ten years ago was her hearing and a flicker of movement in her big toes.

When Roger Jefcoate, Deputy Director of the Possum team, was called in, he found she had less than two millimetres mobility in her toes. Using a specially developed, extremely sensitive micro-switch, he conjured up a whole roomful of Possum devices for her to use, the most important of which was a typewriter. With a mind totally unimpaired, Hilary learned the operating code in two days.

When I saw her I had to remind myself that, despite the closed eyes and motionless body, Hilary was completely awake and able to hear everything I said. I asked what Possum means to her. Immediately her toe started jerking and the typewriter clicked, writing message after message. She carries on a correspondence, she said; serves on the committee of a magazine for the handicapped. She has friends, books, music. She can write poetry, follow sport. "After seven years of silence," she concluded, "it's wonderful!"

When I visited Dick Boydell in Kelvedon, Essex, he wrote on his typewriter: "Possum made it possible for me to express myself."

Dick is a spastic, and might have gone through life with everyone but his parents believing him mentally retarded. His head, body and limbs are contorted by such spasms that he is unable to speak clearly, walk or even feed himself. It was hard to tell what went on in his mind.

Maling was asked to try to bridge the communications gap. He decided after some study that Dick had enough control in his right foot to operate a pair of foot switches which were wired to a Possum-controlled typewriter. Dick very quickly learnt the operating code and soon the messages came in a flood. As it turned out, he was not

normal; he was positively brilliant!

Dick's special field is mathematics, and not long ago Ford Motor Company gave him an aptitude test for computer programming. Dick scored 100 per cent, the first man ever to do so. Today he works for Ford as a part-time computer programmer. He lives at the Spastics Society's Further Education Centre in Essex, where he's studying electronics.

Elsewhere in Essex, at Chelmsford, I met a Possum-user who is self-supporting. Elizabeth Twistington Higgins was a professional ballet dancer when in 1953, at the height of her career, she contracted polio. Paralysed from the neck down, she spent nearly two years in an iron lung. Then Roger Jefcoate came into her life. She must still return to the iron lung in hospital every night—otherwise she would forget to breathe when she falls asleep—but Possum has given her the confidence to live in her own home during the day. She can answer the telephone, and with a Possum-controlled dictating machine has written her autobiography, *Still Life*

A tape recorder with an amplifier has further widened her horizons. She has staged three ballets; gives dancing lessons. When I saw her she was about to receive a class, in her wheelchair. "When I teach—thanks to Possum—I'm completely absorbed. I forget I'm paralysed."

The future is bright for the handicapped, says Maling. Machines for them will become cheaper, more widespread and more sophisticated. "We're only at the beginning of what's possible."

Even so, the present looks wonderful to hundreds of users of



Elizabeth Twistington Higgins teaching ballet with the help of Possum aids

Possum and other freedom-giving devices around the world. Perhaps their reaction can best be summed up by a telegram Maling received from a Chinese accident victim in Singapore who'd just mastered his special typewriter: "I feel as though I've come back from the dead!"

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A Harvest of Mushrooms

By Richard Church

Excerpts from a well-loved author's latest book of reminiscences, in which he gathers together the thoughts and reflections of a lifetime

I have yet to meet a farmer who is disconcerted by the weather. He does nothing but grumble and predict ruination; but there is a twinkle in his eye. "That barley's a fine old mess," one farmer said to me, "but this rain is bringing on that field of cabbages a treat."

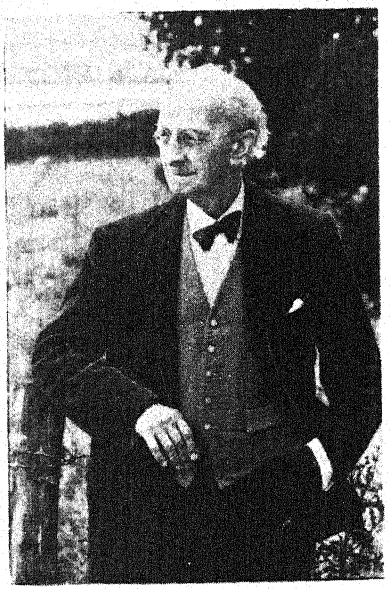
That statement shows a sense of balance after which professional philosophers strive by much more devious methods.

I suspect that the banks, on whom all farmers appear to lean for large overdrafts, retain their confidence in these customers because of that secondary clause about the cabbages.

The prescription for a well-balanced person is to know everything about something, and something about everything. But how difficult it is to reach that nice balance! The "everything about something" we know to be an almost impossible aim.

Indeed, the more we learn the more there is to learn, and it can be observed that in the lives of the greatest men and women, especially those who have written autobiographies, the summing up at the end

CONDENSED FROM A HARVEST OF MUSHROOMS, COLLECTION © 1970 BY RICHARD CHURCH AND PUBLISHED BY HEINEMANN, LONDON



PENNY TWEEDIE

of the last chapter is usually a confession that the world-famous veteran is just about to begin to learn the craft to which a long life has been devoted.

I GET UP early, winter and summer, to partake of the sacrament of daybreak. The pleasure of this habit is at its most exquisite round about the springtime of the year. There is something in the air before dawn, even a wet and cloudy dawn, in March and April, which is pristine, crystalline. But there is no word for it, especially if the dawn be a clear one, with the sky rinsed and swept in preparation for the casting of the shafts of light up and over out of the eastern rim of the universe.

IGNORANCE is the prerogative of the young, and also of the wise.

TIME MAY BECOME a burden as the years increase but there are treasures in that burden: golden ingots of experience, precious jewels of recollection, fine fabrics of understanding.

RARELY ENDOWED persons, such as William Blake, and other poets and musicians and painters, preserve a sense of wonder and recognition into mature and even into late life, constant in their exclamation at the astonishing beauty of common things.

But it is not only specially gifted folk who are able to keep this childlike endowment. I know many who, without great opportunity of education or economic privilege, go about their daily lives, their eyes alight with wonder and excitement, as they feel, see, smell, hear under the direction of some directive genius inside themselves, which points the way to rapture and worship, no matter what or where the circumstances.

IT IS STRANGE, and wonderful, how certain incidents linger in the memory from earliest childhood. I have a recollection of being taken for my first day at school, at the age of five. It was a large, grim place, black

with London smoke of the eighteen-nineties, when pea-souper fogs lasted nearly through the whole winter. There seemed to be thousands of people, large and small, and all of them totally indifferent to a small child hitherto tied to the sweet certainties and comforts of his mother's apron-strings.

I was shivering with apprehension as I stood at the threshold of the great hall, as it appeared from my 107-centimetre-tall standpoint. Then a woman, who must have been one of the teachers, took me by the hand and led me to a gigantic Christmas Tree all spangled and dripping with gifts. She took down a sugar pig, with a red snout, and put it into my free hand.

"There!" she said, "that is for a good boy who is so brave."

Now the power of that trivial, commonplace recollection lies in the fact that it was an instance of praise. The quaking waif, suddenly plunged into the vast indifference of the general community, was called "a brave boy." He instantly became one. It was as direct and simple as that, like putting a match to a well-laid fire.

When one thinks of the way of our lives in this complicated world; the thousand and one temptations to lapse from effort, from the strife towards perfection, say in baking a cake, washing up the dishes, painting a picture, teaching a child or advising and helping a friend, one feels that the presentation of a little sugar pig here and there, at the appropriate moment, would do a world of good if only as a gesture of encouragement.

High-Speed Faith

WHEN a man on the doorstep asked a Sussex housewife if she was converted, she replied that she was a "practising Anglican."

Explained the man, "Actually, I'm from the Gas Board."

—"Peterborough" in *The Daily Telegraph*, London

A Helping Hand

AT THE opening of a new store in London, Sir John Cohen, president and founder of the Tesco supermarkets group, was asked by a journalist how he could be so sure that the investment would be profitable. Sir John's face crinkled into a grin as he confessed that the secret was that he always rubbed the arm of any new branch manager.

"Like this," he demonstrated, touching the reporter with his hand. "They say I've the Midas touch. It certainly seems to work."

The reporter left shortly afterwards and without hesitation walked into the local Press Club, slotted a coin into the "one-arm bandit" and pulled. Out came the jackpot.

—*The Times Business News*, London

Holland Plans for the Year 2000

By Noel Mostert

With exemplary foresight, the Dutch are mapping the way to a better tomorrow

Strolling down Lange Voorhout in The Hague is like stepping back into a delightful and near-forgotten era. This quiet street, shaded by trees and lined with handsome eighteenth century façades, is a tranquil reminder of what great cities used to be.

Beguiled, you knock gently on the panelled door of No. 19, half expecting it to be opened by a footman in ruffles. "Welcome to the twenty-first century," smiles a shirt-sleeved official as you enter, and the door closes on the past. For this is Holland's National Physical Planning Agency, home of an extraordinary group of futurologists and nerve centre of one of the world's most far-sighted undertakings.

While most other advanced societies are still puzzling how to safeguard the quality of life in the face of the twin pressures of rising population and rampant technology, the Dutch have been solving the problem. Four years ago, they gave the Physical Planning Agency—originally formed in 1941 to draft a national rehabilitation plan—the task of projecting the nation's environmental future in fullest detail, to determine what its priorities should be and how to achieve them.

Their goal is to ensure that daily life for every citizen in the twenty-first century will be as good as human ingenuity can make it. To give themselves a concrete target, they have focused on the year 2000.

Tiny, sea-cramped Holland has

urgent need for the services of technological seers: already the world's most densely populated country, it is estimated that by the end of the century it will have 18 million inhabitants jammed into some 3·6 million hectares. The question of *how* they will be living is obviously a vital one, and in 1965, with the passage of the National Physical Planning Act, it became a matter of government policy.

"The physical planning concept has nothing to do with political or economic theorizing," an Agency official told me. "Its purpose is merely to present rough outlines of likely developments which can be used as the basis of plans for the nation as a whole and for all its resources."

Full Programme. The sum of all these outlines is embodied in a master map of the nation-to-be in the year 2000. Known as the "Structural Scheme," this map provides the frame for future planning. It shows exactly what the country's urban dispersal, its new cities and industrial centres, its agricultural, recreational and water resources, should be in 2000. But the outlines are not mandatory. "It is an invitation to a dance," says Dr. Jasper Vink, the Agency's former director-general. "It is up to the community to accept the invitation."

All over Holland, municipal, provincial and state planners are doing just that. Using the Structural Scheme as their guide, they are redesigning urban life. This was demonstrated to me in practice in the biggest of all Holland's planning problems, Randstad (Rim City). This is an exploding urban agglomerate, a horseshoe-shaped rim of ten metropolitan centres including Rotterdam, Amsterdam and The Hague. More than a third of Holland's population lives here on one-twentieth of its territory.

Gazing across Randstad from the roof of an 18-storey skyscraper on the edge of The Hague, I saw houses, factories, chimneys and towers encircling the horizon. But enclosed by them, like a great, green lagoon, lay wide fields and stretches of woodland. Without physical planning this 12,000-hectare area, called Delfland, would have been engulfed by urban sprawl. Instead, much of it has been bought up by the government and is being preserved for posterity.

Half the area will be kept as agricultural land, so that farm life can become part of urban leisure. The rest will be devoted to recreation—camping sites, cycle and foot paths, fishing and sports areas, lakes for boating and sailing.

To provide oases of green wherever possible has become almost a fetish in Dutch planning, for by the year 2000 an estimated 58 per cent of a Netherlander's time will be given to leisure. Thus, even within congested Randstad itself, the emphasis is on creating a sense of space. Amsterdam, the largest of Randstad's

component cities, has *increased* its urban green areas from 2,225 hectares in 1965 to more than 2,630 hectares at present. And by 1975, that figure is expected to rise to at least 3,035 hectares, evenly distributed throughout the city.

Moreover, the care lavished by city planners on maintaining the appearance of green is often astonishing. In Amsterdam's main park, for example, playing fields have been fitted with movable goalposts so that youngsters playing soccer don't wear the grass bare as they would in front of fixed posts. And the car parks are "paved" with open tiles filled with grass, so that the area appears grass green.

One of the key features of the Dutch planning system is that it works from the bottom up instead of from the top down—by vesting planning power with local authorities. In this way, anyone wishing to comment or complain need only go as far as the Town Hall. The councils are required by law to show how they will use rural areas, and they are encouraged to have development plans for their built-up areas as well as master plans for the entire district.

After consultation with the municipal councils, the country's 11 provincial planning departments prepare regional plans for either a whole province or part of it. Local community decisions are legally binding for the citizens, but anyone disagreeing with them can appeal all the way up to the Dutch crown.

Elsewhere in the Western world, planning of such scope would involve conflicts of interest between property holders and industry on the one hand and the various local, regional and national planning authorities on the other. But Dutch planning laws long ago gave the towns power to acquire all land involved in a planning scheme. Since 1901, when municipal planning first became compulsory in the Netherlands, the largest Dutch cities have been trying to acquire ownership of their land. Amsterdam, where more than two-thirds of the city is owned by the council, is the best example.

There the council leases building sites on a long-term basis for housing projects or to business and industry. Leases can be ended if the city wants to change the use of the land, and the lessee is compensated for his buildings and investment. Amsterdam has been remarkably successful not only in implementing its own plans with a minimum of friction, but in adjusting them to meet the Structural Scheme's aims.

Claiming a Coastline. As well as salvaging their environment, the Dutch are also creating it from scratch. Look at the master map and you'll see two projects, the Delta Plan and the Zuiderzee Reclamation Project. Ranking among the top engineering feats of all time, they will, when completed by the end of this decade, have changed the

map of Europe by shortening the Dutch coast by hundreds of kilometres and increasing Holland's size by one-seventh.

As part of the Rs. 7·5 crore Delta Plan, 25 kilometres of high, solid dams and dikes have been built facing the sea itself, sealing off the inlets. Inside this coastal barrier, the former North Sea encroachments are gradually becoming big fresh-water lakes, thus helping Holland solve two pressing problems: the increasing salinity of much of her soil and the lack of adequate fresh water to combat it.

But shutting out the ocean is a relatively small task compared to converting a whole sea into dry land, and that is exactly what the Dutch have been doing with the legendary Zuiderzee. Once a broad sea penetrating deep into the heart of the country, the Zuiderzee was sealed off in 1932 by the construction of a 29-kilometre dam across the mouth. As inside the Delta, the enclosed waters gradually lost their salinity, becoming a vast fresh-water lake named IJsselmeer. Slowly, in parcels called polders, the Dutch began reclaiming it. By 1980, Holland will have added 230,000 hectares to its total area, equivalent to about ten per cent of its arable land; about 126,000 hectares will not be drained, remaining as the biggest fresh-water reserve in Europe today.

Driving north-east, just beyond Amsterdam, I crossed this mind-boggling Zuiderzee project. My destination was Lelystad, the "capital" of East Flevoland polder. With its low, ultra-modern skyline, it appeared on the horizon like a glimpse of the future. It is just five years old and is probably Europe's fastest-growing town: its present population of 4,000 is expected to rise to 100,000 by the end of the century.

In 1966, planners set out to create here a town that could absorb overflow population from near-by Amsterdam and Utrecht. As Dr. Will Otto, mayor of Flevoland, told me: "There's been nothing like it before. Other places start in an existing landscape. We rose straight from the primeval mud." Yet when the first 100-odd families arrived in October 1967 they walked into ultra-modern homes, linked by a cable to a community television mast. Schools, churches, industrial estates, a power station, sports and medical facilities and some 20 shops were already in operation.

Urban Bliss. Lelystad's look is clean and wide, with broad lawns and tree-lined streets. For visual as well as living comfort, its buildings were kept low. Seventy per cent of them are one-family houses, each with its own garden and parking space. Children run to and fro while their mothers gossip with easy minds, since houses are grouped around open squares instead of streets, and through traffic passes on sunken roads outside the residential areas. Each residential district has

a "green heart" holding schools, gymnasium, playgrounds and medical centre. The town's shopping centre, restaurants, main sports grounds, swimming pool and park can all be reached within minutes without crossing a main road.

Unlike the rest of the country, where the main religious denominations have separate schools, Catholics and Protestants go to school together in Lelystad. "We can do new things because we are all one," a young Lelystadder proudly told me. "We are building a new world."

It is a sentiment that recurs constantly in conversation with the townspeople. "Every inhabitant thinks he built Lelystad," remarked Henk Kuiper, a young clerk who brought his wife from the mainland, saw his first child born in the town, and never wants to live anywhere else. A Lelystad housewife, Mrs. Wolly Vonk, told me: "Coming back from the mainland at night, you can see Lelystad from kilometres away. You say, 'Look how it's growing!' And you feel very proud."

Standing on the great barrier dam that separates the IJsselmeer from the North Sea I saw, carved in a stone monument, the motto of the Zuiderzee engineers: "A living nation builds for its future." That phrase could equally well be the motto of the National Physical Planning Agency. But there is one big difference: today's living Dutch nation is building not only its own environmental future, but also significantly helping to build the rest of the world's.

On almost any day inside the Agency you'll find Dutch planners talking to visitors from half a dozen countries. Holland's solutions obviously won't suit every nation. Yet what they are doing has invaluable lessons for all, and probably the most important is the one implicit in their achievements as a whole: that though their situation was drastic, their solutions were not.

Holland has become a land where the planners rule the nation's development. But what rules above all is the Dutch sense of personal responsibility, initiative and freedom.

Heard in Passing

SECRETARY to secretary: "We call him the office locomotive. All he does is run back and forth, smoke and whistle." —Mark Beltaire

ONE girl to another, about a third: "She's got a cookery book, but I think she's waiting for it to be made into a film." —C. M.

MIDDLE-AGED woman to friend: "I love the new fashions. I haven't seen a thing I'd want to get thin for!" —Franklin Folger

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE

By Emmett Dedmon

A century ago the city lay in smouldering ruins, after the worst conflagration the world has ever seen

When dusk fell, that Sunday, October 8, 1871, the firemen of the Little Giant fire company were near exhaustion. For 17 hours they had been fighting what the newspapers headlined as "The Great Conflagration." Damage caused by fire, extending over four blocks of Chicago's West Side, had amounted to nearly a million dollars.

Now, at 9.15, came another alarm. The man on duty in the watchtower saw flames leaping towards the sky about six blocks north of the fire station. The tired firemen, who had only just put away their equipment, set out again for the blaze as soon as the horses could be harnessed.

They did not return for 25 long hours, during which the very heart of Chicago was destroyed. In one of the most disastrous fires of all time—worse than the great fires of London (1666) and Moscow (1812) —17,450 houses were burned down, some 300 lives lost, 98,000 people left homeless, and property worth 200 million dollars—one-third of the city's wealth—was demolished.

Spectacular fires had not been uncommon in Chicago. To house its rapid growth—the population had leapt from 4,000 to 300,000 between 1840 and 1870—the city had built two-thirds of its 60,000 buildings in wood. And now, since little rain had fallen for months, the city was dry as tinder.

Following the beacon of fire to De Koven Street, the Little Giant company found two barns, a paint-shop and three sheds burning fiercely. And, in this area of closely built cottages and shanties, they also found Peg Leg Sullivan, blackened and singed, leaning on the neck of a badly frightened calf he had rescued from a barn at the cost of his peg leg. The calf belonged to Mrs. Patrick O'Leary, who said that a cow had kicked over a lamp when

CONDENSED FROM "FABULOUS CHICAGO," © 1953 BY EMMETT DEDMON AND PUBLISHED BY RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK. THIS ARTICLE FIRST APPEARED IN READER'S DIGEST FOR FEBRUARY 1954.

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An engraving of the Chicago fire, published in the Illustrated London News of October 28, 1871

she had gone to get some salt for an ailing animal.

The Little Giant firemen were puzzled that it took other companies so long to arrive. The city's central fire watcher, stationed in the Court House tower, had seen the flames but had misjudged their position by more than a kilometre, and a faulty signal had gone out.

Meanwhile, the blaze from the O'Leary barn increased and began moving swiftly northwards, urged along by a furious south-west gale. Suddenly a mass of burning material whirled across rooftops to the steeple of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church. Flames soon enveloped the building, spread through an adjoining factory and into Bateham's saw mill near the west bank of the Chicago River. There the fire feasted on 150,000 metres of timber and three-quarters of a million shingles.

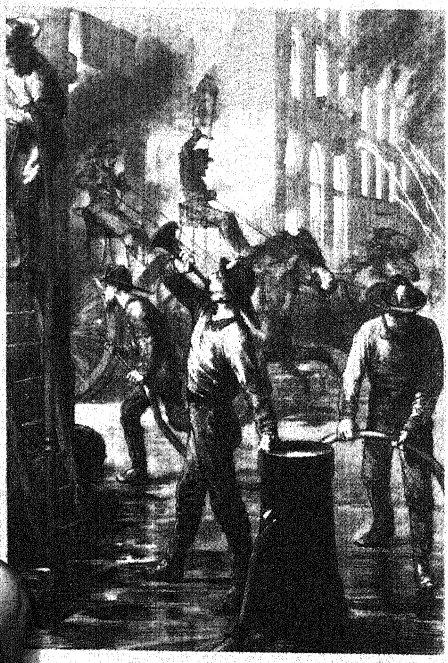
All the fire-fighting equipment in

ILLUSTRATIONS: MANSELL COLLECTION

the city was now mobilized, fighting three separate fires that had got out of control: two columns of flame moving northwards from the O'Leary fire and the inferno at Bateham's saw mill.

Unpredictably, the fire struck east up the river where the Parmelee Stage Company had just completed a new stable. It was unoccupied, but the lofts were filled with hay. On this target dropped a mass of blazing wood that had been carried a quarter of a kilometre by the wind. Soon the gasworks were afire. An heroic watchman prevented an explosion by transferring the gas to tanks on the North Side—but this put out every light on the South Side. Now the situation was desperate; the fire was at the heart of the city.

Chicago's firemen in action, shown on The Graphic magazine's front cover during October 1871



At midnight Mayor Roswell Mason wired other cities for help. In Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati, fire engines were loaded on railway trucks bound for Chicago.

As the moon rose dully through the pall of smoke it became clear that a fire break would be needed. James Hildreth, a former alderman, got permission. His zeal was greater than his skill and his first effort in the Union National Bank merely blew out its windows.

The blaze continued its capricious leaps. A brand landed in the Court House cupola, and flames soon spread to the lower floors. The bell began tolling, rung by an automatic mechanism. Prisoners in the gaol on the ground level screamed to be released. All were given their freedom except the accused murderers, who were led away in handcuffs. Finally the bell stopped ringing; the building had collapsed.

As the pace of the fire increased, the new 500-room Grand Pacific Hotel and the equally new red-carpeted Bigelow Hotel were consumed. The Tremont House also went up in flames.

The Tremont House manager, John Drake, provided a remarkable example of faith. Hurrying along

the street with the money salvaged from the hotel safe, he strode into the Michigan Avenue Hotel, which was directly in the path of the flames, and startled the manager by offering to buy the hotel's lease and furniture. The distraught proprietor could not believe Drake was serious, so Drake handed him 1,000 dollars as an advance payment, then called on guests to witness his written agreement to buy—if the hotel survived. The Michigan Avenue Hotel survived, and Drake later bought it.

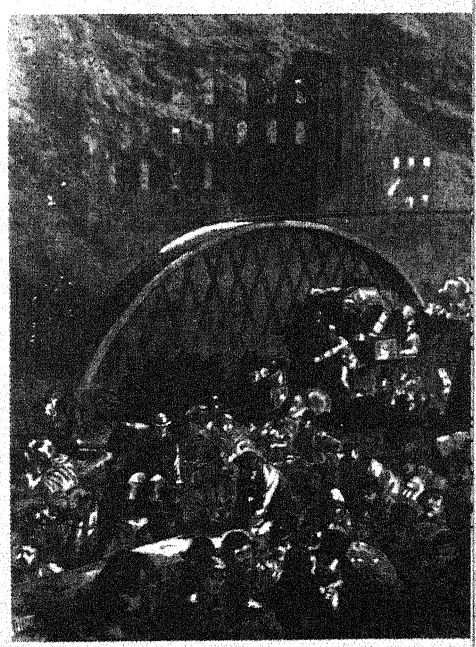
With five separate conflagrations now lighting the sky almost to the brilliancy of daylight, the new waterworks building—the pride of Chicago—went up in flames. All its pumps were destroyed. There was no more water for the city's fire hoses except where it could be pumped from the river.

The streets were gorges of struggling mobs, trying desperately to save something which would provide the basis for a new start. Adding to the confusion were looters snatching what they could from shop windows.

While hysterical women dragged large trunks along the pavements, other folk sought out every available wheelbarrow, wagon or cart to haul goods to safety. One wagon driver was given 1,000 dollars to haul away a bank's currency. Householders made hurried attempts to bury silver and other valuable belongings.

On the North Side the raging fire ripped through the wooden houses with the force of a hurricane. Families huddled on the lake shore surrounded by islands of personal property. Mattresses and carpets continually caught fire from falling sparks, and there was a constant procession to the lake for buckets of water to extinguish them. As the heat became more intense, horses and wagons were driven as far out into the water as possible, and many people sat out the fire in these high-wheeled vehicles. Others spent hours perched on the backs of chairs,

'On the Randolph-street Bridge over the Chicago river, a multitude of terrified people were hurrying to escape'—Illustrated London News



their feet on the seats in the water.

Meanwhile, at the exclusive Chicago Club, some of the members had begun toasting their defiance of the destruction of their businesses with a champagne breakfast. Before they could finish, the fire roared into the club. Hastily filling their pockets with cigars and bottles, they picked up the red satin sofas from the lobby and took them to the lake shore—where they sat down and finished their meal.

By early Monday morning the original West Side fire had stopped at the burned-out area of Saturday night's fire. But the fire on the North Side was still sweeping towards Lake Michigan, and the flames in the business district both advanced and backtracked. Many buildings that had been saved during the night were now destroyed, among them the famous Palmer House, McVicker's Theatre and the new "fireproof" *Tribune* building.

It was nightfall on Monday before all the big fires slowly began to die. Shortly before midnight a light rain started to fall, and by 4 a.m. on Tuesday the fire was over, though burning coal piles in the city's cellars cast a weird red footlight on the panorama of ruin.

In the burned-out 860-hectare area only two houses had been saved—the mansion of Mahlon Ogden and the modest home of policeman Richard Bellinger. Ogden was away, but friends kept the roof of his house covered with wet blankets and carpets, a measure that failed in hundreds of other cases.

Bellinger was probably the only man to fight the fire directly and win. During the night he raked up his leaves and burned his wooden fences. He kept his roof wet, first using water from his cistern, then carrying buckets from a ditch two streets away, finally pouring his entire supply of cider over the roof and walls.

Despite loss and tragedy, Chicago turned matter-of-factly to the problem of recovery. Temporary city offices were set up and a relief programme was soon under way. The mayor issued proclamations forbidding the sale of whisky and fixing the price of bread. The army provided tents as temporary housing.

Individual citizens were quick to rise above the catastrophe. One who wasted no time was property dealer W. D. Kerfoot. While the ruins of his office were still too hot to handle, Kerfoot erected a wooden shack and put up a sign:

"ALL GONE EXCEPT WIFE, CHILDREN & ENERGY."

Most people agreed that Kerfoot had all that was needed to rebuild his fortune, and the city itself seemed to emulate his spirit and rise reborn from the ashes.

SALVADOR DALI once ordered a waiter to take back a banana, saying, "It looks angry!"

—Jack O'Brian

This approach uses the best of all possible persuaders—young people themselves

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An Anti-Drug Programme That Works

By James Shuman

One bright spring Saturday, residents of Corona del Mar, south of Los Angeles, awoke to what seemed an invasion by doorbell-ringing teenagers. "We're members of the Lincoln Intermediate School Smarteens Club," the youngsters explained. "Would you like to contribute to a programme to fight the use of drugs?"

To everyone, they gave a copy of a newsletter explaining their unique programme. To those who contributed—and one man gave a hundred dollars—they also handed a "Happy Toes" insignia, on which were printed, in glowing colours, large feet with the letters SOS—for *Stamp Out Stupidity*—on the soles, and smiling faces on the toes. Donors were asked to stick them on car bumpers or windows.

By sunset, 2,300 dollars (some Rs. 17,250) had been raised. Part of the money would go to buy anti-drug films and literature, and to hire speakers for the programme at Lincoln. The rest would be used to start a similar programme at a near-by school.

For most residents of Corona del Mar, the Saturday canvass was their first exposure to a student-run drive against the mounting problem of illicit drug use. Called Smarteens in junior school where its members are younger teenagers, and Smart Set in senior school where they are older, this young people's crusade against drugs has rapidly grown. In three years, membership has risen from 15 students in a suburban Los Angeles community to more than 300,000 in some 1,200 school and

other organizations across the United States.

The drive has won the enthusiastic support not only of adult drug experts, but of students themselves, for it is *their* programme, run with a minimum of adult advice. And it provides what many experts feel is the most effective answer yet to a problem that has so far defied all efforts to control it.

Smarteens/Smart Set was born in a Los Angeles restaurant one summer evening in 1967. Robert Squire, a former advertising man who made a fortune as an inventor and manufacturer of supplies for the building trade, had been discussing the drug problem with John Stevens, at that time an officer of the California Youth Authority. Squire listened attentively as Stevens explained that all the programmes aimed at eliminating drug abuse seemed to be ineffective, despite the known dangers of drug taking.

Shrewd Analysis. Squire interrupted, "John, all you're trying to tell me is that you have a good product, but you're not selling it. And you won't unless you get the youngsters themselves involved. No young person really wants to use drugs. They start because it's 'fashionable.'

"As I see it, there are four groups involved in drugs. The first are the kids who have never used anything, but are being conditioned to start because it seems 'the thing to do.' Secondly, kids who are on the borderline; they have experimented once or twice, but they're not yet deeply involved. Thirdly, you've got the committed—the kids who use drugs fairly regularly. And, finally, you've got the addicts.

"You might as well forget the last two groups—the addicts and those psychologically committed to using drugs. But if you can come up with a programme that gets to kids *before* they use drugs, or are on the borderline—a programme that makes them feel important and fashionable if they *don't* use drugs —you soon won't have anyone going into the third and fourth stages."

Stevens agreed. Two weeks later, the two men met 16 students. At least five were known to be experimenting with drugs. "I'm not here to lecture on drugs," Squire told the students. "But I do feel we have a problem that affects your generation, not mine. And because it's *your* problem, *you* ought to solve it. But if you want help, I'm willing to back you."

After listening to his suggestion for a club, 15 of the 16 said they wanted to join. They began meeting regularly, trying out ideas (such as the SOS foot, modelled after a surfer's foot, a popular Californian emblem) and recruiting members.

From there, the student anti-drug drive grew. Squire sold his business and financed the programme with part of the proceeds. Kay, his wife, serves as a director and secretary-treasurer.

Word quickly spread that Squire

had found an effective deterrent to drug use. The "Dragnet," an American television show, made Smarteens/Smart Set the subject of a programme. *Teen* magazine ran an article on it. Teenagers told other teenagers about it, and more and more people wanted it in their schools.

Here, for example, is what happened when a Minnesota judge heard about the programme. "I'd been aware of the growing drug problem for some time," recalls Juvenile Court Judge John McDonough. "But I realized that we would have to do more than rely on police and rehabilitation that morning six youngsters were brought in for inhaling glue. The oldest was 12. They all had to be hospitalized."

Urgent Quest. McDonough, an enlightened judge with five children of his own, began to search for a way that would prevent drug use and the tragedies that often accompany it. In the next 18 months, he travelled all over the United States to investigate the most promising programmes.

"I picked up a ton of material on educational courses," he says. "But people everywhere admitted that the courses weren't working. More often than not, they are taught by people who don't know as much as many of the students."

Finally, in California, McDonough heard of how successful Smart Set had been in Los Angeles. Intrigued, he returned to Minnesota and convinced authorities to give him the money he needed to buy drug-education kits and promotion material from Squire. He then went to the heads of five school districts to see if they would be interested in starting a programme in their schools. They were.

The first Minnesota school to set up one, was the modern Oak-Land School. Guidance counsellor Robert Houck enlisted ten student leaders to sponsor the programme. The next step was to introduce the idea to the student body.

"We're not junior narcotics agents," Mary Horak, Oak-Land's Smarteens president, explained to the assembled school. "But we think there is a lot about drugs that none of us know, and we hope to discourage drug use by presenting all the facts—not just the aspect of how exciting, deeply satisfying it may seem at first."

The highlight of the assembly was a film, *LSD—Trip or Trap?*, one of 14 chosen by a student committee to be shown as part of the programme. (Another 55 were discarded as not being credible.) The programme ended with Matthew Ryan, a shaggy-haired youngster, reading the Smarteens/Smart Set pledge: "I have the courage and maturity to know that using drugs or narcotics of any kind is dangerous to my health and future success . . . In joining Smarteens, I will not use marijuana, LSD, amphetamines, barbiturates, heroin, glue or any

kind of illegal drug or narcotic."

More than 275 students signed the pledge that day, with 750 out of a total enrolment of 800 signing as the programme gained momentum. Soon students were putting up Smarteens posters in corridors and classrooms. Other students sold "Happy Toes," which began appearing on notebooks, inside school lockers and on the walls. The money was used for club activities: lectures, films on drugs, and field trips to such places as a private hospital for alcoholics and drug addicts. Other schools set up similar programmes.

The result? "Last year you got approached to use drugs a lot of times," says student Pat Origer. "But this year, after Smarteens, drug use is hardly around."

Not all Smarteens/Smart Set operations go smoothly, of course. One Smart Set programme failed because the teacher-adviser didn't rely enough on the students. Some programmes fail because school administrators are not interested, and in some areas the problem is not widespread enough for students to be seriously concerned about it. The successes, however, far outweigh the failures. For example:

• In Erie, Pennsylvania, students at one school held a dance, wrote a play and plastered their school with posters to publicize their Smarteens programme. "I've never seen a community embrace an anti-narcotics programme with such enthusiasm," says Robert Halliwell, Smarteens headquarters officer.

• In El Paso, Texas, the programme, run in all the city's schools, was so effective that acting police chief H. T. Vogel reported last year that juvenile (below the age of 17) drug arrests dropped 40 per cent in a year.

Smarteens/Smart Set is more than an anti-drug programme. As its founder Squire told me, "Smart Set is anti-drugs because it is pro-life. It is a positive programme that doesn't seek to curb young people or stifle their zest for trying the new and unusual. What it tries to do is help youngsters have fun and retain their ability to live life to its fullest in a happy, drug-free atmosphere."

War of Words

COMING across the word "infanticide" in my newspaper, I commented to my wife, who was knitting and trying to follow a pattern, on the different words used to denote various types of murder—homicide, fratricide, matricide, and so on. I then asked her, "Is there a special word used when a wife murders her husband?"

Without missing a stitch she retorted: "Pesticide." —John Hughes

A Reader's Digest 'First Person' Award

When Helene Hanff's book began appearing in the international editions of Reader's Digest during the past year, she discovered a delightful world of total strangers —'people who are alive and well and living at the other end of a postage stamp'

My Postbag from '84, Charing Cross Road'

LIBRARY

By Helene Hanff



Dear friends,

You all know, of course, that nobody in this twentieth century world of ours can communicate with anybody any more: the individual has been swallowed up by our huge, computerized society. Mr. Thomas Lask touched on this very point in his review in the *New York Times* of my book, *84, Charing Cross Road*. This was the story of a correspondence I had for 20 years with a man at Marks & Co., a London bookshop. In his review, Mr. Lask said that the book would appeal to "everyone whose humanity has been reduced to a hole in a punch card."

He'd have stayed out of trouble

if he'd stopped there. But he went on to conclude his review jokingly by saying that since the bookshop was soon to close down, he was in favour of a fund to get me from New York to England to see it, and that I could put him down for "any amount up to five dollars."

A few days later a clutch of letters arrived in Mr. Lask's *New York Times* letter-box, viz:

> Dear Mr. Lask: Your tender appeal has gone straight to my heart. My five dollars is enclosed.
>
> Enclosed is a dollar; sorry it can't be more. Should you need help setting up the fund, I'd be glad to donate some of my time.

Well, the *New York Times* got pretty upset about this mythical fund, and Mr. Lask returned the money to the donors. And I tried to figure out why the paper's solid, sensible readers should send their hard-earned money to finance a trip to Europe for some author they'd never met. The answer eluded me.

Then, in September, fan letters began to arrive in my letter-box. One came from an elderly lady, who enclosed a cheque for 25 dollars: I was to buy myself a book and a pot of tea on her whenever I got to London. (I returned the cheque with thanks. The lady wrote that she was coming to New York and would I have tea with her instead? I went, and she lent me some books, and then came here to see mine.)

In December, condensations of *84, Charing Cross Road* began appearing in the Digest's worldwide family of magazines [see RD, July 1971] and now the whole pace of the matter picked up. Soon letters were pouring in from all over the U.S., from West Africa, Britain, Italy, West Malaysia, Saudi Arabia, —everywhere!

The remarkable thing about the Digest fan mail was that it reached me at all. Although the book contained both my present and former addresses, the Digest, knowing its own strength, sought to protect me from its readers by deleting my present address in its condensation.

Nothing daunted, a few people sent their letters to me c/o Reader's Digest, which mailed them to the book publishers, who mailed them to me. The rest sent their letters to my old address, 14 East 95th Street. Since I had moved away from there a mere 15 years ago, by the time the letters reached me they were covered with rubber stamps and handwritten memos: "Moved. Left No Address." "Not At This Address." "Unknown at 14 E. 95." Under all of these, at the bottom of each envelope, was written in pencil: "Try 305 East 72. 10021." I am ashamed to say that I still haven't gone to the post office to thank the overworked postman who took the trouble to redirect to me letters sent to an address 15 years obsolete.

In the weeks just before Christmas, a complication set in. The book had got off to a slow start, and

bookshops hadn't ordered any vast quantities of it. Now, thanks to the Digest and Christmas, there was a demand for it which caught the publisher unprepared. He simply could not get a new edition to the shops in time for Christmas giving.

Nothing makes you want a thing like being told you can't have it. Unable to get *Charing Cross* at their bookshops, would-be buyers began writing to me. One man wrote that he wanted to send the book as a Christmas gift to his girl-friend. He would be *very* grateful if I'd inscribe a copy of the book to her from him, and add my name, and post it, and let him know what he owed me, and he'd send me a cheque.

I wanted to ignore it, but my conscience nagged. So I inscribed the book from John to Marge, autographed it, gift-wrapped it, put it in a book carton, lugged it to the post office and posted it. It wasn't till the fourth time I'd done this—inscribed, autographed, gift-wrapped, outer-wrapped, lugged to the post office—that I looked down the long queue ahead of me at the parcel-post window and asked myself: "What are you doing? You are *not* a bookshop!"

All in all, December was a frantic month. By Christmas I had run through five boxes of Christmas cards, two boxes of stationery and countless stamps—just thanking people for their letters.

Christmas also brought presents. Someone left at the desk for me a beautiful, gold-embossed leather-bound book published in 1875 entitled *Gleanings for the Curious from the Harvest Field of Literature*. One gentleman sent me a packet of Marks & Co. gummed labels (he collects bookshop labels).

Came January and the "second-hand" fan letters. For example, one man sent three thank-you notes clipped together, explaining that he'd sent the book as a gift to Becky who had lent it to Sarah who had given it to Jo. Jo returned it to Sarah with a note; Sarah returned it to Becky with Jo's note and one of her own; and Becky sent a note enclosing the two notes to the first man, who sent all three on to me.

The attention grew and grew, and by March I was so spoiled that when I went down for the post one morning and found nothing in the box but a bill, I suffered a severe sense of rejection. I rode back up in the lift in a forlorn "Where *is* everybody?" gloom.

Then everything came all right again. In April, eight fans plucked out of the book the one sentence that told them my birth date; six of them sent me birthday cards and the other two sent boxes of sweets.

In May, the book columns of London newspapers announced that André Deutsch was bringing out a British edition of *84, Charing Cross Road* in June and that I would be making my first trip to England to be on hand for the event. As a result, a batch of incredibly

generous and heartwarming letters arrived from England.

A gentleman wrote from London to say that he worked at Heathrow Airport and that if I would let him know the date and time of my arrival he would greet me "before your dainty feet touch British soil," see me through Customs and Immigration and then hand me over to any friends waiting for me. If no friends met the plane, he would drive me to my hotel—and if no hotel room was waiting for me he would put me up in the spare bedroom of his Chelsea flat.

He even added the name and phone number of a lady he knew in Connecticut, so that I could telephone her for assurance that he was entirely respectable. When I wrote thanking him and giving him the date of my arrival, he wrote back to say that he would take a few days' holiday that week to drive me round the English countryside.

Nora Doel, the widow of the man with whom I'd corresponded for 20 years, wrote to say that she, too, was taking a week's holiday in order to be free to drive me around. (She added that the book had brought her almost as much mail as it had brought me, including a proposal of marriage from a gentleman who arrived on her doorstep, luggage in hand. I got two proposals myself; one from a man in Ohio, the other from West Malaysia.)

The wife of a visiting classics professor at Oxford wrote inviting me to dine at Balliol High Table with herself and her husband. And a Californian lady living in London wrote asking me to set aside two days so that she could take me on a walking tour of her own private "booklovers' London."

It is now the end of May and two new letters have capped everything. One is from my most irrepressible fan, an American businessman living near Brussels with his wife and four sons. He had turned up on my doorstep in December with a copy of the book to be autographed, and two record albums and a bottle of Scotch as gifts. Last week he and his wife wrote to say that since I was coming to London I must plan a trip to Belgium for a long weekend with his family at their home in Waterloo.

I wrote back explaining that as I was going to England on a tight budget and timetable, trips to the Continent were a bit beyond me. Whereupon a letter came back telling me that he and his wife would personally fetch me from London, take me to Waterloo and then drive me anywhere else I wanted to go.

And lying on my desk is a letter from Dalton's bookshop in Las Vegas, Nevada. It's the second letter from Dalton's. The first, which arrived a week before, just said, "Should you make it to Las Vegas, *please* call on our store."

I found that sentence hilarious, since my income isn't the kind you *ever* make it to Las Vegas on. I

explained this to the lady in my thank-you note, adding that I might be making my first trip to Los Angeles later in the year and that was happiness enough.

Came the second letter: "When I found that a little thing like finances might prevent you from stopping in our city this fall, I went to work," wrote the girl at Dalton's. "There is a Trans World Airlines flight from Los Angeles to Las Vegas to New York. Thus, transportation costs are taken care of.

"Next, a room. You have made a lot of friends here through your book, and we have a room for you at one of our finer hotels, compliments of the management. Dinners and shows will also be taken care of. We are all in agreement that we will not take no for an answer."

So it's off to London and Brussels, then Los Angeles and Las Vegas—provided anybody can get me down to earth long enough to put me on a plane and send me back up again.

I used to lie awake at night trying to understand what had happened. All I did was write a book, and the sky fell on me. And to be honest, in my own private opinion it isn't even much of a book; it's only letters between me and an Englishman—and a few other people—whom I never met, in a bookshop I never saw. But lying awake one night, I suddenly remembered some lines from a review of the book. And finally I understood. The lines were written by Haskel Frankel in *The Saturday Review:*

> If one brash American heart can break through one Englishman's starched reserve, what is not possible between people in this tortured world? And what is loneliness but an illusion of private affliction which people are waiting to dispel at the other end of a postage stamp?

So there it is, dear friends: we were wrong. The belief that people can no longer communicate with each other has proved, like loneliness, an illusion. The individual—the singular, unpredictable, unclassifiable, extraordinary human being—is alive and well and living at the other end of a postage stamp from Saudi Arabia to Newfoundland to East 72nd Street.

Which is why I thought the time had come to write this fan letter of my own, to all the marvellous people who have phoned me and written to me, wined-and-dined me and sent gifts, to all the generous, warm-hearted strangers I might never have known existed, who from thousands of kilometres away, as from my own doorstep, have done me the honour to call me friend.

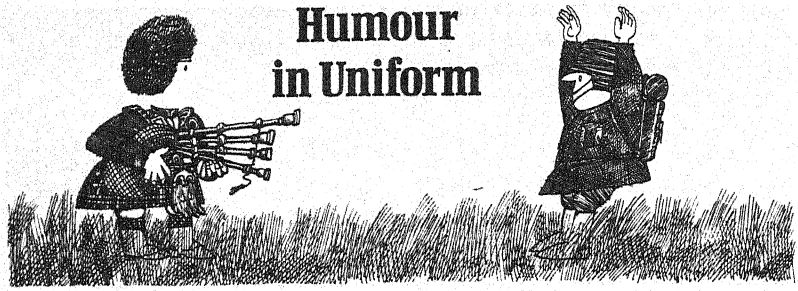
Thank you for everything.

God bless!

Helene Hanff

WHAT we need these days are the three monkeys who see no upheaval, hear no upheaval and speak no upheaval. —R. J. Cvikota

Humour in Uniform



A FEW years ago, the army post where I was learning to be a military policeman was experiencing a rash of thefts. So when a large lorry came to the gate with a very nervous-looking civilian behind the wheel, my instructor decided to give me a lesson in how to search a departing vehicle. Springing into action, he looked in the back of the lorry, under the tarpaulin, in the tyre well, under the bonnet, under the seat.

When satisfied that the lorry was "clean," the instructor waved it through, obviously proud of the lesson he had just given me. Later, we found out why the driver had looked so nervous—he was stealing the lorry.

—J. L. H.

YOUNG and callow and very proud of myself in my brand-new uniform, I was on my way to my first ship. As I marched briskly along the quay, I saw an officer approaching. Anxious to prove how smart and keen a recruit I was, I snapped to attention and executed what I thought was the perfect salute. Unfortunately, I was too enthusiastic: the upward snap of my hand struck the peak of my cap, and the cap leapt off my head, turned a couple of somersaults and landed upside down at my feet.

Red-faced, I began to stutter an apology, but the officer wasn't listening. Instead, he was digging around in his trouser pocket. Finally, he brought out a handful of small coins, casually threw them into my upturned cap and strode away without a word.

—Louis Hargrove

BEFORE their transfer, our favourite neighbours were an Air Force officer and his wife. He liked to lead a well-ordered life, and she kept up as best she could. She served dinner every evening at a certain hour—except once. A small domestic crisis had occurred, and I was helping her in the kitchen when he came home. Dinner would be late, she told him.

At exactly 12 minutes past his usual mealtime, the hungry officer reminded her, "Dear, when I eat in the mess, I never wait for my meals."

"Naturally not," she agreed. "There you outrank the cook." —Mrs. V. Allan

MY ELECTRONICS company had installed new equipment aboard a Royal Navy fleet tender, and I was asked to attend the subsequent sea-trial. A

taciturn Commander accompanied us, casting a critical eye at sea and sky through his binoculars, and periodically writing in an impressive-looking notebook. Eager to see his opinion of the trial, I took a hurried look in the notebook when he left it lying open on the table for a moment.

Carefully itemized were the words: "Cormorants—four, Gannets—three, Stormy Petrels—three." —B. Reid

An Army recruiting officer, sent to our school to explain the benefits of an army career, enthusiastically listed the opportunities available. "We have immediate openings," he began, "in the computer field, the transport field, the communications field, and the research field." Losing his place in his notes, he thought out loud: "Now, what field did I leave out?"

An alert pupil in the front row solicitously murmured, "The battlefield?" —Jerry O'Brien

To ward off loneliness while her husband, a lieutenant in the navy, was away, a friend borrowed several books from us. As the mother of four active youngsters, she did most of her reading at night, and usually in bed.

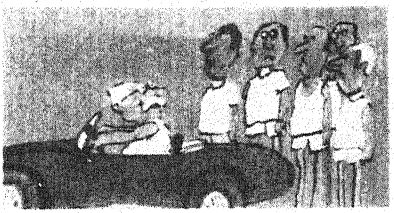
Upon her husband's return, as they were preparing to retire for the night, he discovered a visiting card on the sheet. (I often use my cards as bookmarks and this one had evidently dropped out unnoticed.) Her husband picked up the card, studied it and said, "Well, that's one thing you have to say about old Paul. He's always a gentleman." —Lieut.-Cmdr. Paul Walker

When I was in the Royal Marines, a new girlfriend once asked me, "What exactly *are* Marines?" "We're half soldiers and half sailors," I explained.

"Well," she said, "you'd better tell me which half is which—I trust soldiers, but not sailors."—Fred Davidson

Part of our training at the Officer Cadet School included a daily three-kilometre run. Since our instructor always led at a spanking pace, we felt relieved when he went on leave and the C.O. took over.

Our hopes of a slower run were soon



dashed. Resplendent in full running kit, the C.O. sprinted to his car, jumped in and shouted: "Right lads —follow me!" —Paul Mudge

One of my friends, who was a student nurse at a hospital in the north of England during the Second World War, told me this story:

The doctor on her ward was a great favourite with patients and staff alike and, when called up into the army, he promised to keep in touch with them.

Since postal services were so disrupted, they never expected him to keep his promise. Yet letters from the front lines came through regularly —neatly printed on the plaster casts of transferred patients. —M. McGrath

Will Melvin Laird be able to continue U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam and meet the growing Russian missile challenge?

Defender of America's Military Power

By Charles Murphy

"It is not in my character," Melvin Laird remarked recently, "to let American military power sink to second-class status while I am Secretary of Defence."

Laird's record as a Congressman in the U.S. House of Representatives, where he staunchly defended American superiority in strategic arms, underlines his determination. But now the contingency which he vowed to prevent is beginning to put pressure on him.

The Nixon Administration has put off for two and a half years crucial investments in America's too-long-neglected strategic forces, partly out of a hope that the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) may yet make such spending less urgent. Meanwhile—and no one knows this better than Laird—the downward slide of American power is fast carrying the United States to a position of military inferiority relative to the Soviet Union.

The evidence is chilling. U.S. satellites regularly traverse Soviet territory, their high-resolution cameras aimed at factories, shipyards, testing ranges and deployed missiles. Thanks to the satellites, combined with other intelligence techniques, America's ability to identify and assess the structures and functions of Soviet Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles has been raised to a high art.

These assessments come swiftly to Laird's desk. What recent evidence has told him is this:

- A mystifying halt in the Soviet deployment of the immensely powerful SS-9 missile, discovered late last year, has now ended, and a vast new surge of military ICBM construction is under way. (Even before the seeming lull, the count of land-based ICBMs in place in the

U.S.S.R. numbered some 400 more than the 1,054 similar weapons deployed in the United States.)

• The new construction includes some 60 huge new silos, of different diameters, that are meant either for improved SS-9 and the smaller SS-11 missiles or for a new generation of rockets, and possibly all three. The SS-9 warhead is about *twenty times* more powerful than the one in the present U.S. Minuteman missile; regarding multiple warheads, the fractions favour the Russian weapon in roughly the same proportion.

• Because of the upsurge in the Soviet ICBM investment, the assumption that the United States has a reasonably safe situation of mutual deterrence at parity is plainly beginning to founder.

Speaking to the American Newspaper Publishers' Association last April, Laird put the issue squarely. "I feel now," he said, "that the people of America may be willing to settle for a situation of so-called nuclear parity. But under no circumstances, in my view, would they be willing to settle for inferiority."

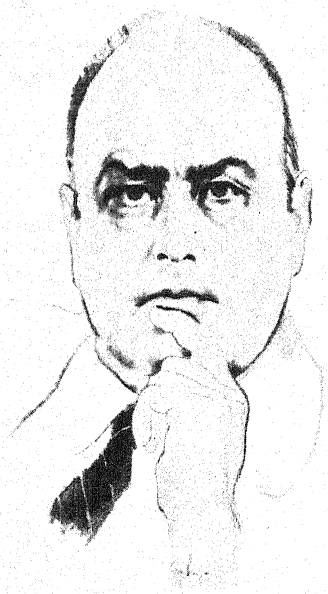
Or would they? What Americans settle for will depend in no small degree upon the kind of case for national defence which Laird chooses to make in the time that remains to him as head of the U.S. Defence Department. Can this tough, and at times equivocal, politician stop the decline in American capacity for effective military counter-action in the world? How hard is he willing to fight inside the committee rooms of the U.S. Congress, where disenchantment with military matters prevails?

In contrast with his immediate predecessors in the U.S. Defence Department, Melvin Laird was no stranger to defence on his arrival there. Through 11 of his 16 years in Congress, he was a member of the House defence appropriations subcommittee, and was thoroughly schooled in military policies.

"From the start," he reflects, "I knew I couldn't do much right away about strategic forces. The money simply wasn't to be had. The big thing was to extricate U.S. forces from Vietnam. My idea was to devote my first two years to getting the Vietnamization plan moving, all the while working out future strategy—a strategy that would look to fewer men, superior weapons, tolerable costs. But first, whatever the risks elsewhere, I had to put Vietnam behind."

It is plain that the job has aged Laird. "In this job," Laird says, "you never lack enemies, at home or abroad." The liberal left rails at him as a Jekyll-and-Hyde who has extended the Vietnam war into Cambodia and Laos while claiming to be narrowing it. The conservative right considers him a dove in hawk's feathers for being overimpatient to clear out of Vietnam and for economising on the strategic forces.

On one point, though, Laird's



friends and foes are agreed: It is that he has been a remarkably effective defence secretary.

He has been careful in his promises. U.S. ground forces came out of Cambodia two months after they entered that country—as Laird promised they would. They stayed out of Laos, as he said they would. He has forthrightly revealed cost overruns in procurement programmes, set about emptying America's stocks of biological weapons, been daring and solicitous on behalf of the prisoners-of-war held in North Vietnam—all items high on the list of promises he drew up for himself when he went to the Pentagon.

Highest on the list—and the promise by which he and the Nixon Administration will probably be judged in the Presidential campaign next year—is his pledge to end direct U.S. military involvement in the war in South-east Asia.

In March, 1969, six weeks after being sworn in, Laird flew to Vietnam for an on-the-spot assessment of the situation. The upshot was a three-phase withdrawal plan for shifting the full weight of battle to the South Vietnamese.

Under Phase 1, the number of men stationed in Vietnam already has shrunk to below 250,000, less than half the number deployed there when the war was at its peak in 1968. In Phase 2, which Laird wants to see completed by early 1972, the South Vietnamese will progressively take over the air war, the logistics and communications, as well as overall command of operations. By late 1972, if Phase 3 works properly, U.S. participation in the war should be down to some "few tens of thousands" of advisers.

If the plan works, if the South Vietnamese Army is able to stand on its own feet, Laird will have done much to rescue American honour and influence in Pacific Asia. It is well known in the Pentagon, however, that some Presidential advisers fear Laird is pushing too much of the load too soon on the South Vietnamese Army.

Whatever the risks, Laird is frank about his intention to close the books on the Vietnam war before the 1972

election. Indeed, he believes the risks *must* be taken, because of the need to meet the Soviet challenge.

While American power has groped through the rice paddies of Vietnam, Russia has made deep inroads into the U.S. strategic position. The arithmetic is appalling. The direct U.S. costs of the Vietnam war at its peak were more than Rs. 16,500 crores per year. Yet direct Russian military aid to North Vietnam has held between Rs. 375 crores and Rs. 750 crores annually. Meanwhile, Russian investment in strategic forces has been running about twice as much as America's over the past five years.

Such arithmetic makes it clear that even the world's richest society, caught up in runaway inflation, can price itself out of a dependable military defence system. In the past two and a half years, Laird has reduced his staff by some 900,000 people, and brought the direct costs of the Vietnam war down by half.

But the spending projected in his budget for fiscal 1972 stands at Rs. 57,000 crores, *up* Rs. 1,125 crores from last year. Why is this? Because military pay and related personnel costs, for one thing, have about doubled in seven years, while the cost of weapons has ballooned in some cases by 50 per cent. As a result, even with the slightly greater funds the U.S. Congress provides, Laird can raise fewer troops and buy less fighting equipment than before.

Here, then, is the heart of his dilemma. Where is the money to come from if the United States is to match the continuing Russian momentum in strategic weapons? And how, at a time when the prestige of the military has reached an unprecedented low level in America, can he defend this critical need against the higher priorities the nation is currently according to domestic improvement programmes?

Laird's budget for the fiscal year which began last July is a fair reflection of this dilemma. While the strategic investments it calls for, all of a research and development nature, will not add to the strike power of American forces, they will provide military planners with surer options to choose from when and if a firm decision is taken—whatever the cost—to strengthen the U.S. deterrent.

Meanwhile, the Soviet threat is increasing, and it is no secret that Laird is a troubled man. By his own projections, the expansion of Soviet strategic forces, if sustained at anything like the present momentum, could give the Russians clear ascendancy by the mid-1970s. The impact of such a shift in power on Western Europe, the Middle East and Pacific Asia, where the odds against the United States are already high, could bring on a new world order.

LION in pursuit of conservationist: "If they're not thinned out, we'll be overrun!"
—*Punch*, London

The Boom in Bubble Buildings

By Wolfgang Langewiesche

Cheap, tough and easily erected, they're blowing up to a big success

It's time to take a look at bubble buildings. You may have seen them around: sitting over swimming pools, or covering a tennis court, or in a factory yard serving as a storage shed. They consist of nothing but thin fabric held in shape by internal air pressure. There is no framework. The pressure is slight, not enough to notice as you go in. But you do have to enter and leave through a revolving door, or a two-door arrangement, to keep the air in. If the little blower ever stops running, or if somebody leaves the door open, the building slowly goes flat.

The bubble, or "air-supported structure," is the first completely new idea in construction in 2,000 years. It opens up some quite surprising perspectives. Consider:

A bubble is cheap. It costs from one-fifth to half what a solid building the same size would cost. That alone is a point in its favour. Suddenly we can do things that were impossible before. Europe's biggest indoor swimming pool at Dillenburg, Germany, is under a bubble which cost about Rs. 15 lakhs. A solid enclosure would have cost so much it would not have been built.

Or, take a tennis court: if you put a bubble over it, people can play in winter, at night, on rainy days, and the court gets perhaps four times the use it got before: an expensive luxury becomes a cheap luxury.

A bubble is tough. It is *not* a tent. The fabric of a tent can flap and

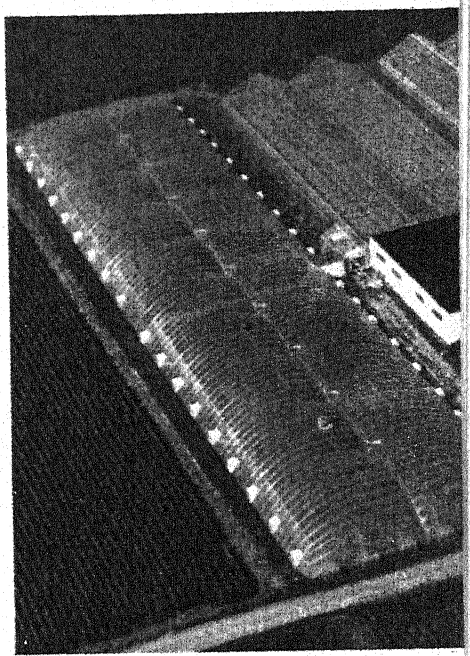
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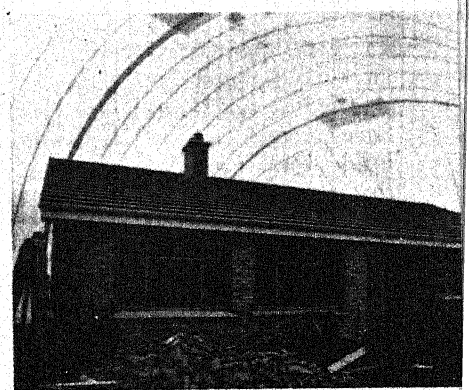
flutter, and in winds of more than 80 k.p.h. most tents blow away. A bubble can be designed to take any wind—up to 290 k.p.h. A bubble's skin is firm; you can walk on it—wash off soot and dust, or put on a patch. Tents often leak. If a bubble has a small hole, rain won't get in: the air flows out and blows the rain away.

A bubble is movable. At least, a small one is—up to 2,000 square metres in size. You bring it in on a lorry, spend perhaps ten hours laying it out, then 20 minutes blowing it up, and there it is. When you don't need it any more, you let the air out, roll the building up, and take it somewhere else.

Mobility in a building is an advantage. A manufacturer, instead of moving goods to the warehouse, can now move the warehouse to the goods. A contractor can use a bubble to cover a building site, so that the work can go on without those costly weather delays. In Denmark, a grocer's shop is set up in a bubble near a beach every summer; in winter, the bubble is stored away.

To demonstrate the bubble's many virtues, one was specially erected in Brighton, Sussex, recently for an advertising conference. Brought from Holland in the back of a small van, it served the 1,000 delegates not only as a conference hall but as a cinema for closed-circuit TV screenings and even, with the seating removed, as a ballroom. Once the conference was





Above: a bubble greenhouse near Cleveland, Ohio, provides ideal growing conditions
Below: protected by a nine-metre high bubble, this bungalow in Northern Ireland was completed on schedule despite bad weather

over, the 40-metre-long bubble was stored away in a single medium-sized packing case.

In San José, Costa Rica, the Seventh-Day Adventists have a bubble church. It holds 300 people, and it even has Gothic windows (panels of transparent plastic, set into the fabric). It came in a crate, and it will go in a crate to some other spot. The Adventists own a dozen of these temporary churches, helping them maintain an important policy: get a new parish going first; build the church later.

A bubble can be big. The bigger ones do not consist entirely of fabric. You lay out a network of steel cables, anchored at some points to the ground. You then fill the open spaces between the cables with panels of skin, and pump air underneath. The whole thing bulges up, but the main structural loads are carried by the steel cables. By this method, it is *theoretically* possible to build a dome 29 kilometres or more in diameter. *Practically,* experts believe a bubble with a 5·5-kilometre span could be erected at any time.

A bubble can be beautiful. Many have a translucent skin. So, standing inside, you are surrounded by walls that glow softly, like a lamp. And these walls are smooth: not a column, pillar, post or ledge. Moreover, everything curves, along lines styled by natural forces. The result is an interior space that is wonderfully harmonious and good to be in.

Outside, well—most ready-made bubbles are far from beautiful. The thing just sits there, introverted and unfriendly, often without windows. Some manufacturers, the Scandinavians especially, have taken care of this with bright colours, windows, contrasting stripes, so that their air-houses blend cheerfully into the scenery of, say, a city park.

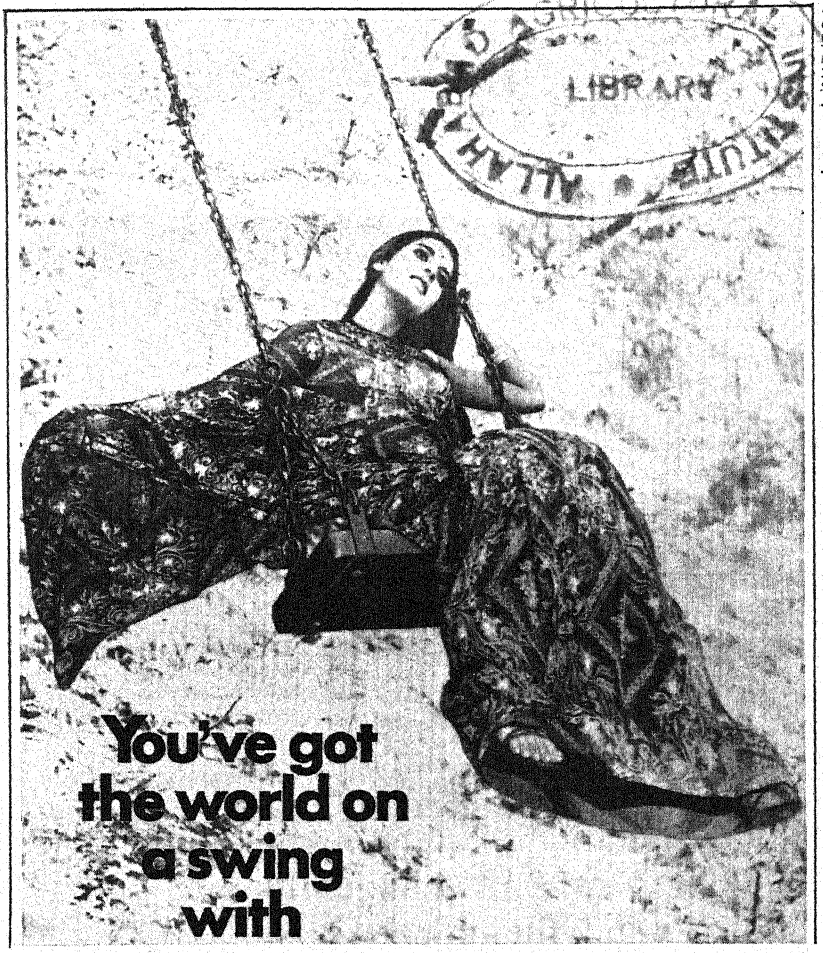
But architects have now gone beyond mere decoration. Last year, at the World's Fair in Osaka, Japan, air architecture flowered into a variety of pleasing forms. The U.S. Pavilion was a bubble, almost 150 metres long, nearly 90 metres wide, covering more than a hectare.

The walls consisted of a "berm" —an earth-dam, similar to a railway embankment, paved with brown tiles. Above this oval enclosure floated the low, white dome. It was made of translucent glass-fibre fabric, vinyl-coated, reinforced by a network of cables.

Inside, the soft, diffused light was pleasing and restful. So was the absence of supporting structure, the simple vastness of the interior space. Outside, the building was quietly elegant. It was a great success with the Japanese public. In fact, it has been called "The Building of 1970."

When did the idea for a bubble house first take shape? Like most new things, it turns out to be old. It was patented in 1918 by Frederick William Lanchester, an engineer who in 1895 designed one of the first

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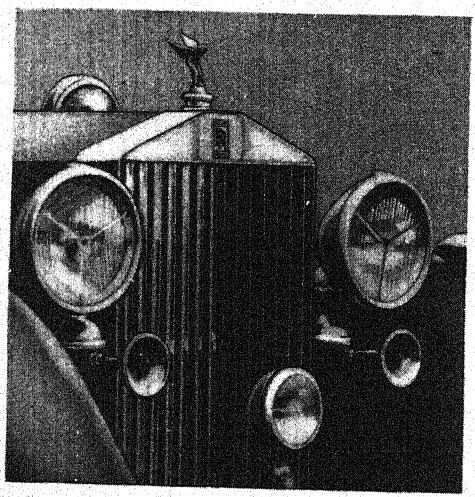
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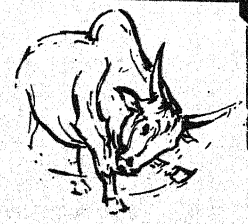
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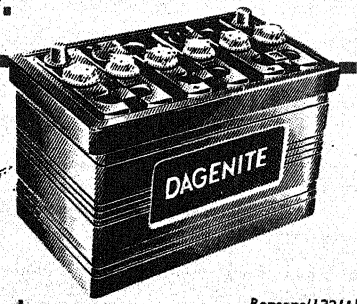
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British petrol-driven motor-cars. But nothing came of it until the United States started building early-warning radar stations in Northern Canada after the Second World War. Some sort of capsule was needed to keep snow and ice off the antennae. It had to be light and thin, so as not to interfere with the radar waves. It could contain no nails, screws or metal clamps; and it had to shed ice and snow.

The U.S. Air Force put the problem to the Cornell University Aeronautical Laboratory; and an engineer there, Walter Bird, came up with a fabric globe, pressurized and heated from within. That's how we got the white "radome" you see on top of airport control towers all over the world. The structural theory Bird worked out is not simple. If the shape is wrong, then in a strong wind, as the bubble bends out of shape, it throws folds, begins to rock, and soon tears itself apart.

In 1955, Bird established Birdair Structures, Inc., the world's first manufacturer of air-supported structures. And soon architects everywhere began to realize that, while they had not been looking, an aeronautical engineer had created a whole new kind of architecture.

What lies ahead for the bubble? Farming, for one thing. Experiments with bubble greenhouses have been conducted in Germany, the Netherlands and the United States. Dick Pretzer, owner of a large and successful American greenhouse complex, grows lettuce and tomatoes under totally controlled conditions—air-conditioning in summer, heating in winter, and automated rain. In a joint project with the Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Company, Pretzer has experimentally farmed a half-hectare bubble greenhouse, built with a transparent film as skin. He likes it. It costs only half as much as his glasshouses do. It has no need for pillars, so that he can use ordinary farm machinery inside. Pretzer is convinced (as is Goodyear) that the bubble greenhouse has a great future.

The bubble has also invaded the university campus. Warwick University, in England, uses one as a recreation area and Student's Union centre. In the United States, Harvard University has a "bubble house" covering half a hectare. It contains a standard running track, plus 800 seats, and cost only Rs. 22·5 lakhs, fully equipped.

Could the bubble be that cheaper house we have been waiting for? Probably not. Houses are small; in that size the carpenter can do better. Besides, the costly items in a house are not the walls and roof but the contents: the plumbing, wiring, heating, interior finish, and so on.

But why not just erect a bubble, bring in the furniture and start housekeeping? This has been done by a young American couple, David and Vickie Schumacher. Goodyear has a bubble house it uses for

research and testing. Schumacher, a university student, volunteered to test-live in it for a few weeks. Goodyear rounded up some furniture, and the Schumachers moved in.

The house is big—almost 2,000 square metres, or about ten times the size of a suburban house. It's not really a house, but a building-site under cover. And that is just the point. On this site the Schumachers arranged furniture and appliances as seemed best. The sofa faced the swimming pool; kitchen gadgets were set at an angle across the lawn; the nearest thing to rooms were a few areas of flooring (so that chairs and tables wouldn't wobble). In between, you walked on grass, or on matting, or on gravel.

There were no walls or ceilings. Where they wanted a room-like feeling, they had screens, about shoulder high, set up around a floor area. The only real room was the bathroom—a pre-fab unit. Thus they lived in a sort of garden, in a benign climate that was helped by a powerful boiler and very powerful air-conditioning.

Although the Schumachers loved their house, the concept does present certain mountainous problems: building codes, planning and fire regulations, parents-in-law, your reputation as a sane and solid citizen. Still, the general idea is valid: it is easy and cheap to build a big bubble; and under that protective shield, the need for a "building," in the old sense, dissolves. This opens up important new perspectives.

Technically, it is now possible to put a whole city under one air-supported roof. Or, more modestly, a city block, a housing development, a shopping centre.

What would be the sense? The same logic again: under that artificial sky, buildings would exist merely for privacy, and for precise control of temperature. They would be light and cheap, easy to move, easy to change or to tear down. The Flimsy City? No: the *Adaptable City*. Our present buildings are too expensive *and* too long-lasting. We are paying dearly for a solidity we don't really want. Many buildings are obsolete or occupy obsolete sites. But they are so solid, and have cost so much, that nobody will tear them down. With cheap, short-lived buildings, a city would more readily renew itself.

Far-fetched? It could happen soon at Columbia, Maryland, a new town near Washington, DC. A university has plans to build a small branch campus there, with facilities for 200 students—classroom, administration buildings, library, everything except sleeping accommodation—all under a single bubble.

So, you see, there may be a bubble in *all* our futures.

WE MAKE a big mistake in not telling the truth when we can, because we don't always tell it when we want to. —Montesquieu

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LICENCE BOSCH



'Our Son Has Been Kidnapped'

A sudden raid, an enormous ransom—but no clues. The crime seemed insoluble

By Joseph Blank

It was about midnight on Sunday, April 2, 1967, when Arline and Herbert Young returned to their home in Beverly Hills, California, after visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. Young looked in on their four children. All were sleeping soundly, and the Youngs went straight to bed.

An hour later a car turned quietly into the drive, and a man softly climbed the Youngs' outside steps to the second floor; the sliding glass door to the room where ten-year-old Kenny slept alone was unlocked.

The man entered, went up to the bed and gently but persistently shook Kenny's shoulder. When the startled boy uttered the first squeak of a yell, the intruder hit him four blows on the head and said, "Shut up or I'll kill you." Quickly, he wrapped adhesive tape across Kenny's mouth and eyes, dropped an envelope on the bed and guided Kenny, dressed only in underpants and socks, down the steps and into the car. "All clear?" he whispered into a walkie-talkie.

An accomplice on the corner three houses away replied, "All clear."

Some 20 minutes later, the kidnapper parked, led Kenny up a flight of steps and to a bed with a bare mattress. He placed the boy face down, tied his hands and feet to the bed with wire, and plugged his ears with wax.

Monday morning at the Young house began as usual, except that

Kenny did not come down for breakfast. At eight o'clock, Mrs. Young went upstairs to wake him. There was the envelope on the bed; inside, a typed carbon-copy message: "Do not call the police or your missing merchandise will be vindictively destroyed," it read in part. "Give a reasonable explanation to all interested parties concerning the absence of this merchandise. We need 250,000 dollars—in hundred-dollar notes only—be at the public telephones at the Standard service station, north-east corner of Westwood and Ohio, at 6 p.m. on Wednesday."

Kenny's up to another of his practical jokes, Mrs. Young thought, as she showed the note to her husband. Young went to his son's room and took in the scene: bedding strewn on the floor, and the glass door open. As the truth hit him, he felt a surge of anger, then terrible fear. He turned to his wife and said, "I don't think it's a joke." They looked at each other, embraced and cried for a while. Then, ignoring the warning, Young said, "I'll call the police."

Minutes later, Beverly Hills police arrived, followed shortly by FBI agents. A fastidious check of Kenny's room, the outside staircase and drive produced no clues, no fingerprints. And the letter was too fuzzy to trace the typewriter used to write it. The Youngs were advised by the FBI agents to follow the kidnapper's instructions to the letter. They would take no direct action until Kenny was safely home.

Although the agents had assured the Youngs that the kidnapper was interested only in the money, not in harming Kenny, time passed excruciatingly slowly for the next two days. The parents avoided speculative talk about Kenny, but each ring of the telephone sent their nerves twanging. "Why Kenny?" they kept asking themselves. "My God, what's happening to him?"

Crucial Decision. On Wednesday, Young, chairman of the Gibraltar Savings & Loan Association, put up stocks from his own and his father-in-law's resources as security, and borrowed 2,500 hundred-dollar bank-notes. FBI agents briefed him: "We'll have our men positioned throughout the Los Angeles area. Keep talking as long as possible so that we can trace the call. Try to remember every detail. Under no conditions will we do anything to jeopardize the safety of your son. Our work begins after his return."

Young reached the Standard garage at 5.35 and waited tensely. At six o'clock the phone rang and a voice ordered: "Go to the corner of Sepulveda and Moraga. There's another Standard garage there, with a telephone kiosk. Good-bye."

At the second garage, Young waited an interminable 45 minutes before a white Chevrolet—licence plate NBD770—drove up and its driver motioned Young to follow.

The white car stopped in a barren

area near the San Diego highway. Staring at the rear-view mirror in the near-darkness, the apprehensive father saw a slim man wearing sunglasses step out of the car. Young was struck by the man's walk—"deliberate, easy, self-assured"—and his thick black hair with so perfect a hairline that Young thought it might be a wig.

The kidnapper stopped at the doorpost behind Young's left shoulder. "Hand me the bag," he ordered.

"When will I get my son back?" Young asked.

"Tonight. Go home and wait for a call."

Young handed the money over and said, "God help you if anything happens to my son."

Safe and Sound. While his father waited for the telephone call, Kenny slept in the rear seat of a car in the basement garage of a block of flats. He had been given four sleeping pills before being placed there by the kidnapper some time after the pay-off. At 3 a.m. he awoke groggily, rang the bell of one of the flats and said, "I've been kidnapped. I'd like to ring home."

On April 10, Los Angeles police found the white Chevrolet abandoned in a shopping-centre car park. It proved to be a stolen car, which the thief had modified with switches that turned off the brake lights and overhead interior light.

Analysis of dirt vacuumed from the floor revealed earth containing both freshwater and saltwater diatoms—minute, shell-like particles that are virtually indestructible. In only one place in southern California, scientists told the agents, did the diatoms occur together: the abandoned Grefco Mine laboratory, where earth with freshwater diatoms had been brought in by lorry from another state. But agents could not attach any significance to this conclusion at the time.

Search for Clues. Though the ensuing routine of detective work failed to reveal the kidnapper's identity, the FBI realized that it was dealing with a criminal who had a law-enforcement background. The canyon where the money changed hands was a dead zone for radio transmission, a fact generally known only to police officers. The kidnapper had approached the car like a policeman—standing by the doorpost to avoid being struck if the driver suddenly flung open the door.

The use of overhead and stoplight turn-off switches was little known outside law-enforcement agencies (which use them to assure a black-out of their cars during assignments at night). And not a single note of the ransom money had surfaced. In questioning and eliminating hundreds of suspects, agents checked former police officers and private investigators involved in shady or illegal activities, but their efforts were fruitless.

As the months passed, the investigation became a plodding but

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never-waning game—to keep questioning suspects, alert for the slightest wisp of a clue; to watch for the ransom bank-notes and assume that the kidnapper would remain in crime because he couldn't spend the money for a long time; and to hope that he would make a mistake.

The Youngs moved to another house to help Kenny forget his frightful experience and acquired two large watchdogs. After two years the family retained little hope that either the kidnapper or the money would ever be found.

New Development. On September 29, 1969, Eugene Patterson, an ex-convict, was arrested for armed robbery and was also identified as one of the two men who had held up a theatre the previous September. Patterson readily admitted his guilt and named Ronald Lee Miller, a 38-year-old special agent in the Intelligence Division of the U.S. Internal Revenue Service, as the planner of the robberies.

When police arrested Miller, a search of his flat produced more than 14 guns and an extensive array of disguises. Although he calmly denied all charges, and nothing specifically linked him to the Young case, his alleged criminal involvement and his experience as a law officer fitted the skills of the kidnapper, and FBI agents wanted to know more about him.

They began asking Patterson about his relationship with Miller, urging him to try to reconstruct his activities during late March and early April two years before. He disclaimed any knowledge of the kidnapping. It could have ended there, but agents intuitively believed he was withholding information. Patiently, almost amiably, they continued talking to him. Finally, on February 12, 1970, Patterson started to tell what he knew about the crime.

He had met Miller in 1962, he said, and subsequently teamed up with him in a number of robberies. Then, early in 1967, Miller talked to him about a kidnapping.

His job as a Revenue agent gave access to confidential information about wealthy people, and he displayed a list of names, including Young's. Miller drove Patterson in a government car to the old Grefco Mine and said it would be the ideal place to hold the kidnap victim.

On the night of April 2, Miller and Patterson drove in two cars to Beverly Hills. Miller handed him a walkie-talkie, stationed him on a corner, and told him to call a warning if anybody appeared. The following day Miller gave him 1,000 dollars in twenty-dollar notes without any explanation.

When Patterson later told Miller about being questioned by the FBI, Miller replied, "If you involve me, you will be taken care of."

Was Patterson telling the truth? He represented the primary and damning witness against Miller. If evidence supported Patterson, the

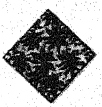


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case could go before a jury. The FBI intensified its investigation.

Miller, who scoffed at the accusations and denied everything, was an unusual personality. An employee of the Internal Revenue Service since 1964, he was considered knowledgeable in surveillance techniques, typewriter evidence and the operations of Swiss banks where money could be deposited under a numbered, secret account. In discussing hypothetical crimes with one colleague, he stated that "hot" cash could be kept away from the law by having it picked up by a courier from a Swiss bank.

Conclusive Evidence. FBI artists altered several photographs, including Miller's, by adding the sunglasses and straight hairline described by Young. When agents asked Young if he recognized the kidnapper, he picked Miller's picture. Soon afterwards, Patterson's common-law wife revealed that she had picked up a phone extension prior to the kidnapping and briefly heard her husband and Miller discussing the question of "hiding the kid."

Miller denied that he had driven Patterson to the Grefco Mine in a government car. Revenue Service records, however, showed that Miller had use of car 90110 between April 3 and 7. The FBI located this car, and laboratory analysis of scrapings from its wheel wells and the undersides of its mudguards proved that the car had indeed been at the Grefco Mine.

At 6.55 on the Wednesday evening the ransom money changed hands, Miller claimed that he was interviewing a car dealer on a government matter 50 kilometres from the highway site. The daily office diary that Miller kept scrupulously verified this, and the dealer confirmed Miller's visit. But in reconstructing the details of that day, he remembered that Miller had actually talked with him in the early or mid-afternoon, *not* in the evening.

In August 1970, Miller was convicted of the two robberies, and in September he was found guilty of the kidnapping and sentenced to life imprisonment. But for the FBI, the case remains open until the ransom is returned to its owner. If and when Miller is parolled—he will be technically eligible in seven years—agents will be watching for those hundred-dollar bank-notes.

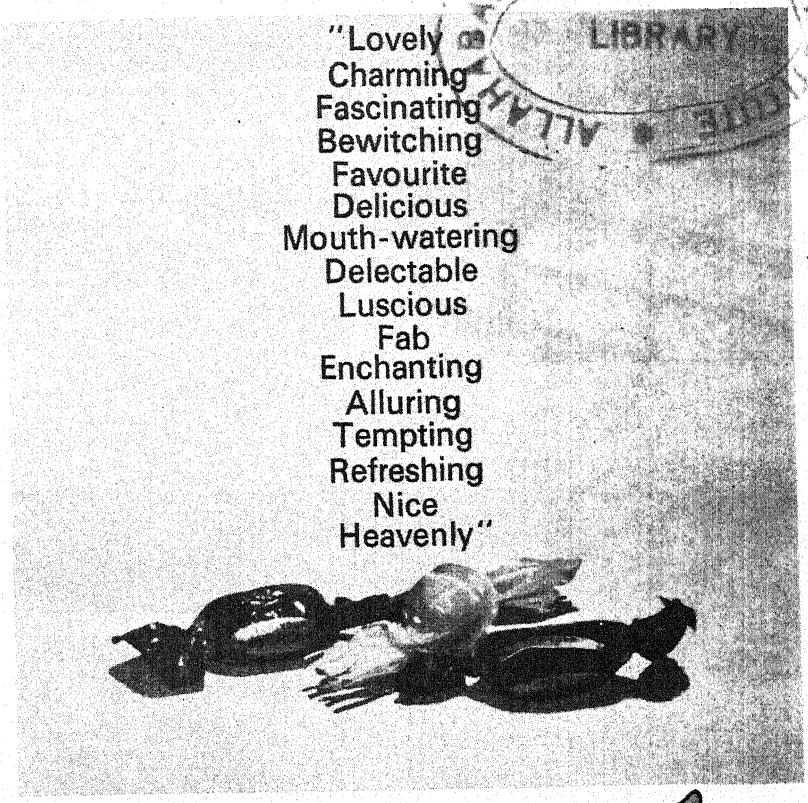
Ronald Lee Miller accomplished the almost insoluble crime. And if any one word is likely to rasp across his nerves for the rest of his life it is "almost."

Man to Man

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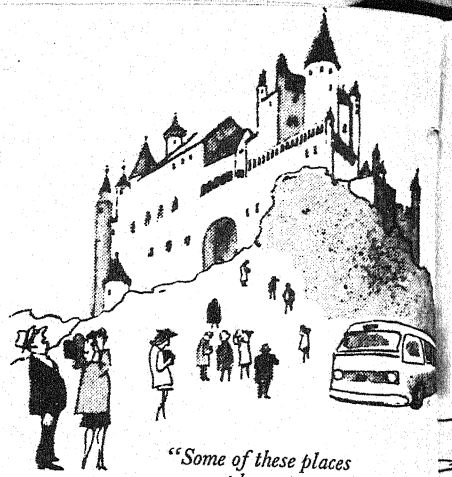
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"Your pardon, señor— that is not our Capitol; that is your Hilton."

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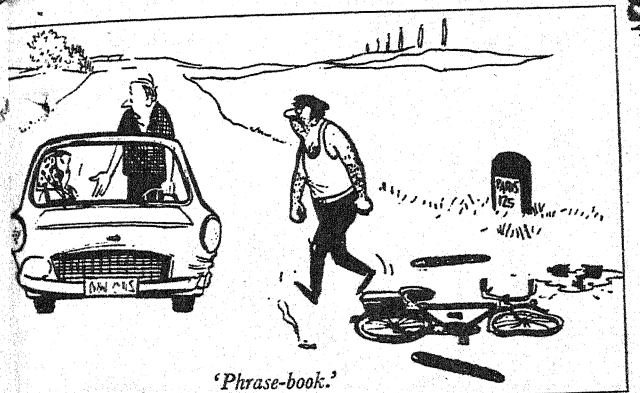
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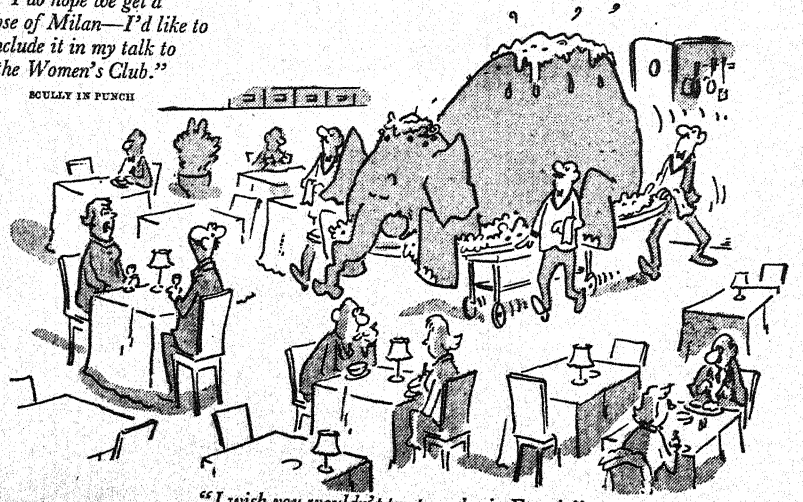
"I do hope we get a glimpse of Milan—I'd like to include it in my talk to the Women's Club."

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'Phrase-book.'

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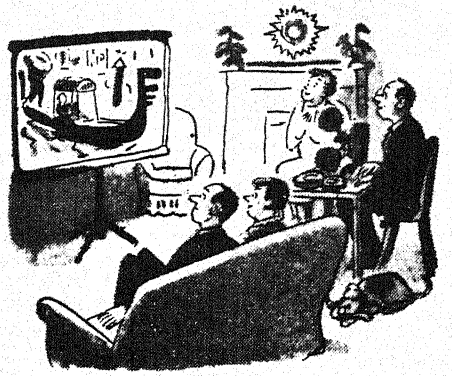
"I wish you wouldn't try to order in French."

GALLAGHER IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"What does Daddy mean —act nonchalant?"

REAMER KELLER, KING FEATURES

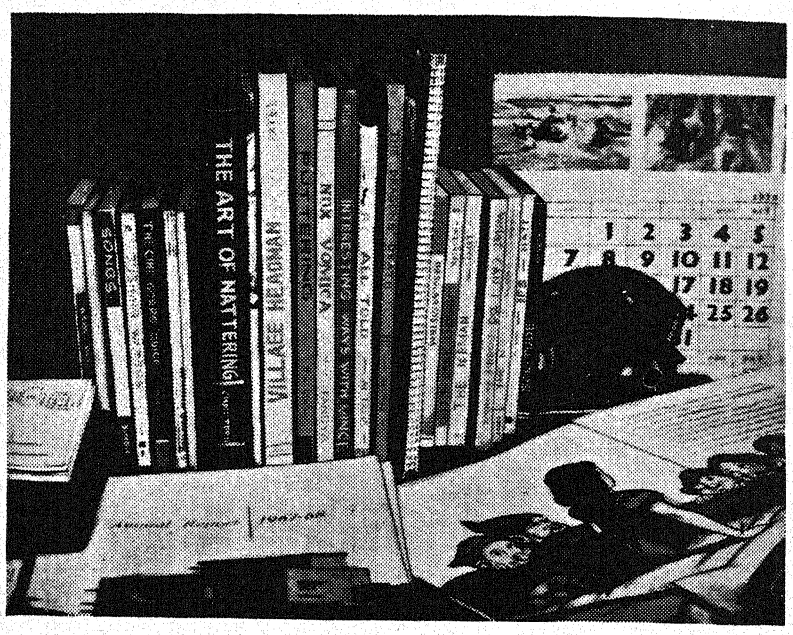


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ROBERT DAY IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Can High Blood Pressure Be Avoided?

Doctors are providing a simple and effective answer to a killer problem

By Lawrence Galton

Bill Peters is a successful 40-year-old executive. Big and muscular, he looks well and feels fine. Nonetheless, his company requires him to have regular medical check-ups. At his latest, the doctor took his blood pressure twice, then said, "Slightly above normal, Bill. Not much, but we're still going to do something about it."

Peters is lucky. Because steps were taken to control his slightly elevated pressure, his chances of being felled by stroke or heart disease have been dramatically reduced. Today, more and more doctors are taking even the mildest hypertension such as Bill's seriously. For they have recently gained important new insights on this often-neglected, yet vicious disease.

Most people with hypertension are unaware of the fact for the ailment is stealthy. Usually it produces no symptoms at all. A recent screening programme at a large factory uncovered hypertension in 919 employees—78 per cent of whom did not know they had it.

Even when symptoms occur—such as headaches, dizziness, fatigue or weakness—they may not be recognized for what they are since they are common to so many other disorders. Moreover, in 85–90 per cent of diagnosed hypertensive patients the specific cause of the condition cannot be exactly determined.

Blood pressure is simply the force exerted by the flowing blood against the walls of the arteries. Each time the heart beats, this pressure increases; each time the heart

relaxes, the pressure decreases. When a physician checks pressure, he makes two measurements and writes them fraction-style, say, as 130/80. The first and larger figure, 130 millimetres (the pressure exerted by a column of mercury 130 mm. high), is the systolic pressure—the maximum pressure in the arteries when the heart pumps; the second is diastolic pressure—as the heart rests between contractions.

Normal pressure may fluctuate widely, decreasing during sleep, increasing during physical exertion or emotional excitement, even during the visit to the doctor. That's why many physicians may measure blood pressure several times in one visit. And there is a wide range of normal: 100 to 140 for systolic and 60 to 90 for diastolic. Nor does an isolated reading above 140/90 mean abnormal pressure. Only when elevation is continuous does a person have hypertension.

Health Dangers. Hypertension does harm in several ways. Excessive pressure makes the heart muscle pump harder, and after a time the heart enlarges, then it may weaken and fail to pump effectively.

Or, as many investigations show, hypertension may accelerate the progression of atherosclerosis, involved in coronary heart attacks. In a 14-year study of 5,100 people, aged 30 to 60, in the American community of Framingham, Massachusetts, it was found that coronary heart disease, with its heart attacks, was three to five times more common in people who have high blood pressure.

Adding to the indictment, a study by the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York of first heart attacks showed that twice as many men with pre-existing hypertension died within a month as those who had had normal pressure. Moreover, the hypertensive men who survived the first attack had twice the risk of recurrence and five times the risk of heart death during the next four and a half years.

High blood pressure may contribute to artery-clogging atherosclerosis by damaging blood-vessel walls, allowing cholesterol and other materials to nest in the damaged areas. As these deposits build up, arteries narrow, and their blood-carrying capacity is reduced, sometimes even completely blocked. When this happens to an artery feeding the brain, stroke results.

The Framingham researchers produced evidence of the role of hypertension in stroke. During the 14 years, stroke hit 65 of the men, 70 of the women. The risk of stroke proved to be four times as high among those who had hypertension, though they had no symptoms, as among those with normal pressure.

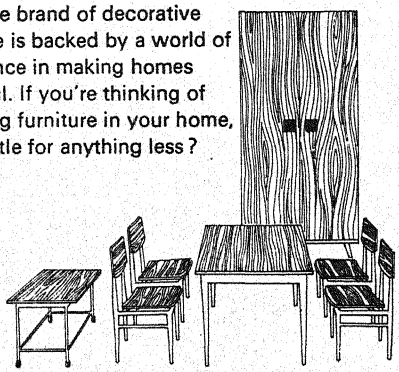
The study brought to light an altogether surprising fact, too. It had long been assumed that only diastolic-pressure elevation is critical, since that indicates stress when the heart is meant to be relaxing. In

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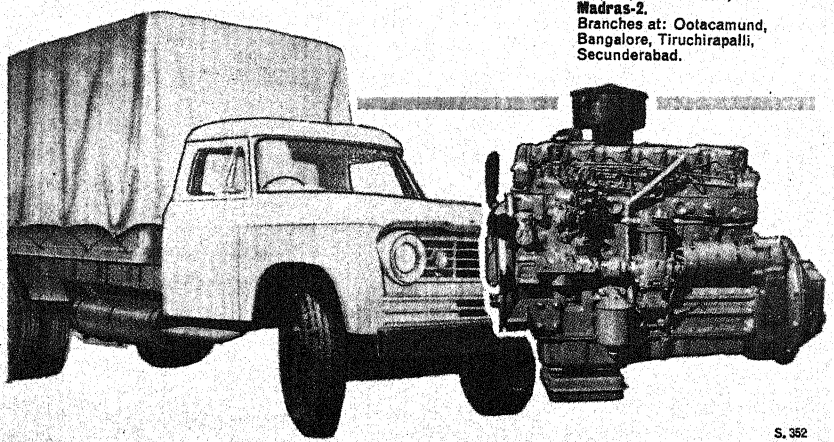
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actual fact, some elevation of the systolic pressure had often been regarded as an innocuous consequence of ageing.

"Contrary to popular belief," says the Framingham report, "systolic blood-pressure elevations proved no less important than diastolic as a risk factor in stroke." Indeed, the findings indicate that hypertension, even of mild degree, *at any age,* in either sex, whether systolic or diastolic, is the most common and most potent precursor to strokes.

Useful Results. Fortunately, there is a positive side to the recent discoveries. It has been known for years that treatment of severe hypertension has dramatic effect on most patients. But only recently has there been clear, scientific evidence of the efficacy of treatment in less severe hypertension. Working with 17 U.S. veterans hospitals, a study group, led by Dr. Edward Freis, spent six years gathering the facts.

The group reported in 1970 on 380 male patients with mild and moderate hypertensions—diastolic pressures 90 to 114, just above the up-to-90 normal range. Some had been given anti-hypertensive medication, others only symptomatic treatment and placebo (inactive) pills of the anti-hypertensive drugs. In the actively treated group, the risk of developing heart failure or a stroke was reduced by two-thirds. Twenty untreated patients had to be placed on anti-hypertensive drugs because of severely elevated blood pressures, while this did not occur in any of the treated men.

Say Dr. Freis and his colleagues: "The patients we studied differ in several respects from the general population—for instance, they started out with proportionally more vascular damage. But there is little doubt that anti-hypertensive treatment proved beneficial."

The ideal is to bring pressure down to normal levels and keep it there. When medication is needed, the physician adjusts the patient's regimen until he finds a drug or a combination of drugs that will control pressure effectively with minimal side effects. Often modification of diet to eliminate extra weight, and mild exercise to ease emotional tension, prove beneficial. Some patients bring pressure down simply by reducing the salt in their diets.

Self-Help. To assure adequate treatment, Dr. Irvine Page of the Cleveland Clinic has his patients take their own readings at home—a practice easily learned by patients, now recommended by more and more physicians. Patients record their pressure, usually in the morning and again at bedtime, and submit the readings once a month to the physician.

Says Dr. Page, "At first I worried that this might make neurotics of some patients, but that has proved to be exceptionally rare."

Clearly hypertension is a vast health problem—but it is also a momentous opportunity for preventive

medicine. "The good news is that we have found many ways to treat hypertension," maintains Dr. Page. "And it has been definitely established that if blood pressure is kept within relatively normal limits, stroke, heart failure and heart attacks are sharply reduced."

What does all this mean for *you?* Simply: If your physician has said you have mild hypertension, but you have ignored it, ask him to re-examine you, then follow his advice on bringing the pressure down.

If hypertension has never been diagnosed, recognize that no one is immune and that pressure may go up at any time *without* warning symptoms. An annual check-up is all the more important now in view of the new evidence. Making certain that your blood pressure is—and stays—in line, is one thing you can do with reasonable ease to reduce your chances of being crippled or killed by stroke or heart disease.

Kid's Stuff

DISCUSSING with my wife the imminent arrival of our second child, I said we would have to move to a bigger house. Our first-born listened in silence, then shook his head. "That wouldn't work," he said gravely. "He'd follow us."

—N. J. Russell in *Weekend,* London

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—Mrs. D. M. K. Burg

WITH the invitation to the wedding of Doug and Melinda, a young American couple, came this note:

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—Lillian Novail

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— F. DEFOSSEZ, FRENCH ARTIST

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MYSTERY CITY

Deserted nearly a thousand years ago, the jungle metropolis of Guatemala still guards its ancient secret

By Scott and Kathleen Seegers

As the ancient DC-3 droned above the department of El Petén, the endless, matted green jungle was broken by a spire of shining white masonry thrusting 30 metres above the treetops. Then another great tower appeared, and a third. The plane wheeled and in the 30 seconds before we landed we saw half a dozen huge temples, courtyards and the roofless walls of as many massive palaces spread out below.

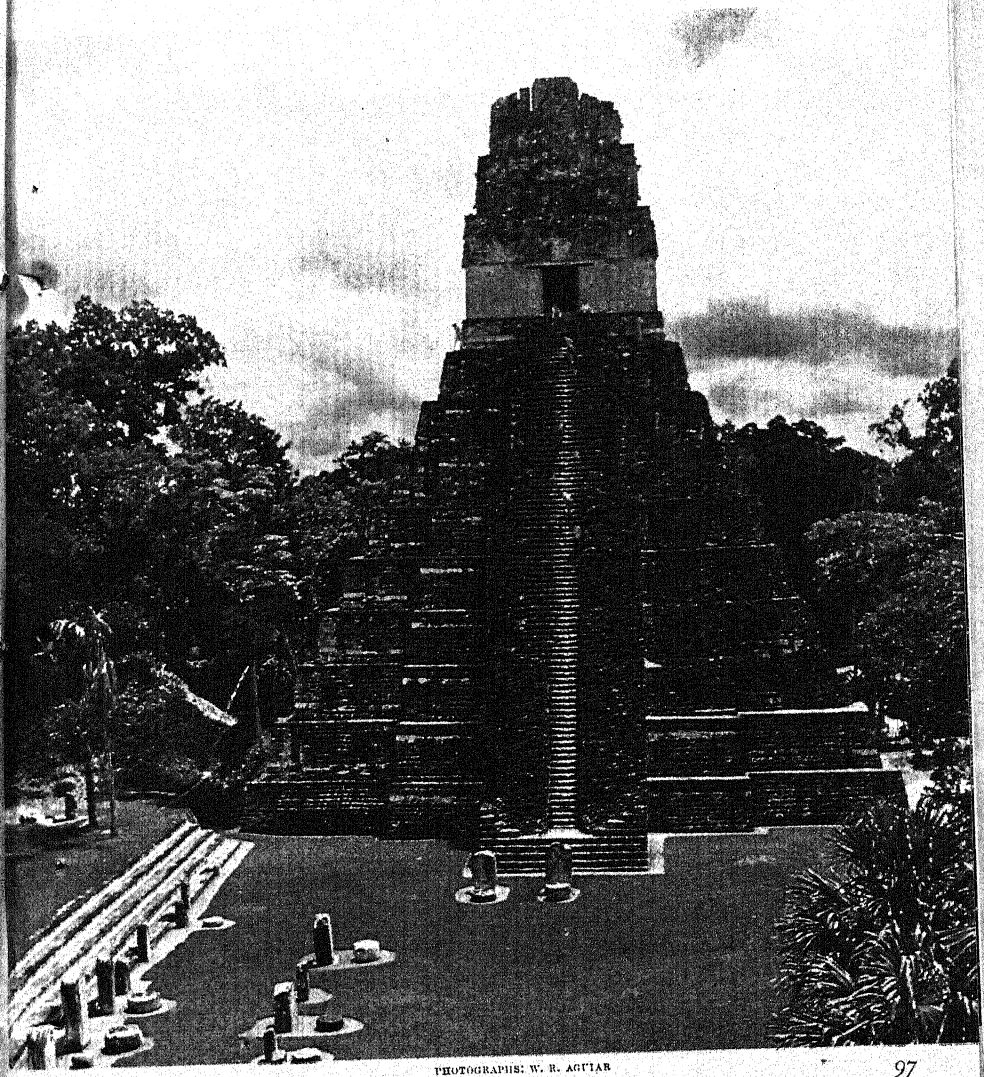
The 80-minute flight north from Guatemala City had carried us back ten centuries to Tikal, the great metropolis of the Maya Indians who spent a millennium building their impressive edifices and then, a 1,000 years ago, mysteriously left them.

From its northernmost point on the Yucatan peninsula to its southern limit in Honduras, the Maya held sway over an area about 885 kilometres long by some 560 kilometres wide, mostly jungle but reaching into the highlands here and there. They built Chichen Itzá, Mayapán, Palenque, Copán, Kaminaljuyú and other great monuments with names that roll from the tongue like a barbaric litany. Not cities in the usual sense, these were densely populated centres, where tradesmen, politicians, priests and nobles lived in impressive splendour with their attendants.

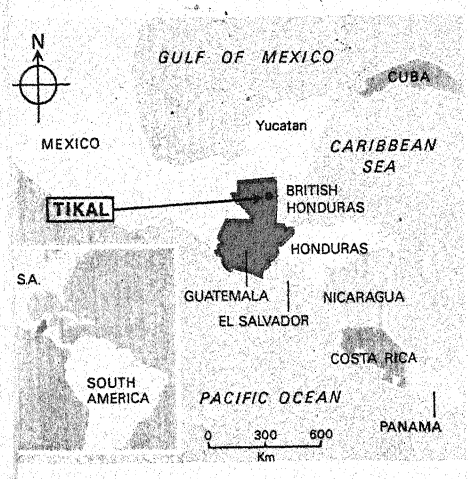
Despite the precision of the records meticulously carved into stone stelae (upright pillars) and buildings, mystery surrounds the origins, history and fate of the Maya. Faces carved in relief on the monuments—like those of their descendants who still live today in the same regions—bear a great resemblance to their Asian ancestors. Archaeologists believe that their forebears crossed the

Priests performed their secret rites inside the 70-metre-high pyramid, while the crowd waited in awe below

OF THE MAYA



PHOTOGRAPHS: W. R. AGUIAR



land bridge from Siberia to Alaska perhaps 15,000 years ago before melting glaciers raised the level of the Bering Sea; then drifted south in slow migration.

No one knows what induced them to leave the fertile lands of south-eastern Mexico for the water-starved soil of the Yucatan peninsula and Petén. By scientifically determining the age of artifacts left behind, it is known that they only settled there six to eight centuries before the birth of Christ.

One of the great mysteries is how the task of food production in such marginal regions allowed the Maya enough time to master sophisticated architecture, mathematics and astronomy. Their temples and palaces show proportions as perfect as those achieved by any people in history. They predicted eclipses with accuracy unequalled until the twentieth century. Their long count calendar based on 52-year cycles is correct to within a few hours, and a ceremonial calendar based on the movements of Venus has an error of only a single day in 6,000 years (the Gregorian calendar has a one-day error for every four years)! It is believed that they invented that fundamental mathematical symbol, the zero, or nought, at least 300 years before the Hindus thought of it, and developed a graceful hieroglyphic writing.

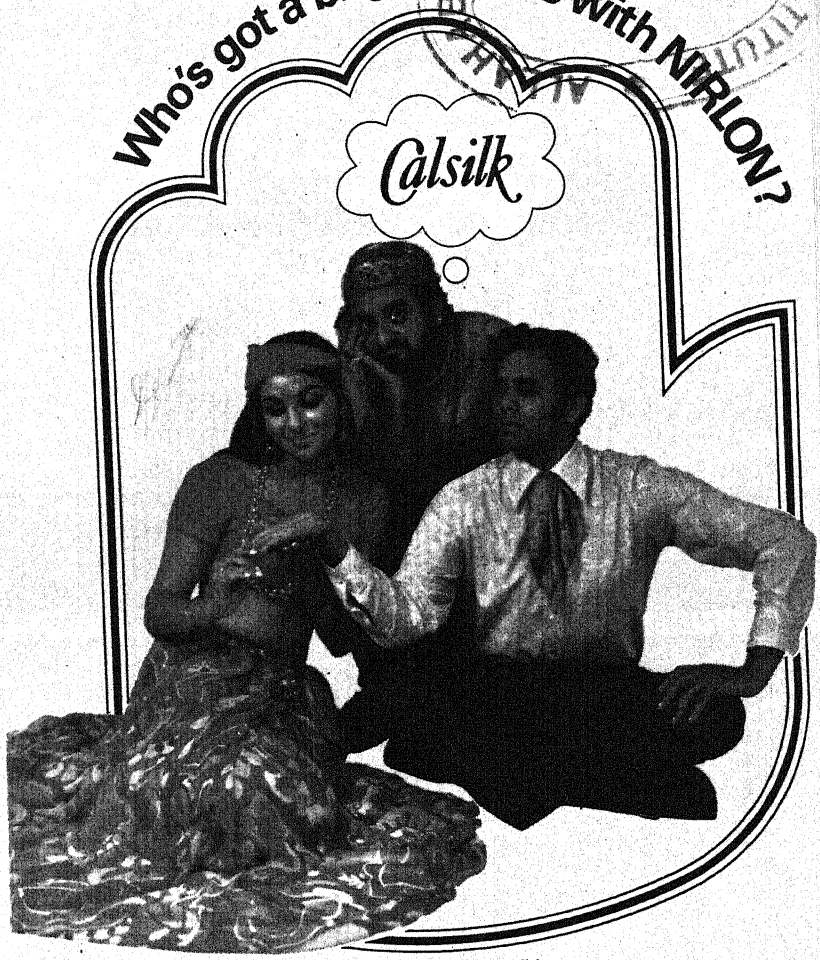
Baffling as these accomplishments are to understand, the greatest mystery of the Maya is that of the end of their civilization. Experts espouse half a dozen theories, but all anyone knows is that about A.D. 900 the Maya began to abandon their cities, some of which, like Tikal, had been occupied continuously for nearly 1,500 years.

In an effort to solve some of these puzzles, the Guatemalan government in 1955 contracted for the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania to explore, excavate and restore part of Tikal, considered by many archaeologists to be the most awesome set of ruins in the Western Hemisphere.

The Museum archaeologists were not starting from scratch, because a century of sporadic research by Swiss, English, German and American scientists had deciphered Maya mathematics and a considerable part of their hieroglyphs. The written symbol for Tikal, for example, was

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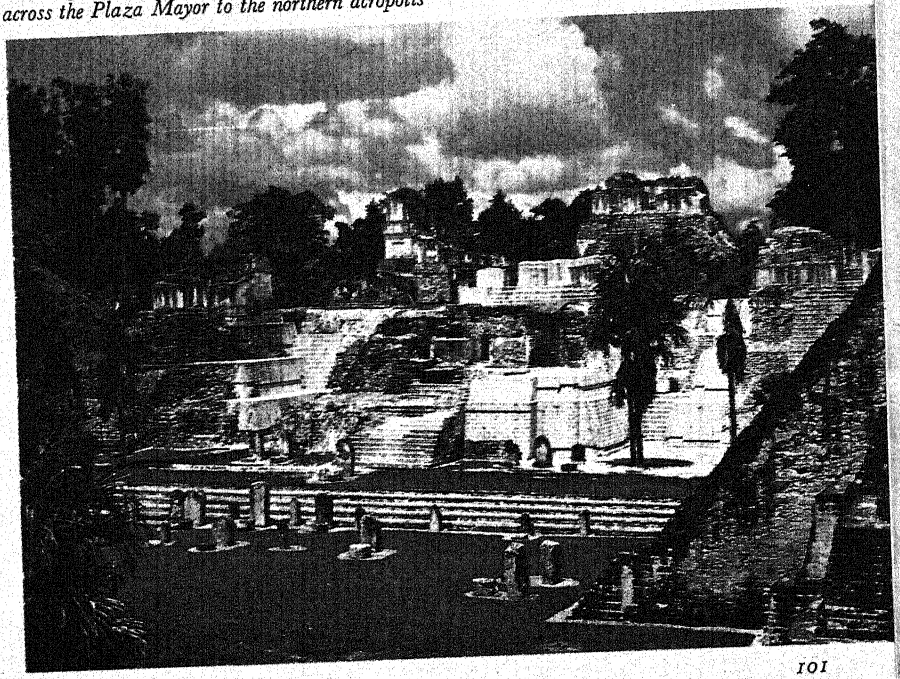
thought to be the same one as that for the navel, so the name might possibly mean the "Centre of the Maya World."

The University Museum hired Edwin Shook, a quiet, intense archaeologist with long experience at Maya sites, as Director, and gave Rs. 60 lakhs for a ten-year project at Tikal. Shook, accompanied by an archaeology student and workmen, arrived in January 1956, followed by many others.

One of the earliest, most exciting finds of the entire expedition—the famed Stela 29—was discovered by accident in 1959 when a worker noticed the corner of the fallen pillar lying under the leaves of the forest floor. After a day of careful digging, Shook got the two carved faces of the stela turned upwards. It bore the low-relief carved profiles of priests or nobles, richly garbed. Hieroglyphs were revealed on the back of the stela. It also bore mathematical symbols that placed its carving at A.D. 292, the earliest dated, lowland Maya monument that had yet been discovered.

Keen, indefatigable detective work was responsible for another dramatic

A view past the great stairway of Temple 1 (on the right) across the Plaza Mayor to the northern acropolis



find. It is thought that the Maya buried the bodies of their dignitaries on the axis of a temple floor and then built a new temple around and over the old one. Archaeologist Aubrey Trik had spent three long, difficult years tunnelling through the solid rubble masonry base of the pyramid on which stands soaring Temple I, Tikal's trademark. No tomb was found.

His earlier notes referred to a scattering of decorative flint chips found a few metres in from the entrance of the first tunnel. Following this trail as if it were a vein of gold, Trik burrowed at right angles to the original tunnel. After digging for more than seven and a half metres, he uncovered the tomb.

One bucketful at a time, the debris of 1,200 years was cleared away. There, on a low stone bench, lay the skeleton of a tall man. A large round shell covering his skull, was perforated at regular intervals all round the edge, and from each hole dangled a five-centimetre square of cut jade. He wore a spectacular necklace of jade tubes, seven and a half to ten centimetres long, and two necklaces of jade beads, each drilled through the centre and graduated from one and a quarter centimetres to more than five centimetres in diameter. Between his legs lay a long, slender jade tube with one perfect pearl at the end. Including bracelets, anklets and earplugs, his jade ornaments



The hieroglyphs on this stela may yet provide the key to Tikal's past



A figurine, 60 centimetres high, found at the jungle site

weighed more than seven kilograms.

Like the temples, tombs were found at every level as the archaeologists dug down through the strata of the centuries, carefully uncovering and cataloguing their finds. They hoped eventually to dig all the way to bedrock.

Of the more than 1,500 hectares almost covered with huge buildings and stone causeways, the archaeologists selected the central group of buildings for restoration. Sawing the soft limestone from centuries-old Maya quarries, workers faced the rebuilt pyramids, temples and palaces with dressed stone.

Time Travel. Today, much as it must have looked 1,000 years ago, the heart of the complex is the Great Plaza, where two steep-sided pyramids crowned with lofty temples face each other from either end of a stone platform as long as a football field. South along the edges of the Plaza stretch rows of dignitaries' palaces that alone would loom enormous in a less gargantuan setting. One can wander for hours through scores of rooms and big, enclosed patios.

Before the temples, and in two rows along the north edge of the Plaza, stand the stelae, most of them two and a half to three metres tall, and their accompanying circular stone altars, about a metre across, with bas-relief portraits of personages in full regalia.

Fanning out from the Great Plaza are elevated stone causeways, some as wide as 60 metres, leading through the forest to other groups of monumental buildings. Within easy walking distance three additional temples stand about 55 metres against the sky. Temple Four, 190 thousand cubic metres of stone more than 60 metres high, is one of the tallest pre-hispanic structures in the Western Hemisphere.

Beyond the ceremonial area, the remains of Tikal stretch for many kilometres in every direction. More than 3,000 stone buildings, great and small, have been mapped, and only a fraction of these have been excavated. Outside the perimeter of the buildings are thousands of low stone platforms scattered through the forest. Archaeologists think that these once bore the pole-and-thatch houses of farmers who cultivated the staple crop of maize, and who in the slack season must have furnished labour for erecting the buildings.

Despite the great distances to be traversed on foot, Tikal carried on a thriving trade with other Maya cities, probably bartering copal gum, animal skins, cacao and flint tools and weapons for hard, heavy greenstone (for axes), obsidian, the flowing metallic green tailfeathers of the quetzal birds, and that holiest of Maya materials, jade. All these came from the highlands. Seashells, also important for ceremonial use, came from the coast.

Estimates of Tikal's population vary, but it was probably more than 40,000 in an area of 2,600

hectares. Power was apparently exercised by a small ruling class from which the priests and chiefs were drawn. Gradually this *élite* seems to have decreed the building of ever more imposing temples, demanded ever more time-consuming chronicles engraved in stone, and required increasing numbers of attendants for the ceremonies.

End of an Era. This great civilization suddenly seems to have collapsed about A.D. 900. Nobody knows what happened, but Tikal was abandoned; blocks of cut stone stood unused in the quarries or were left lying about half-completed structures, and the people drifted away.

Some experts say that they left in rebellion against the increasing burden of construction and ceremony imposed by the rulers. Others say that, as the population grew, farmers had to go further from the centre to find cornland. When the journey became too long to return except at intervals, they moved their families permanently. Other theories, since disproved, suggested that pestilence, invasion, or natural catastrophe caused the Maya collapse which mysteriously occurred during the same period in all their cities.

In 1969, after 13 years of digging and restoring, the Museum turned Tikal over to the Guatemalan government which had made the entire area a national park, the first in Central America. Ten more years of patient work will be required before all the material collected at the site can be properly evaluated and added to the total of Maya lore. Then another phase of excavation may be started.

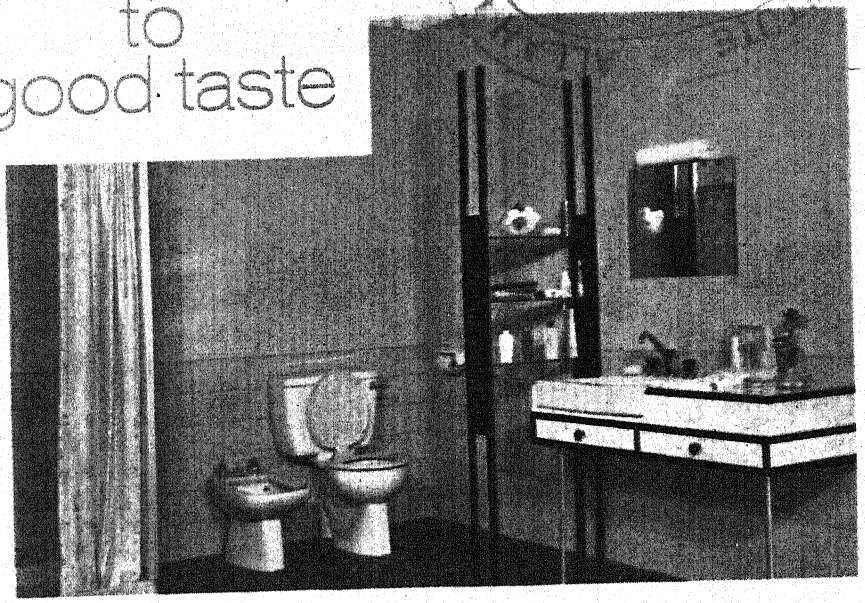
Meantime, scholars, scientists and tourists come from all parts of the world to marvel at the vestiges of Maya civilization. It is worth the trip. The night before we left Tikal we stayed alone in the Great Plaza after the other visitors had gone back to the near-by inn.

As the sun set, the swift tropical night crept across the forest and the lower buildings, leaving only the towering roof-combs of the temples gilded with the last rays. Then the temple spires grew black, silhouetted against the dark-blue sky as a nearly full moon peered above the horizon. Slowly its eerie light spread over the Plaza, outlining the temples and illuminating the silent stelae. The impression of gigantic size and end-of-the-world permanence was breathtaking.

We sat for a long time on the temple steps, hypnotized, like so many before us, by the 2,500-year mystery of this strange place.

On a hot summer day we noticed a cool spot beside a garage selling second-hand cars—a wooden table under an oak tree. A sign on the table read: "Shady deals made here." —V. S.

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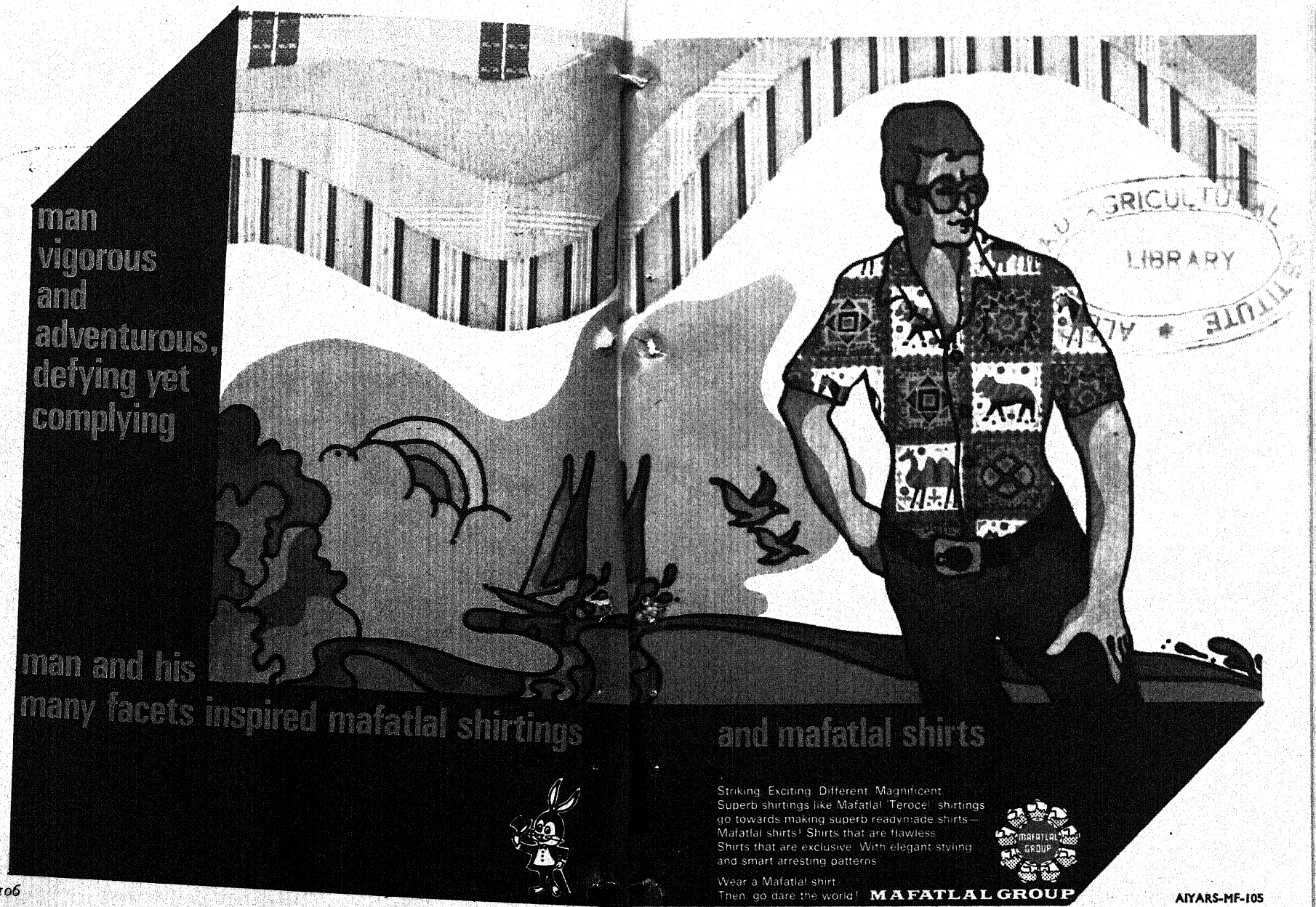
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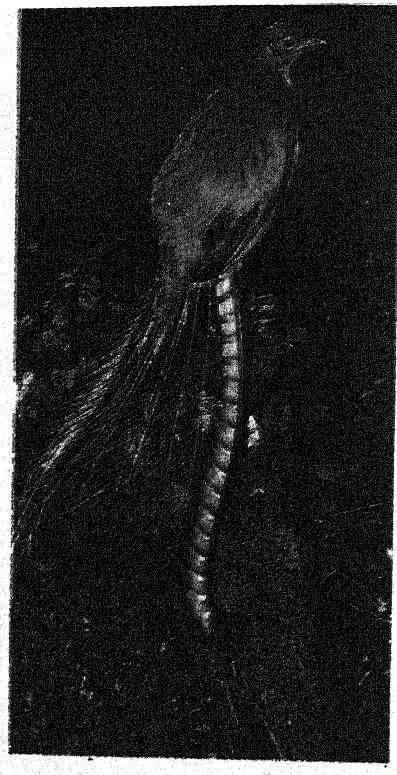
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James, the Matchless Troubadour

The heartwarming story of a woman and her irrepressible bird friend

By James Ambrose Pratt, C.M.Z.S.

I had almost given up hope of ever meeting face to face with a lyrebird—the fabled *Menura*—when word came to Melbourne of a woman living in the mountains only 40 kilometres away who had actually made friends with one. A group of us wangled an invitation to Mrs. Edith Wilkinson's secluded little cottage, and there, a few mornings later, seated behind an open window, we witnessed an extraordinary performance.

From up the valley we could hear the bird approaching, his resonant calls growing louder. Suddenly, with a clatter, he landed on a platform Mrs. Wilkinson had built for him just outside the window. His symmetrical body resembled that of a young guinea fowl, but one graced with a long, amazingly flexible neck and a sweeping tail

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Ambrose Pratt, late president of the Royal Zoological Society of Victoria, was never so happy as when exploring the wonders of the magnificent Australian woodland. His *Call of the Koala* and *The Lore of the Lyrebird* enriched Australian literature, and gave nature lovers the world over remarkable accounts of these superb creatures.

nearly twice the length of his body.

"Hallo, boy," said Mrs. Wilkinson softly.

"Hallo, boy," said the bird in exact imitation of her tone. He advanced to the very edge of the window, poised for flight should one of us move, and regarded us intently with bright, black eyes. Then he opened his beak and emitted a low chuckle that speedily swelled in volume until the air resounded with an imitation of the full-throated calls of Australia's kookaburra bird.

As the last note died away, he retired a step, stood squarely, then suddenly spread his tail fan-shape above his back. Its magnificence held us spellbound. A second earlier his tail had seemed monotonously coloured, but now the exquisite lyre-shaped plumes flashed with tints of ebony, bronze and purple. Fine, wire-like accompanying feathers provided a matchless contrast to the colours above as their tips drooped forward to form a shimmering, silver curtain over the bird's head, completely screening it from our view.

Hiding behind this beautiful curtain he gave us a marvellous recital, imitating precisely and perfectly, in swift succession, the calls and songs of at least twenty Australian birds. For the cheep and twitter of tiny birds with tiny voices who live in the undergrowth, his powerful voice dropped to the faintest *pianissimo,* yet every note was distinct. Interspersed were sounds from the world of man: the tooting of car horns, the noise of a hydraulic ram.

Tiring at length of mimicry, he began to dance to a weird, lilting music of his own. Advancing and retreating with regular steps and rhythmic swaying, he wove an intricate pattern on the platform, crossing his feet in the manner of human dancers.

The climax came with three swift steps within two clanging beats of his music, followed by a sudden silent pause and a slow lowering of his splendid tail. Three more times he thus danced for us, not once varying the performance or altering a note of his elfin song. Then at last he hopped down and began to scratch in the garden for his breakfast.

At our request, Mrs. Wilkinson went out to the veranda and, speaking to him exactly as a mother would to a child, asked him to sing a bit more. She called him James, the name she had bestowed on him at the beginning of their friendship, and presently, as if unable to resist her entreaty, James obliged with a short but wonderful encore.

Since the February morning she had first seen him in her garden, reported Mrs. Wilkinson, James had appeared with the regularity of clockwork, at the same hour and in the same spot each day. He always departed in the late morning, but returned again at sundown for another hour or two.

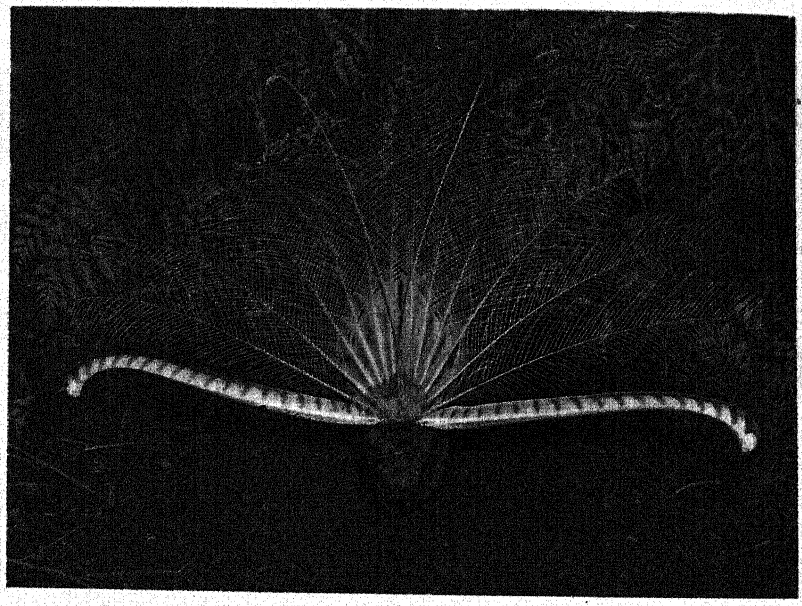
Quiveringly alert during the early

meetings, he had panicked at her first spoken words, but little by little his alarm had subsided until he was answering audibly, even allowing her to approach closely. By mid-June he was singing his heart out and in September, just before his departure for two months, presumably spent moulting, he left two magnificent lyre-shaped tail plumes on her doorstep as a farewell gift.

Bird of Paradise. Where the giant eucalyptus marches in grand procession from gully border to mountain top, where the mountainsides are masked with fragrant underbrush and the sparkling brooks are hidden under wreathed masses of magnificent tree ferns, this was his private kingdom.

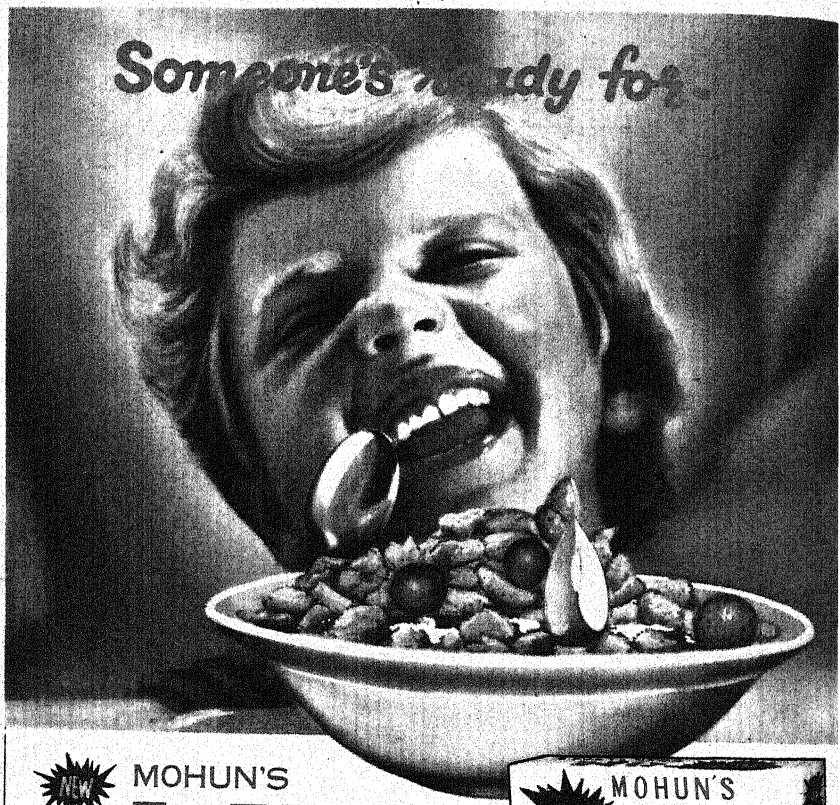
Close as the relationship became, however, Mrs. Wilkinson discovered that certain accepted bird-taming practices were unwelcome. Hoping to reward and please him, she collected a store of grubs, centipedes and other insects which she had observed were his favourite foods and spread them out on his platform. But instead of enjoying the feast, James ruffled his feathers, erected his crest and cawing angrily charged at the food and swept the platform clear. Then with a loud, irate cluck he spread his wings and flew glidingly away into the jungle.

The relationship apparently was to be a "spiritual" one, and Mrs.



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Wilkinson had touching proof of this a few weeks later, when, after a wretched night, she found herself too ill and weak to arise from her bed in the morning. At the usual hour she could hear James tapping peremptorily with his beak on the sitting-room window, his customary signal for her to come out on the verandah and talk to him. She tried to respond but nausea beset her and for several hours she lay prostrate.

At length she fell into an exhausted slumber, to be awakened abruptly by strange scratching sounds outside her bedroom window. After an hour of this, a small head appeared above the sill and there was James, singing an incomparably beautiful serenade.

The lovely song cured Mrs. Wilkinson more effectively than any treatment, and opening the window, she found that her troubadour had constructed a mound of garden mould beneath the window in order to give himself a perch high enough to stand on and look in.

His behaviour during her absences gave further evidence of the unique understanding underlying their friendship. She left once for a fortnight, and on her return the caretaker reported that there had been no sign of James the whole time, nor had anyone heard him singing.

"I know," Mrs. Wilkinson said

Lyrebird Lore

The brown-coloured lyrebirds of the eastern coastal forests are one of Australia's unique wildlife treasures. The bird, which was named by the colonists because of the resemblance of the male's fully fanned tail to the curved arms of the Greek lyre, has an amazing gift of mimicry. They have been known to reproduce words, phrases and several bars of music and to imitate the sounds of axes felling trees, the puffing of trains, the noise of car horns and engines.

Most of the lyrebird's time is spent scratching through leaves and debris with its powerful feet or tearing at decaying logs for insects, worms and small land molluscs that lie along the wet forest gullies. It is not a strong flier.

They breed from May to September. After mating, the drab hen lays a single light-grey or purplish-brown egg in a large nest lined with down plucked from her body. Nests are generally built on a rock ledge, in a hole on top of a tall stump, at the base of a tree or, sometimes, high in the tree to avoid predators. After about six weeks the chick emerges. The lyrebird is rigidly protected and seems to be maintaining its numbers.

—Dal Stivens in *Our Amazing World of Nature,* published by Reader's Digest, Sydney

calmly. "I told him I'd be away. He'll be back."

That very evening James appeared, vociferously happy to see his patroness and welcoming her with a prolonged recital.

James' behaviour after his own yearly absences, usually during October and November, convinced Mrs. Wilkinson and other observers that he spent most of the time adding to his repertoire, for upon his return he proudly demonstrated many new bird calls. In addition, he might have picked up other sounds: the bark of a dog, the noise of a rock-crusher from a near-by road building site, even the shouts of the men in charge. But each year as spring approached he forgot his mimicry and concentrated on perfecting his beautiful nuptial song.

Paternal Responsibility. During the years we observed James, he showed a family spirit unequalled in the animal kingdom, and he brought his mate many times to Mrs. Wilkinson's garden, accompanied by their offspring. He was monogamous, and it was evident that it is the lyrebird's habit to settle and remain settled, as a family, in one defined area. His young remained near by for four years and were dutifully trained in their responsibilities.

Once, following the sound of constantly repeated musical notes, I came upon James in a leafy glade patiently teaching a small male bird the laughing sounds made by the kookaburra. Over and over he gave the sound and over and over the youngster imitated him until he could render the whole song.

Even more amazing was our discovery that, quite apart from his powers of mimicry, James could and did communicate ideas and directions to others of his species. He had at his command an extensive range of "conversational" calls, some of them mandatory, some exhortative, some calls of love, warning, greeting and parting, each distinct. It necessarily followed that he possessed a mind capable of formulating the ideas he communicated.

Whenever James mounted his platform, he seldom lacked an audience, feathered as well as human, for he was a popular forest entertainer. On one occasion when James quit the verandah two birds blocked his way on the garden steps, as if demanding an encore.

James erected his tail and began to sing like an angel. They kept still as stone, but as his last note died away, they hopped to the next step and turned again to regard him. James advanced, and then once more erected his tail, danced and sang.

Three times this happened within our sight, the birds slowly allowing James to advance, but demanding a song for each few steps.

Eventually James disappeared into the shrubs, still singing, and still attended. It was an idyllic and unforgettable experience.

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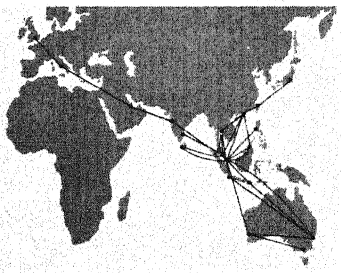
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Sleeplessness, irritability, ulcers . . . all
may result from muscle tension which you can overcome

Train Yourself to Relax

By Leavitt Knight

Few people, loaded with the stimulations of the day, can hop into bed at night and drop into a complete state of rest. Unidentified devils inside keep working. Sleep may come fitfully or not at all unless we can turn off whatever it is inside us that doesn't want to call it a day.

Over the years, doctors and researchers have tried to discover just how to beat critical tension and achieve healthy relaxation. One man, Dr. Edmund Jacobson, has devoted his life to the problem. Noting the many approaches doctors have used—hypnotic suggestion, Freudian analysis, warm baths, massage, various diets, exercise, diversion, drugs—he embarked instead on a direct study of what relaxation and tension are. From his mass of scientific observation he concluded that it is possible for nearly anyone to (1) go about the day calmly and as "loose" as a champion athlete, and (2) induce at will the serene repose of untroubled sleep. It is possible without using drugs or any other means except a simple physical skill: removal of tension by progressively relaxing muscles.

What Jacobson learned is that an inner tension depends for its survival on existing in a "vicious circle." The circle may begin with fear, anxiety or over-stimulation, which then builds the rest of it—including perhaps such elements as

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frustration, sleeplessness, fatigue, talkativeness, anger, ulcers. But one part of the circle that is *always* there is muscle tension. Get rid of muscle tension and the rest of the elements evaporate.

"Tension" was a vague word as we first used it. But a muscle tension is a definite, physical thing. Clench your fist and note the sensation. That is muscle tension. Now let your hand slowly turn limp. That is relaxation. The more slowly you loosen the fist to final limpness, the more surely you may identify the feeling of relaxation happening—*and your control of it.*

Squint your eyes tight shut and compress your lips. Slowly let them go limp. Get the feel of it.

If you train yourself over a period of time to repeat these simple performances, first with all the large, easily controlled muscles, then with the smaller ones whose tensions are subtler, you will find it possible to relax at will—all the way down to a repose quieter than normal sleep.

The fact is, there is not a state of nervousness, worry, irritability, hate, aggressiveness, impatience, self-pity, resentment or jumpiness that is not dependent on tense muscles. While we can seldom turn off any of these unwelcome states just by wanting to, we can, in fact, learn to relax them away by untensing the muscular tightness that supports them.

Consider a common experience. You can't get to sleep because something is on your mind and you "can't turn your brain off."

True, but the brain is *not* the mind.

Most of us think in terms of speech, actions and visual images. Thus, a common way of "thinking" is to carry on an imaginary conversation. To do so, your speech muscles must shape all the words in miniature muscular actions. But if you relax your tongue, lips and throat, it becomes impossible to think in words.

Similarly, to think visually, your eye muscles must, in miniature movements, create the images. Or if you think in terms of imagined actions—the pianist replaying that passage he muffed—the brain needs the support of a miniature piano-playing action in arm, hand and fingers. So if you can relax those supporting muscles, you *can* "turn off your mind" and get a good night's sleep.

Thousands who have learnt to calm "uncontrollable" tensions by relaxing controllable muscles find it works every time. But it takes practice, a willingness to keep at it. The process is progressive, not instantaneous. For every minute that you keep the larger muscles relaxed, more of the smaller ones will let go —even if you haven't yet the skill to relax the small ones voluntarily.

If you are either exceedingly or subtly tense, and as yet unskilled in the fine points, you are not likely to be wholly calm after five or

ten minutes of partial relaxation. The process is like turning off all the lights: the house won't be dark until the last switch is off.

If you were learning how to relax under instruction from Dr. Jacobson or one of the many instructors and doctors he has trained, you would spend time each day lying down quietly with eyes closed. You would tighten a big muscle and let it go a couple of times, then spend the rest of the time just letting it go and noting how it felt when relaxed.

Successive lessons would take you, one at a time, over most of the big muscles in arms and legs and torso. Then you would move on to ever smaller muscles, learning to identify the more subtle tensions, and to control them. Eventually you would find that you can catch yourself at almost any minute with some needless tension, which you can then readily let go.

Here's something to try without any expert instruction. For one month police yourself *habitually* to (a) keep your hands and arms limp when not in use; (b) keep your face—especially your lips and brows—placid when not talking, and no more active than necessary when talking; (c) let your shoulders hang on their bones unless they have a load to bear; (d) let go any needless rigidity in your legs and feet when they aren't carrying you. If you do these four things, you will find a pleasant change towards serenity creeping up on you.

And try this: catch yourself, if you can, in moments of pressure, excitement, hurry, argument. Notice the muscle tension that *always* goes with them. Now relax every one of those muscles that you can, without falling down or looking ridiculous. Maintain all the muscular relaxation possible while still playing your role in the situation. Try it 40 times, not just once. Then *you* be the judge of what seems to happen to your part of the tenseness of the situation.

No matter what you do in daily life, you will do it better, with less fatigue and better judgement, if you "hang loose." As you habitually relax needless tensions in your voluntary muscles, this state of relaxation will spread even to muscles that are not directly controllable, such as those involved in stomach tensions. Which is something to think about if you work under pressure that has your stomach "tightening up in a knot." Who needs ulcers?

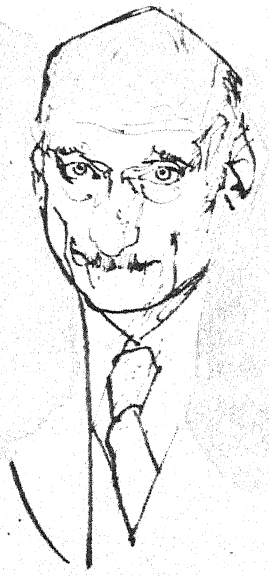
No Escape

LITTLE Jane, just out of bed one morning, was crying as though her heart would break. He mother came hurrying in and asked, "Jane, what in the world is the matter?"

Sobbing, she answered, "I was just thinking, I'll have to put on my clothes every day as long as I live."

—Mary McNow

Unforgettable 'Father of Europe'



By Robert Rochefort

On a November day in 1947, the sentries on duty at the Hôtel Matignon, the Premier of France's official residence, saw an ordinary-looking man arrive at the garden gate, remove his hat and start to walk in. They barred his way: that entrance was reserved for the Premier. Robert Schuman had just been voted into office by the National Assembly, but he detested calling attention to other people's errors. Without a word of protest, he merely walked around the building and entered through another door.

Schuman was modest to the point of self-effacement. He entered public life only in obedience to the dictates of his conscience and to assure the triumph of "Good." As the apostle of Franco-German reconciliation, he proved to be one of post-war France's greatest statesmen. But what struck me most about him, was that he offered perhaps a unique example of a politician utterly devoid of personal ambition.

I first met him during the war, on August 13, 1942. He had escaped from Germany and had just crossed the demarcation line which then slashed France in two. I had been

secretly warned to expect his arrival, and was waiting for him at the border where I was sub-prefect.

I saw him coming from afar, tall, gaunt and stooped, striding cheerfully along the empty road. He was then 56 years old. A few years later, his gleaming bald pate and outsized nose were to be a caricaturist's delight. I chiefly remember his clear blue eyes as he seized my hands in his and held them for a long moment. Then he thanked me for welcoming him "in the name of France."

We said good-bye the next day. My office had issued a "genuine" identity card to him in the name of Durenne, a public-school teacher. The Gestapo had put a price of 100,000 marks on his head. And yet he spoke of Germany without hatred. I believe that he was already turning over in his mind the idea of a united Europe.

When I saw Robert Schuman again after the Liberation, his career was entering a brilliant phase. He had been Finance Minister, and in 1947 he was appointed Premier. (It was then that I joined his staff.)

He became popular, almost in spite of himself. His assistants received hundreds of letters from admirers all over the world. For all the honours heaped on him, he never lost his simplicity of manner and his solidly anchored opinion of the "vanity of glory": "I don't know many people," he would say, "who don't lose their heads when they have a motor-cycle escort. That's why I like to walk."

Shy, conciliatory Robert Schuman could, however, wield an iron hand: "He is as inflexible as Molotov," said Dean Acheson, former U.S. Secretary of State. When he took over the government, France was on the brink of civil war. Two million workers were on strike, and communist agitation was threatening to paralyse the country completely. There was no doubt of the communists' intention to seize power by force. Schuman met the challenge squarely.

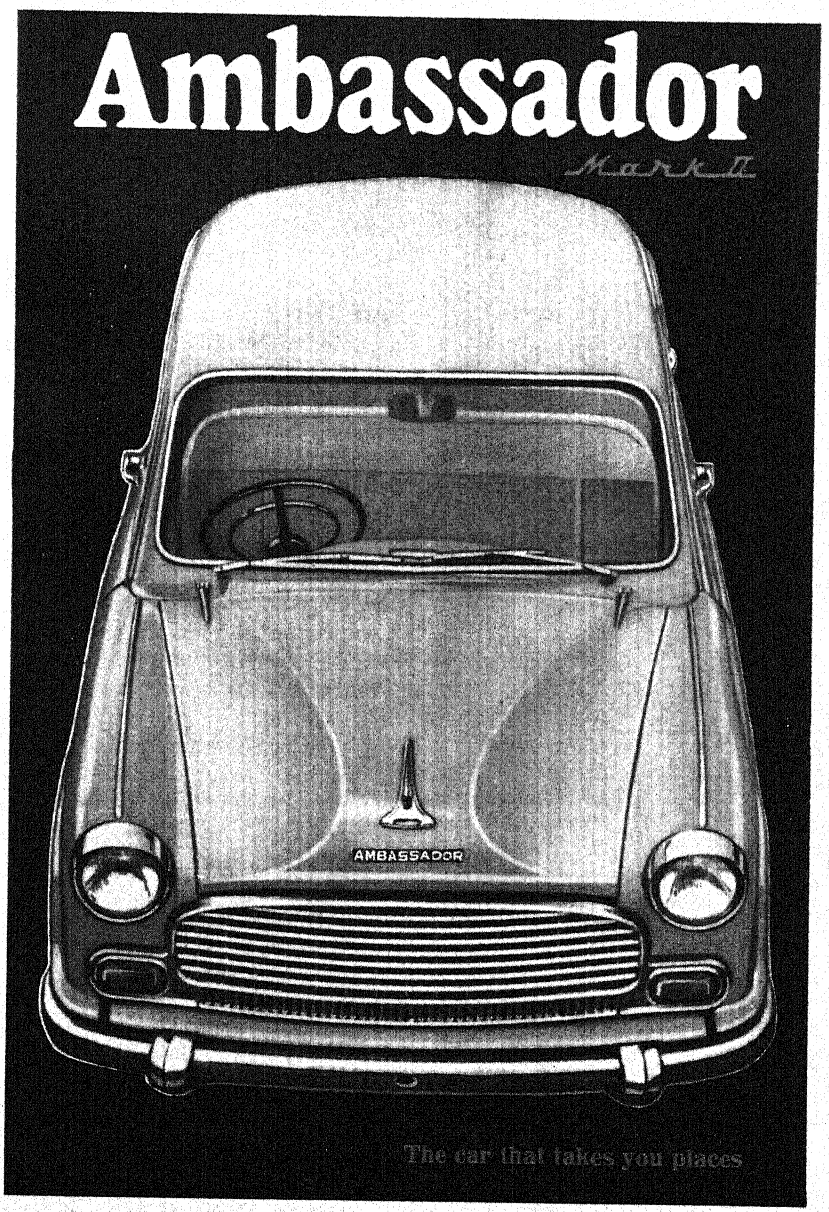
False Report. One night, a rumour raced through the press room at the National Assembly: the Government was trying to reach a compromise with the General Confederation of Labour (the communist-dominated trade union organization). When informed, the Premier shot out of his chair, strode briskly into the room and declared that his government would never bow to "trouble-makers."

Then, a few days later, Schuman stood at the Assembly rostrum, as furious communist deputies shrieked insults at him, and calmly drew from his briefcase the draft of a law giving him the power to call up 80,000 reservists "to guarantee the right to work and to defend the Republic." The majority of the Assembly roared out *La Marseillaise,* the French national anthem. He had won his fight.

As Premier of France, Schuman

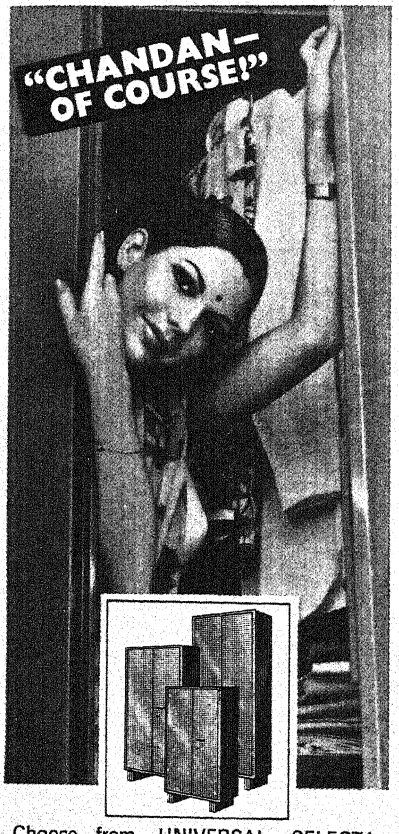
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had withstood the tempest which had threatened to make his country a communist satellite state. Three years later, as Foreign Minister, he surprised the world by launching the revolutionary idea of a "European community." All his life he fervently believed that Providence uses all of us to achieve ends too great for us to fathom. The great scheme, in his case, was the construction of a united Europe.

Child of Destiny. He seemed marked for the mission. He had been permanently affected in childhood by the consequences of the 1870 Franco-Prussian War. Born on June 29, 1886, in Luxembourg, where his family had fled to escape the German occupation of Alsace-Lorraine after France's defeat, he was the product of two civilizations. French was his mother tongue—in it he had received his early schooling—but he continued his education in German universities in Berlin, Munich, Bonn and Strasbourg, where he took his doctorate in law.

"Even as a student in Bonn," he was to tell West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer in 1950, "I could see how much good could be wrought by the co-operation of our two countries."

Schuman's primary aim, when he succeeded Georges Bidault as Foreign Minister of France in July 1948, was to give his spiritual dream of European unity concrete reality. He set himself the mission of freeing not only France and Germany, but all

the nations of Europe, from the hatreds which had divided them for centuries. To achieve that end, an alliance in the traditional mould seemed to him inadequate; something more binding was needed.

On May 9, 1950, Schuman summoned the press and, in an emotion-choked voice, read the celebrated statement that earned him the title of "Father of Europe." He proposed, for the first time in history, that six European nations—France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg—unite in a communal system to which each would sacrifice a measure of its sovereignty.

He called on those countries to pool their 217·6 million tons of coal and 31·7 million tons of steel. He suggested, in fact, a genuine partnership—in which each member would conform to the majority will and thus be safe from the "whims of nationalistic policies." A united Europe was the final goal.

The Schuman Plan had actually been developed by another great champion of European unity, his friend Jean Monnet. Schuman's merit lies not in having conceived the plan but in pushing it through. His statement on May 9 signalled the end of an era of fratricidal wars between France and Germany, the creation of the coal-and-steel pool and the Common Market.

Nothing in the character of this intellectual, who as a youth dreamed of becoming a teacher, seemed to

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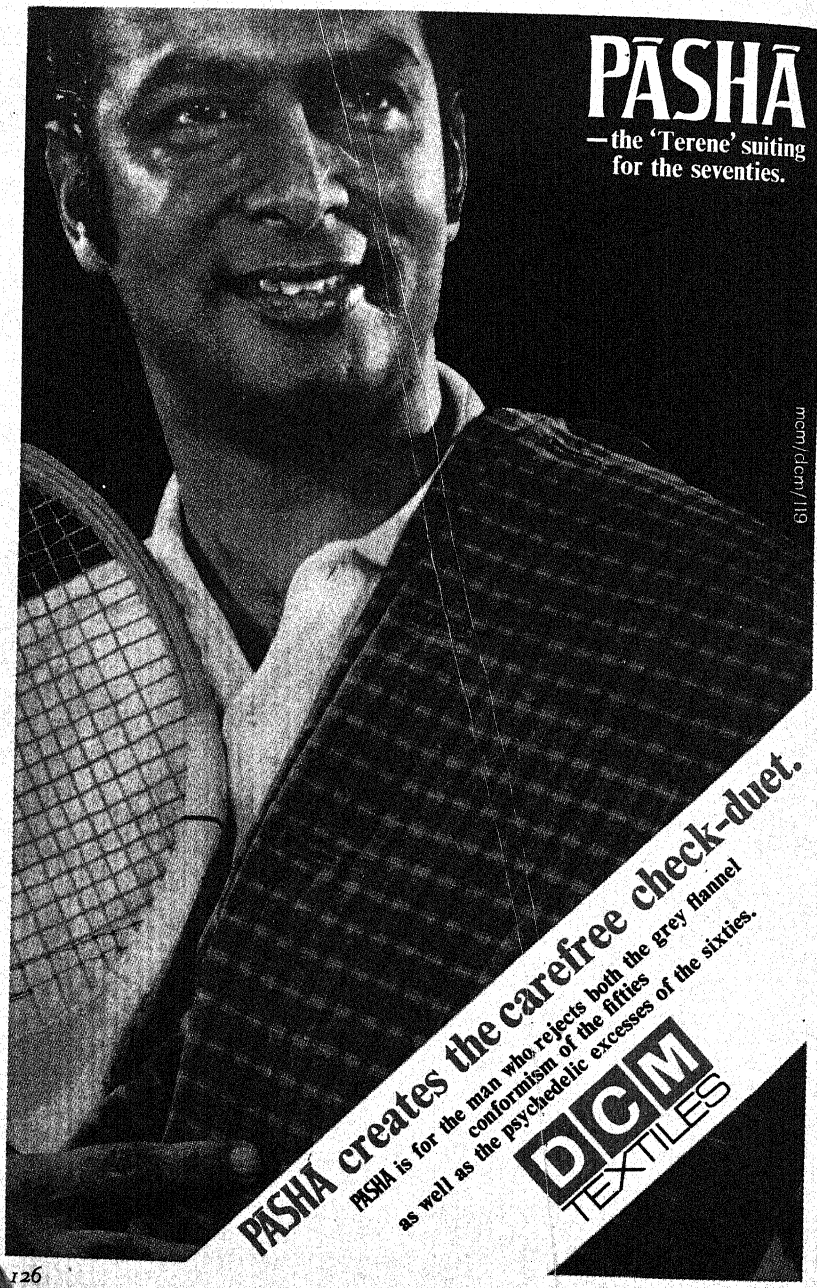
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point him towards a political career. Nowhere was he happier than in his little country house at Scy-Chazelles, where he lived alone, devoted to history and theology, surrounded by his books.

Why had such a man decided to plunge into the turmoil of political life? I found the answer to this riddle in a letter I discovered on the night of his funeral—a letter that convinced me I had to write his biography. It had been written to Schuman half a century earlier by a boyhood friend.

Schuman was 25 years old, and his mother had just been killed when the horse pulling her cart bolted. He had lost his father when he was 14, and it might be said that he lived for his mother. Crushed by sorrow, he thought his life was broken for ever. He considered becoming a priest. His friend wrote to dissuade him:

"The saints of tomorrow will be saints in business suits. Forget the priesthood and spend your life in doing good, as you say you want to do, to console yourself for your mother's loss."

If Schuman always seemed mysterious, it is because no one pierced this secret that inspired his ambition "to do good." After the 1918 armistice, when Schuman's friends urged him to run for the Assembly, he at first refused. But the secularism of the period threatened religious freedom in Alsace-Lorraine. "Good" was in danger. If he was to remain faithful to his mother's memory, he could not refuse to act.

Yet, there was nothing austere about him. His sense of humour made him a charming companion. One day, on a train, the conductor to whom he showed his card challenged his identity: this insignificant-looking fellow couldn't be the Foreign Minister. Schuman took off his hat to show his bald crown. "You're not really going to try to tell me," he said, "that you've never seen this skull in the newspapers?"

I had the feeling that he sometimes regretted not having raised a family. He adored children—their voices, like churchbells, had the power to move him—and he had 18 godchildren. When he was asked why he didn't marry, he usually answered with a joke: he preferred politics to women, he said, because, although they were equally fickle, politics were less jealous.

He was criticized as miserly. Miserly he certainly was—with public money. At the Finance Ministry, in 1946, he would wander through the empty offices at night looking for lights to turn out. No saving was too small in a country half-ruined by war. Nor did he enjoy spending money on himself, except to enlarge his autograph collection.

But I can attest that Schuman was the most generous of men. He gave without counting—always secretly—to relieve misery and suffering. After his death I discovered that he had been a patron of an orphanage

near his home. One of the orphans supplied me with some touching details: "He was a father to all 25 of us, and when one of us married, it was on his arm that we walked to the altar."

The last years of his life were sad ones. Denied a say in the making of major policy decisions in France, he became the "pilgrim of European unity." He travelled the world over, explaining that only a strong, reconciled and united Europe—from which, incidentally, he did not exclude Britain—could stand as a fortress against communism and deal on an equal footing with the United States of America.

In 1959 his strength began to slowly ebb under the beginnings of cerebral sclerosis. Nevertheless he found the energy to write a book, *Pour l'Europe* ("For Europe"), which today stands as his political testament.

When he died in 1963, voices throughout the world were raised in tribute to him.

Today—symbolically facing eastwards across the Rhine—the tiny chapel where his body lies, a few steps from his country home, has already become for many people of all nationalities, a place of pilgrimage. They come to honour a great man—the "Father of Europe."

Ratifying the Agreement

OUR POP group couldn't find any work in the city, so we decided to move to the country. The owner of a restaurant engaged us on a trial basis for one week to play in his ballroom. The local youngsters were enthusiastic. Not so the restaurant owner who thought we made too much noise. We didn't think he would extend the contract. When we asked if we could stay on, he grinned, "O.K. I don't like your music, boys, but since you've been playing the rats have left the cellar." —Lothar Kübel, München, Germany

Happiness Is . . .

AN ENGLISHMAN, a Frenchman and a Russian were trying to define true happiness. "True happiness," said the Englishman, "is when you return home tired after work and find your slippers warming in front of the fire."

"You English have no romance," said the Frenchman. "True happiness is when you go on a business trip, find a pretty girl who entertains you, and then you part without regrets."

"You are both wrong," said the Russian. "True happiness is when you are at home in bed at four o'clock in the morning and there is a hammering at the door and there stand the Secret Police, who say to you, 'Ivan Ivanovitch, you are under arrest,' and you say, 'Sorry, Ivan Ivanovitch lives next door.' " —"Observer" in the *Financial Times*, London

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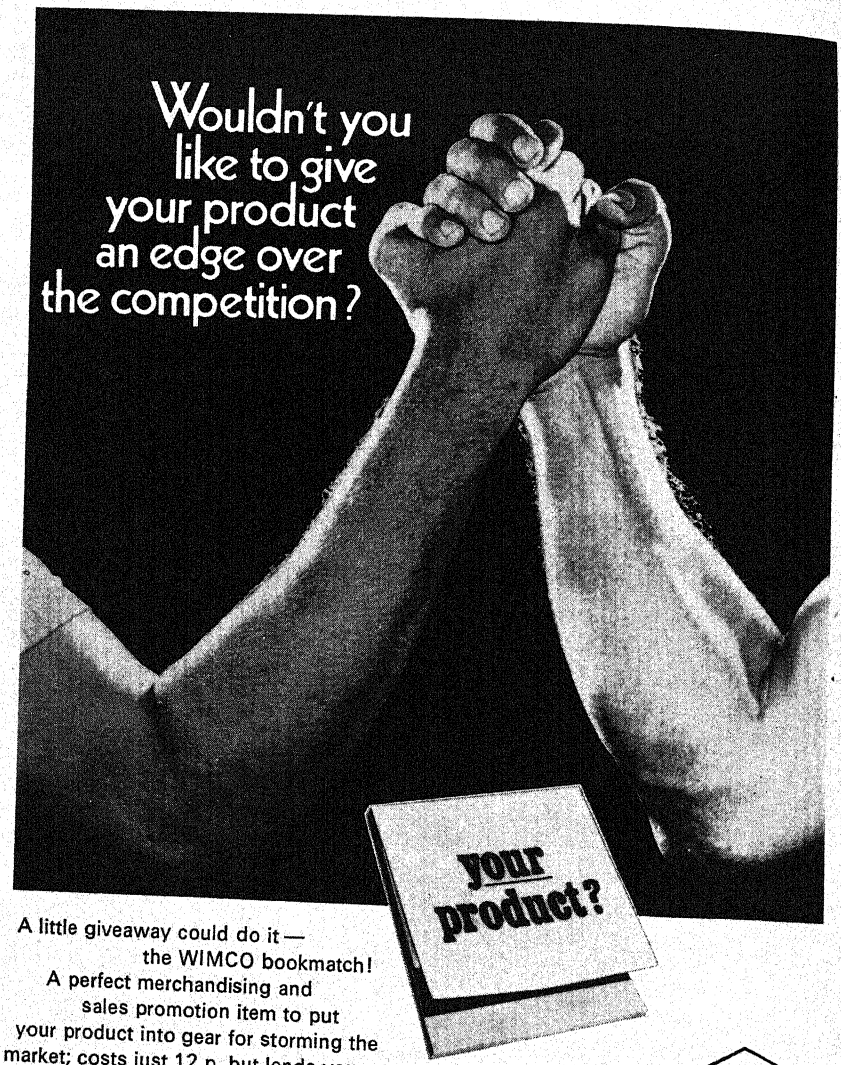


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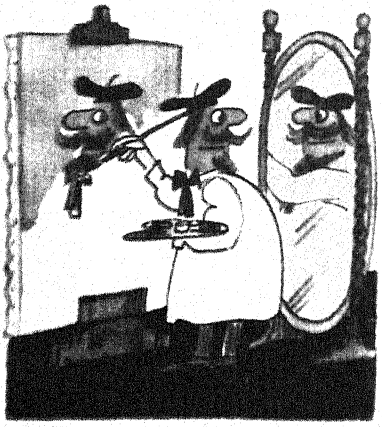


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Personal Glimpses

WORLD-FAMOUS ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn comments: "Women's lib? Not if it means I have to carry the male dancers instead of them carrying me!" —Bob Talbert

BEFORE professional golfer Billy Casper bought a fishing-tackle business, a friend advised him that every time he goes fishing it will add a day to his life —an adage that old fishermen firmly believe. That seemed a bargain to Casper, who reasoned: "Every time you play a round of competitive golf, a day is subtracted. It's a tie."

—*Sports Illustrated*

EDVARD HAMBRO, president of the United Nations General Assembly, is a militant non-smoker. As a gesture to addicted visitors, he keeps a silver cigarette box on his office desk. But, when the lid is flipped open, his guests find themselves peering into a box that is empty except for this printed notice: "Caution! Cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health."

—*Covering the UN* (Women United for the United Nations)

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IV, who married the daughter of U.S. Senator Charles Percy, says there's no doubt their boy is a Rockefeller: "Whenever he gets into a sandpit, he starts digging for oil." —Leonard Lyons

ONE NIGHT while Alec McCowen was acting in a London play he noticed that a woman in the first row had placed her handbag and umbrella on the stage. "It was ghastly," McCowen said later. "I couldn't stop looking at them." So rather than break the rhythm of his performance, McCowen began to tidy the bed-sitting-room set as though this were part of the play and handed the handbag and umbrella back to the amazed woman. —G. C.

A DIGNITARY who likes to be different is Harlow Shapley, Harvard astronomer and former president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He can't stand clichés. Instead of the familiar "Ladies and gentlemen," he sometimes opens an address with: "Fellow primates . . ."

—Don Maclean in Washington *News*

SOMEONE who made a 800,000-kilometre trip round the moon and returned to the adulation of an admiring nation needs "something to bring him down to earth," says Lieutenant-Colonel William Anders, member of the Apollo 8 crew.

Anders got this needed return to reality during what was supposed to be a secluded holiday in Acapulco, Mexico. "My wife and I were lying on our patio enjoying the sun and quiet,"

Anders said, "when there's a knock on the door. There's a big guy there, in shorts and shirt, carrying a camera. I thought, 'Oh, no, not here, too.' He asked if he could get a picture. I thought, 'Well, O.K.,' so I told him to come on in.

"He brushed past me, went out to the edge of the patio, snapped his camera and said, 'Thanks. You've got the best view of the bay in the whole place.'" —J. M.

BOB HOPE says that he once forgot to introduce a Cardinal who was sitting with him on a dais. "He told me he forgave me," says Bob. "But I've noticed that ever since then I haven't won a single bingo game." —Earl Wilson

KNOWN for his wry sense of humour, Arnold Bennett was autographing copies of his latest books at a literary luncheon.

One avid Bennett reader had three first editions of the great man's work, but could not bring himself to ask Bennett to sign them all at once. He presented the first one, then rejoined the queue for autographs, trusting that Bennett would not remember him. His second copy was signed without comment. He waited a little and then presented the third book.

Without a trace of a smile, Bennett wrote: "To ——, who is fast becoming an old friend." —Oliver Gordon

AFTER buying a house for the aunt who brought him up, Beatle John Lennon presented her with a plaque which now hangs in her living room. Engraved on it is the phrase she directed his way almost every day of his adolescent life: "The guitar's all right, but you'll never earn your living with it." —Hunter Davies, *The Beatles* (Heinemann, London)

QUEEN ELIZABETH, the Queen Mother, has retained her vibrant touch over the years. As one official who watched her lay a foundation stone—a task she has performed countless times—commented, "She laid that stone as if she had just discovered a new and delightful way of spending the afternoon." —*Woman's Own*, London

FOR 26 years Edith Hamilton was headmistress of Bryn Mawr, the exclusive American girls' public school. She brought the school to a new high standard in academic excellence, with little apology for its stiff curriculum. "The idea that we might be causing inferiority complexes never occurred to me," she said later. With hard work, any girl could pass, and, she added, "It is not hard work which is dreary; it is superficial work. It has always seemed strange to me that in our endless discussions about education so little stress is laid on the *pleasure* of becoming an educated person, the enormous interest it adds to life." —M. W.

PIANIST Artur Rubinstein: "I cannot tell you how much I love to play for people. Would you believe it? Sometimes when I sit down to practise and there is no one else in the room, I have to stifle an impulse to ring for the lift man and offer him money to come in and hear me." —Samuel Chotzinoff



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High Rider of the Wild West Rodeo

By James Stewart-Gordon

Larry Mahan is not the weathered, guitar-strumming sort of cowhand you might expect. In fact, he has never worked on a ranch, ridden the range or plucked a guitar to soothe a restive cow. Nevertheless, because of his uncanny ability to anticipate a mount's movements and react to them like a twitch of lightning, he just happens to handle anything on four legs better than anyone else in the world.

Since 1963, when he first qualified as a professional, Mahan, now 27, has rewritten the rodeo record book. He has won America's Cowboys' All-Around Championship an unprecedented five years in a row; won the world's champion bull-riding title twice; twice been runner-up in saddle-bronc riding; ranked fourth nationally three times in bareback-bronc riding. In the process, he has helped the rodeo gain recognition as a true athletic contest.

In January 1970, he was cited by the Oregon Sportswriters and Sportscasters Association as the Professional Athlete of the Year—a first for a rodeo cowboy. Accepting the award, he looked around at the banquet tables filled with football, baseball and golf stars, and, fighting emotion, managed to say, "I've waited a long time for this—you gentlemen have recognized rodeo as a sport."

Later, when someone said, "Larry, you really made it tonight," Mahan shook his head: "You mean we cowboys made it tonight—all of us, not just me."

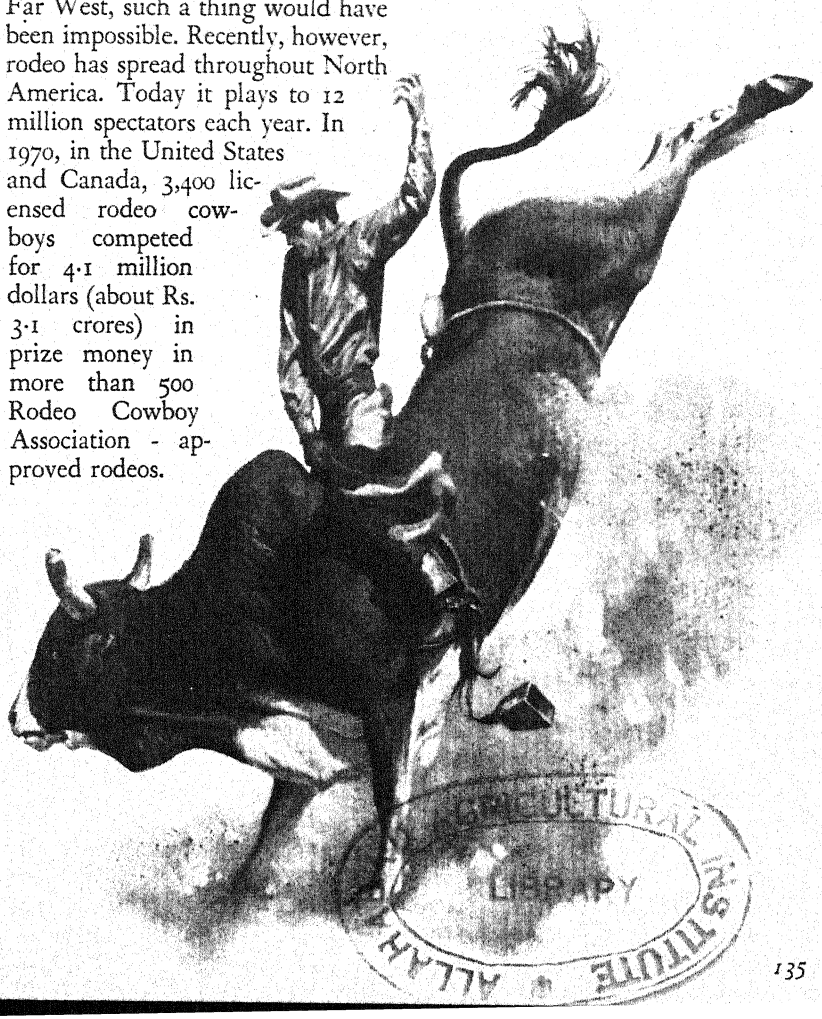
His fellow competitors, proud of his accomplishments, refer to Larry now as "Rodeo's Happiest Millionaire." For his achievements have made him rich. He has won more than 300,000 dollars (Rs. 22·5 lakhs) over the past eight years—more prize money, more quickly, than any other contestant in the 124-year

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history of cowboy rodeoing. And outside the arena, Larry's endorsements on products, personal appearances and investments, amply supplement his rodeo income.

A millionaire cowboy? In the past, when rodeo was confined to the cattle-raising region of America's Far West, such a thing would have been impossible. Recently, however, rodeo has spread throughout North America. Today it plays to 12 million spectators each year. In 1970, in the United States and Canada, 3,400 licensed rodeo cowboys competed for 4·1 million dollars (about Rs. 3·1 crores) in prize money in more than 500 Rodeo Cowboy Association - approved rodeos.

Rodeos—the word is Spanish for round-up, and is pronounced "road'-ee-oh" on the circuit—originally took place at the end of the grazing year, when cowboys competed against one another in impromptu exhibitions of such old-time skills as


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whisky drinking, pistol shooting, bronco busting and roping. Today's version has eliminated the whisky and the gunplay, and formalized the five classic events into a cowboy pentathlon: saddle-bronc riding, bareback-bronc riding, bull riding, calf roping and steer wrestling.

In the riding events, contestants have to stay on their animals for either eight or ten seconds, depending on local rules. Bronc riders can use only one hand, must enter the arena with their spurs higher than their mount's shoulders and must remain on, rocking their bodies and raking the bronc with their spurs throughout the ride. Bull riders—who also can use only one hand—just have to hang on.

Two judges mark the performance of both rider and mount; if a good rider is unlucky enough to draw a mild-mannered bull, his chances of winning are as small as a less able rider on a tougher mount. In calf roping and steer wrestling, whoever ropes and ties his calf the fastest, or leaps from his horse and downs the steer in the shortest time, wins.

To become All-Around Champion, a cowboy must win the most money in at least two events around the circuit for the year. Since there is no limit to the number of appearances a contestant can make in rolling up that score, serious contenders work in as many rodeos as possible. For example, Larry Mahan, now completing his ninth year on the circuit, has travelled an estimated 1·5 million kilometres to appear in almost 800 officially recognized rodeos in 38 U.S. states and four Canadian provinces.

Since, in the average rodeo, bones are snapped like string beans in a country kitchen, it is a tribute to Larry's remarkable physical fitness and endurance that he has kept his 173-centimetre, 70-kilogram frame free from lasting injury. He is proud of his success in self-doctoring, however. "If it's good for a horse," he says, "it can't hurt a man."

Memory Track. Along with his fitness, balance and quick reflexes, Larry has a mind like a computer. When an animal beats him with some unexpected trick, Larry makes a note of it. In 1967, for instance, on his way to winning the world bull-riding championship, he found himself dumped ignominiously—after only three seconds—by a fabled monster called "Old 27."

A year later, the two met again at the National Western Stock Show Rodeo in Denver. The instant the gate opened, Old 27 became quick and violent as a rattlesnake. He kicked, lifted, then played his ace—a sudden spin which he as suddenly reversed. On his back, Larry began to fly sideways. But, instead of bucking off as he had before, he waited for just this moment to throw his body in the opposite direction. For a split second, the two opposing forces met and hung poised. Then Larry came down on his precarious

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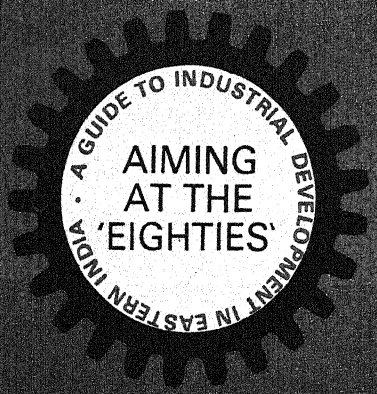


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perch. At the buzzer's sound, after an eight-second eternity, the cowboy was still mounted. The judges scored 48 points for Larry, 44 for the bull—which added up to 92 points out of 100, the highest score ever given in man's uneasy quest for riding room on the back of a bull.

Steer Away. Larry Mahan was born on November 21, 1943, on the family farm near Salem, Oregon. He began his riding career at the age of three, when he climbed from a kitchen stool on to the back of a cow, went sailing off the other side, remounted, and was rescued just in time by his father.

By the time he was ten, Larry had found an after-school job taking care of calves that belonged to an amateur roping club. Larry not only tended his charges but also learned to rope and ride them. At 12, he made his rodeo debut by entering a boys' calf-riding competition. He stayed on his mount long enough to take top money—six dollars (some Rs. 45)—and win a belt buckle.

In 1961, 17-year-old Larry took a summer job on a ranch owned by part-time rodeo cowboys. As a reward for his work, he was taken along to the Stockton rodeo in California, where he decided to try his luck as a bull rider. His debut was brief and vicious. A buck, a twist, a bounce—and as Larry lay in the dust, the 700-kilogramme bull planted a hoof on his jaw, shattering it.

After 12 days in the hospital, Larry began his fourth and final

year in secondary school with his jaw wired shut and his determination to ride undiminished. By mid-winter, he had regained his confidence and taught himself to ride bulls. He had also proposed to Darlene Weisz, the beautiful daughter of a prosperous rancher-farmer.

Both families opposed the marriage on the grounds that, at 17, Larry and Darlene were too young and unsettled to marry. Larry persevered. "I can support Darlene by being a rodeo cowboy," he told her father.

"Rodeo cowboys don't make enough money to support any daughter of mine."

"This one will."

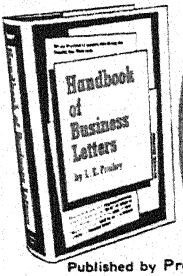
Faced with Larry's determination, the Weisz family consented.

The borderline between young amateurs and young professionals in rodeo is hazy, and young Mahan considered entering Arizona State University, a power in the university rodeo world. (A dozen states now recognize rodeo as an acceptable collegiate sport.) But Larry was anxious to get going on the rodeo circuit before entering college. By summer's end, he was winning so consistently that he gave up the idea of college and decided to devote himself full-time to rodeoing.

In 1966, by then World's Bull Riding Champion, Larry made it to Oklahoma City and America's National Finals Rodeo. Beating back the challenges of the best rodeo riders in the world, the 22-year-old

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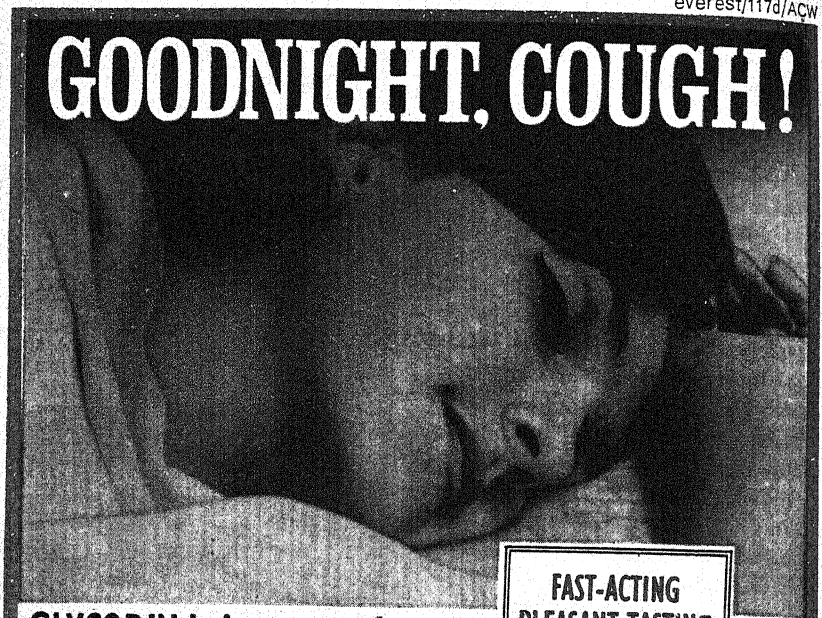
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cowboy won his first All-Around Championship trophy.

Midway in his 1967 campaign, however, carefree Larry became victim of a second-year slump. Bulls began tossing him, broncs treated him disdainfully and his once-comfortable lead melted away. Two months passed with Larry grasping at every available remedy. Then, in Calgary, he saw the light: he realized that a worried man is beaten before he starts. "I knew that I was the same, that the horses and bulls I was trying to ride were the same. I had been a winner and, given positive thinking, I would be again."

Confidence Trick. His first mount that day was a saddle bronc. Once on, a relaxed Larry let his instinct and natural skills take over. At the ride's end, he was still aboard.

At the end of the month, Larry was beginning to catch up with the riders who had passed him. During a public holiday in July he swept the big shows. He then came roaring towards the finishing line to win his second world championship in a row.

Now, when he gets on a mount, Mahan repeats the litany: "I am a winner . . ." In so doing, he seems able to call forth an extra effort when needed. In December 1970, two months after he had two vertebrae crushed by a falling horse, he was back defending his championship. Indomitably, the all-overaching Mahan rode 33 bulls and broncos in nine days, to win again.

Prosperity has not altered the basic Mahan, who remains a voluble, happy-go-lucky cowpoke with a reputation for huge hospitality. Recently, I visited Larry and Darlene at their home in Frisco, Texas, and found the place filled with cowboys and children playing amid prize saddles, trophies and lariats.

At lunchtime, after Larry had said grace and speared a gigantic steak, I asked him what made him such an all-out lover of his bone-busting trade. He replied, "Once you're up on that horse or bull and he starts to go, from that first shake it's tough. But it's living!"

Then I asked him what he thought was his biggest break.

Larry looked over at his wife. "Marrying someone who always backed me up," he said. Then he stood up, put his arms around Darlene and gave her a resounding kiss. Everyone else at the table—their two children, the visiting cowboys and their families—smiled.

As I drove back to Dallas, I found myself thinking about Larry Mahan —and of what a wonderful feeling it must be to be young, to be in love and to be the world's best cowboy. All at once and all on the same day.

AMERICAN columnist Ann Landers: "Do you realize that one in every four of us is unbalanced? Think of your three closest friends. If they seem O.K., then you're the one!" —*P.H.S.*

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I Am John's Adrenal Gland

By J. D. Ratcliff

Gramme for gramme, I pack more dynamite than any other organ in John's body. I can cripple him, sicken him, send him mad, kill him. I haven't done any of these things, of course. In fact, I behave so well that John is barely aware of my existence.

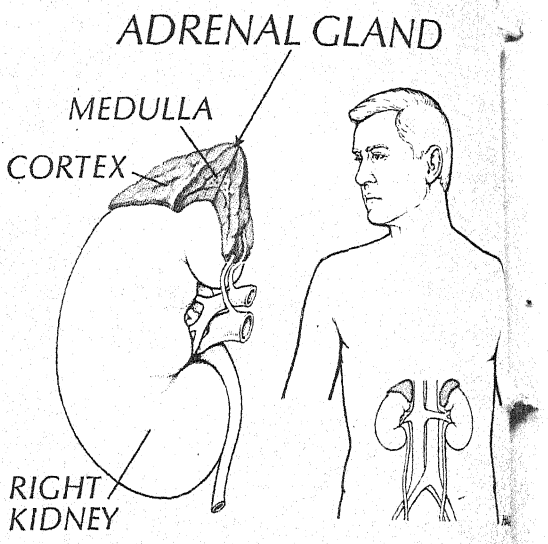
I am the adrenal gland that perches on top of his right kidney. Like a little jockey, my twin partner rides the other. I am roughly the shape of a tricorn hat, not much larger than the tip of a finger, and I weigh about five grammes. But my talents are immense: it would take thousands of square metres of chemical plant to synthesize the 50-odd hormones or hormone-like substances that I manufacture. Although I produce less than 28 milligrams of them a day, they play key roles in nearly all John does.

I am absolutely essential to life. Remove my partner and me, and John would be dead in a day or so —unless his doctor started feeding him artificial hormones in a hurry. Slow down our work, and watch John's life slow down, too. Soon he would become weak, debilitated—a mere shadow of his former self.

Had a portion of me become over-active when John was a boy, results would have been similarly striking. The little lad would have become a little man. His voice would have deepened, his beard sprouted, his sexual apparatus taken on manly proportions. Bone ends, which should remain open and soft until full growth is reached, would have closed prematurely. And John would have gone through life as a runty little fellow.

For a long time I was the mystery

organ of John's body. No one knew what I did—only that my removal meant death. As chemists began to pry into my secrets, they discovered my virtuosity. When they learned of my cortisone like hormones, for instance, they were truly astonished—for these substances alone are useful in treating more than a hundred diseases, ranging from rheumatism to blood disorders; from ulcerative colitis to asthma.



And consider my architecture. I have one of the richest networks of blood vessels found in the body. Each minute, six times my weight of blood passes through me. I also have a big reserve capacity. Ten per cent of my tissue is sufficient to meet John's normal needs for my hormones. However, if I were to dwindle down to the ten per cent level, and John faced a really big stress—a severe illness, for example, or major surgery—it would probably kill him. He wouldn't have enough of my protective hormones to save him.

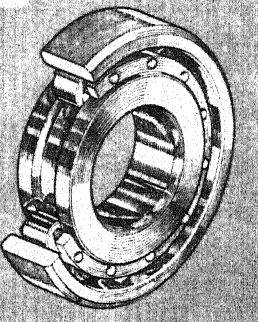
Actually, I produce two basic sets of hormones. My medulla, or core, makes one set; my cortex, or rind, the other. My core has a unique feature: a hot line to John's brain.

Let John feel any strong emotion—an overwhelming fear, a sudden rage—and my medulla gets the information instantly. Obviously, I don't know the nature of the emergency. So I prepare John for either fight *or* flight. My medulla starts pouring two hormones—adrenalin and noradrenalin—into John's bloodstream.

The response of John's body is extraordinary. His liver immediately releases stored sugar, instant energy, into his bloodstream. My hormones shut down skin blood vessels—John goes pale—and start sluicing this extra blood into muscles and internal organs. John's heart speeds up, and arteries tighten to raise blood pressure. Digestion comes to a halt—no time to worry about that detail right now—and the clotting time of John's blood

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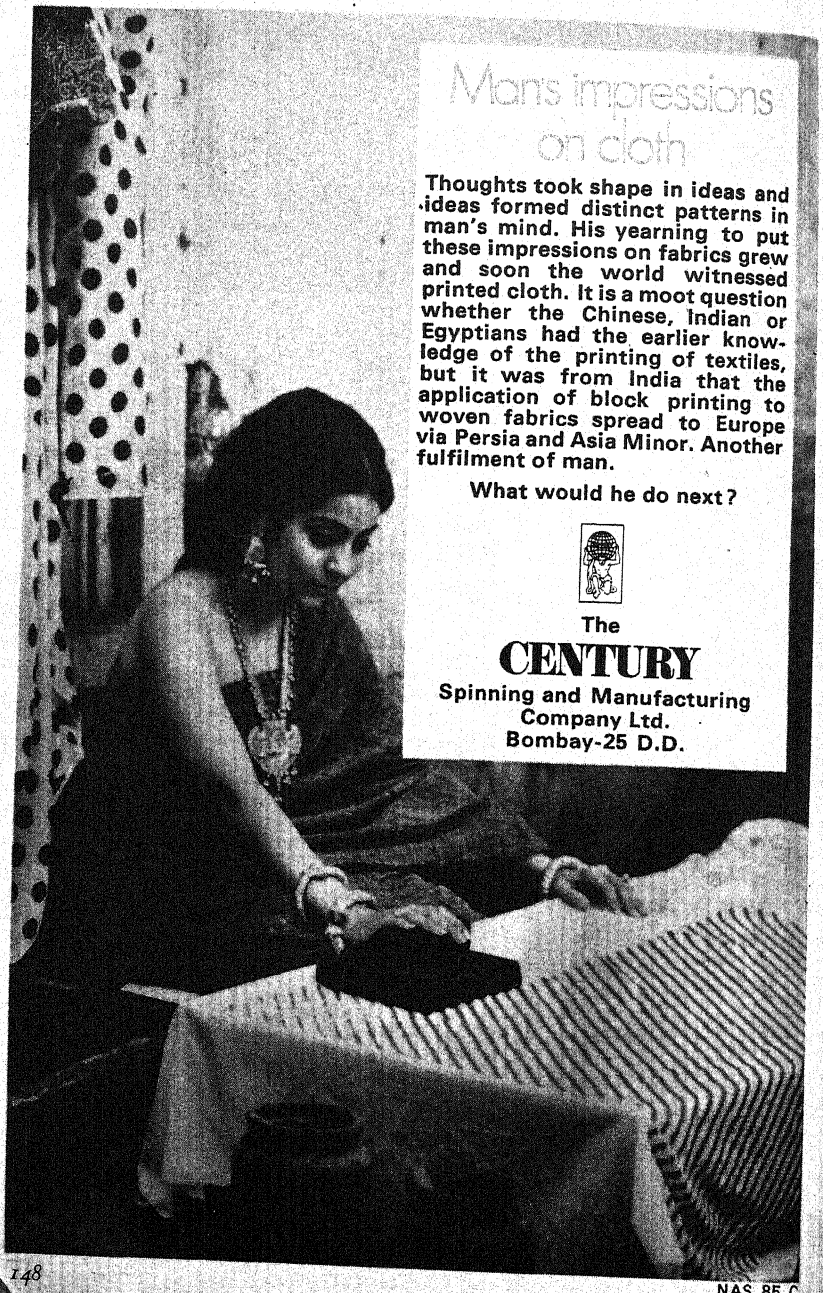
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What would he do next?
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is quickened, in case of injury.

I've accomplished all this in seconds. Suddenly, John is a virtual superman. If his survival necessitates running faster, jumping further, hitting harder or lifting more than ever before, he is now capable of it. He has heard stories of individuals lifting overturned cars to release trapped victims. It was *adrenal* hormones that made this possible.

Obviously, such stimulation can't go on indefinitely; John's body would race itself to death. So a tricky bit of protection has gone to work. The same stresses that stimulate production of adrenalin also cause the hypothalamus to signal the pituitary gland to release a substance called ACTH.

This ACTH in turn prods my cortex, or rind, into stepping up production of *its* hormones. Under conditions of stress, it's the job of these hormones to maintain blood pressure and the flow of blood to vital organs, and to help convert fat and protein into sugar—an immediately available form of energy. Soon, everything is under control once again.

The hormones that my cortex produces fall into three broad classifications. One set (of the cortisone family) superintends metabolism of fats, carbohydrates and proteins; a second watches over water and mineral balance in John's body. The third batch is the sex hormones —supplementing those produced by the gonads (sex glands). Since these hormones can't be stored, I must manufacture them constantly, and the liver must see to it that any excess is destroyed. Thus the hormones my cortex produced two hours ago have already been largely replaced by a fresh supply.

Keeping things in exact balance is all-important. Suppose something happens to John—an injury, a disease—that knocks out the working cells of my cortex. Until research men learned how to manufacture my chief hormones, this was a sentence of death. And it wasn't pretty.

The victim seemed to get a dozen diseases at once. Skin took on a bronze tint; anaemia developed; muscles wasted away; weight and blood pressure dropped; appetite dwindled; there was nausea, vomiting and diarrhoea.

Steadily, the victim grew weaker and wearier, and death was usually welcome. Fortunately, John doesn't have to worry about this today: should anything happen to my cortex, artificial hormones could allow him to lead a life that is near normal.

Too much of my cortical hormones can be almost as bad as too little. Suppose there is too much cortisol—my hormone of the cortisone family. John's arms and legs would shrivel as the excess converted muscle protein into sugar. Drained of minerals, bones would become brittle. Fat would accumulate across John's back and in folds on his

abdomen, overloading his now spindly legs. Blood pressure would soar; mental aberrations would become common.

Another of the major hormones of my cortex is aldosterone, which helps maintain a mineral and water balance in John's body. Too much —even a pin-head amount—and John would be in serious trouble. Vital potassium would be lost in urine, and excess sodium (salt) would be retained. John's muscles would weaken and it is possible they might become paralysed. His heart would race, his blood pressure soar, his fingers tingle; headache would be continuous and almost unbearable. Aldosterone overproduction is usually caused by tumours, and when the tumour is removed, recovery is assured.

Obviously, none of these things have happened to John; not yet, anyway. They merely indicate what a Pandora's box I *can* be. For years now, I have done my many jobs so well that John has almost forgotten I exist. He'd better not forget completely, though, because there is something he can do to help ensure my continued well-being.

John should remember that too much stress—worry, anger, hate—is bad for him *and* for me. Thus he might try to calm down a bit.

Committee's Choice

A BUSINESS executive received the following letter: "Dear Sir, It has come to my notice that you are having an affair with my wife. Kindly present yourself at my office next Monday at 10.30 a.m."

To which the business executive replied, "Dear Sir, Thank you for your circular letter. I regret I am unable to attend the meeting on Monday, but I shall be happy to concur with whatever the rest decide."

—Edward Whitehead, quoted by "Observer" in the *Financial Times*, London

Dropping a Hint

AFTER ferrying their planes to Toronto, two Royal Canadian Air Force pilots booked in at the civilian airport for the return journey. When their turn came at the ticket counter, they were told their parachutes would not be carried free of charge—although they had been in the past.

The clerk demanded excess baggage charges, so the two officers told him that, rather than pay, they'd carry their parachutes aboard as hand luggage. The pilots immediately put on their 'chutes and started for the boarding area. Realizing the disconcerting effect this would have on passengers, the harried clerk hurriedly contacted his manager.

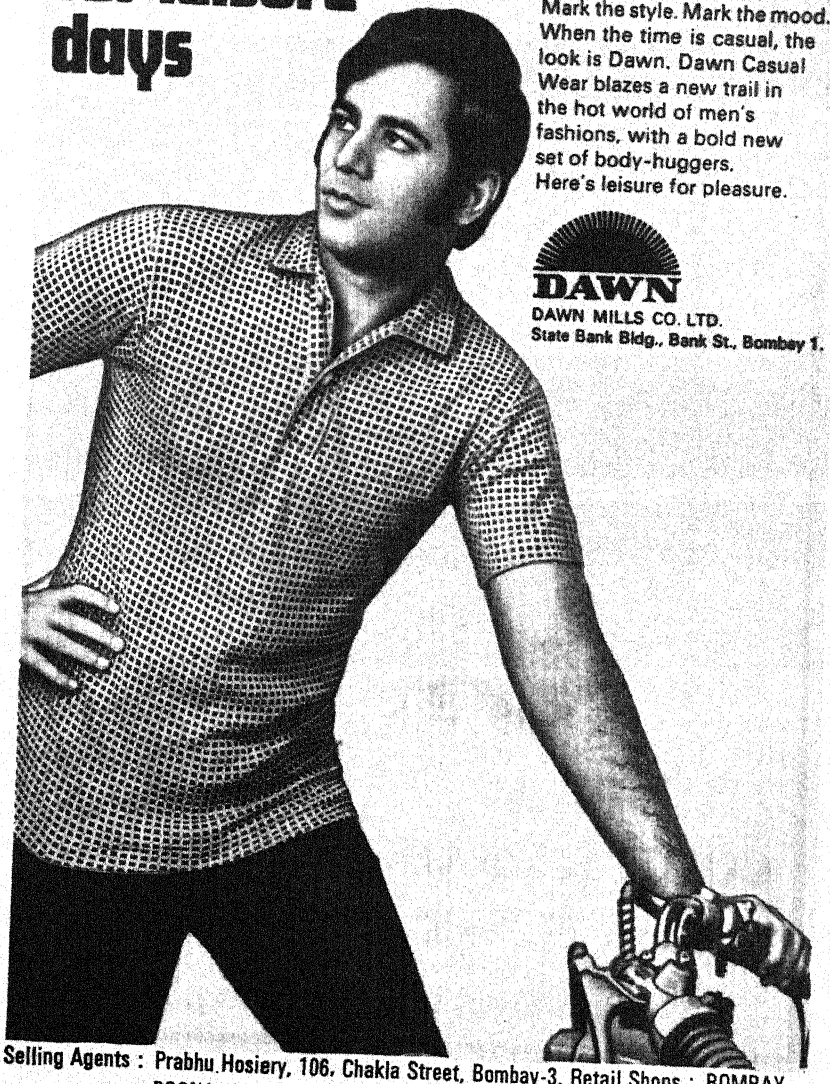
In no time the answer came back: parachutes would be carried free of charge.

—J. D. R.

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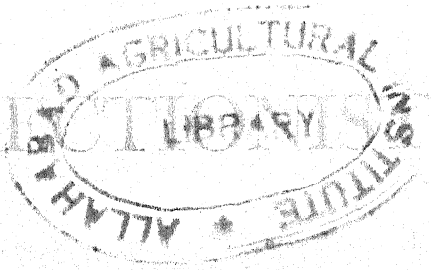
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THE PERFECTIONIST



Untamed and proud, he came from another age, when a man had time to do his best

By May Sarton

At first—it seems incredible now—we were hardly aware of his presence in the village. We saw lights in the old house up the hill at the back of the abandoned school. Someone had moved in, and that is usually good news. We didn't know who he was, nor why he had come.

I suppose it must have been several months before I ran into Perley Cole at a spot near the village. We introduced ourselves to each other, and I remember admiring the neat way he had painted his old van. Then, one summer day, the ancient bell on my front door tinkled imperatively—and there he was.

He launched into a long speech, which seemed to be laconic because of the manner in which it was delivered: "I know I'm an old man—an old fool, some might say—but I've done some farming here and there in my time, and I thought you might need some help. Mind you, I'm not going to starve, and I have plenty to do on my own place, but . . ."

My eighteenth century farmhouse, with its 15 hectares of woods and meadow, had been neglected for years when I moved in. A million things still needed doing, and I pointed out a few of them.

"I'll be round one of these days," Perley said, and vanished.

It was my first experience of his abrupt departures. I watched him walk away—his stride the long, slow stride of the farmer who can keep going from daylight to dark without tiring. And I thought about the face—lean, lined, with a high forehead and a long, stubborn chin, a sharply defined nose, shy, piercing eyes. Why had he settled here among us? "I'm an old man," he had said—but there was a certain fierceness in the tone that clearly meant "an untamed old man."

During the interval between our very first meeting and his call, a

CONDENSED FROM "PLANT DREAMING [illegible]"

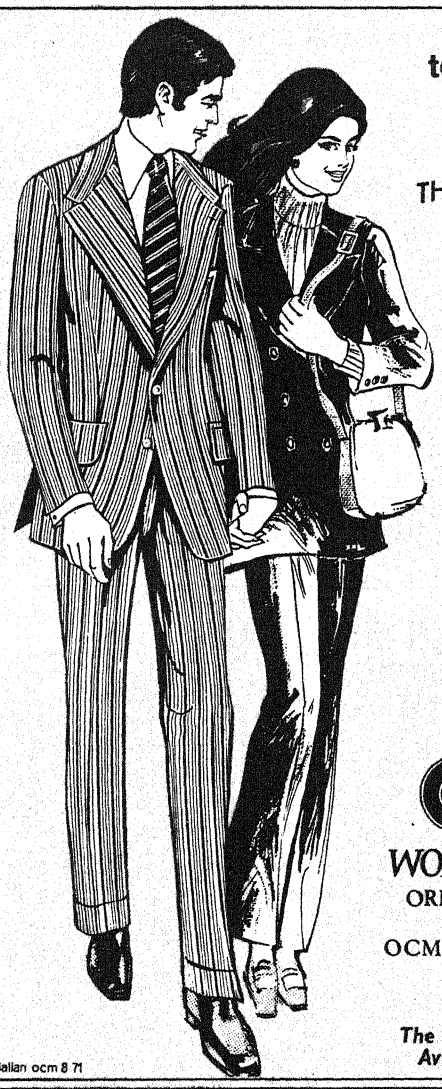


good deal had happened at his place. Not only had the house itself been painted and the barn rebuilt and re-roofed, but the meadow around it had been scythed and the apple trees pruned. Beds of flowers had appeared. The untamed old man was clearly a man of many skills, and he had standards that we were not used to seeing. It is wonderful, in a remote village like ours, as we struggle to keep the wilderness from taking over, to see a derelict place reclaimed.

Had he been serious when he called, I wondered? Had I put him off by being too eager, or not eager enough? For I sensed already that this was a man of prickly pride, sensitivity, touchiness, shyness.

Then, early one morning, I was woken by a soft whispering in the field between house and barn. I looked out, and Perley Cole was scything down my jungle with long, steady, rhythmic sweeps. There, triumphant, he was like a man in the prime of life. I would never have guessed that he was over 70. But old? I was to learn that in a given day he did twice the work of a man of 30.

Gradually, Perley shaped and pruned and cleared for me. He trimmed trees in the meadow and enlarged the garden to include the rough field between house and barn, and brought back the front lawn. He would have none of my power mower. "I wouldn't be seen



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dead with one of those," he told me. I finally gave it away; you don't offer Paderewski a pianola.

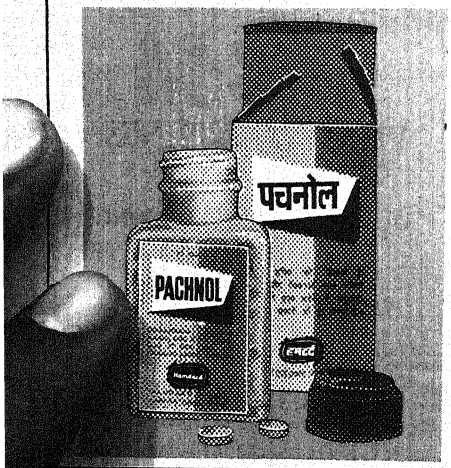
Slowly we began to find our way into friendship, sealed with many a glass of sherry when Perley stopped work at noon. His sherry is downed in one gulp. Down it goes, and then, after a moment, up comes a story: "Court's in session. Now you listen to me!"

I sit on the kitchen stool, drink my sherry slowly, and listen. I have come to know a good deal about him and his "bird," as he calls his wife, Angie. Perley arrived in this world weighing five kilograms and screaming. He was the youngest of four brothers, and not the favourite. He ran away at 12 to work for a neighbouring farmer.

"I was not one to hang on to my mother," he told me with pride. By the time he was 18, he knew whom he was going to marry. "But first the cage, then the bird," he said, and had not proposed until he could offer Angie a house and four hectares of land.

I have never heard him say anything that did not come from deep inside his own essentially solitary experience, and he has taught me a great deal. When he tells me to be patient, I bear with him because I know that he has learnt his own patience and his own rhythm through a long life. If he sees I am

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depressed about something, he doesn't console; he says, "Life is like a stone wall; let one stone start sliding and you're done for!" I find this view of life exhilarating.

When Perley arrived at my door, he might have been an apparition from another age, an age when a workman had the time and the wish to do a perfect job, not for money but out of self-respect and love of the work for its own sake.

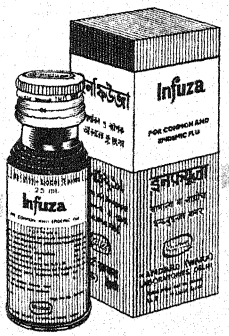
Thinking of the way he kneels to clip a border, I sometimes have revised a page of my writing for the fifth time instead of letting it go after the fourth. In fact, I find that when he is on the premises I work better. There he is off in the woods cutting undergrowth, and here I am at my desk pruning a thicket of words. It's both companionable, in a solitary way, and inspiring.

Little by little, Perley has lifted my place out of its neglect and chaos into something like beauty and order. But if he often resembles a guardian angel, the angel has two faces and one is less benign. He is a "good scrapper," he informs me, as if I didn't know! Every now and then pressure of one kind or another builds up and finally blows itself out in anger. Once he walked off and did not come back for two days, leaving a job half-finished. I told Angie, "Ask him to come down here and have it out."

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He did come down, and in a speech of considerable colour and length told me to get a younger man; that he was finished. I finally penetrated his meaning, which was that I had said at the end of a morning two days before, "You've been at it long enough, Perley." He had taken my concern lest he overdo it to mean that he had been *slow*, an old man not worth his pay! The court was in session, and I listened. Afterwards, I persuaded him that if he didn't come back, nothing would ever feel quite right. Am I wrong in believing that a village that needed a good deal of trimming was just what Perley hankered after? In fact, nothing pleased him more than to survey a tangle of rotten trees and undergrowth and then to carve it into shape. Contemplating what would look to most of us like an impossible task, he begins to hum with anticipation; his face, often harsh in repose, lights up with the joy of battle, with the artist's joy.

The Magic of Smell

SMELL is a byre at milking time, turf-burning chimneys in the gloaming, a potato field in blossom. It is damp grass, sun-warmed heather and woodbine bushes that glow in the gathering dusk like the white ash of fire. It is lavender, freshly cut hay and weed-burnings on summer evenings. It is wild raspberries and honey oozing stickily from the comb.

Smell is a vivid memory of youth, sharp as a pain, lasting as initials cut with a knife in a school desk. It is old books, satchels; a boy's new shoes ranged beside his bed, a schoolroom when the scholars have gone home. It is bulls'-eyes and sherbert dips, gingerbread and curranty biscuits.

It is bacon spitting in the pan, porridge snoring in the pot. It is home-made jam being ladled into jars, oranges hidden in a press, Irish stew and cloves hot under the tongue. It is a turkey hanging from a hook on Christmas Eve, and sage and mint being chopped for its stuffing.

Smell is a stimulus, as richly dowered as any of the senses, enhancing our awareness and delight in life. —John Sheridan

Crossing Lines

A LECTURER in English at an American university introduced to his class what he termed "one of the finest, most elegant lines of poetry in the English language." He had duly recorded it in all of his notebooks as a constant reminder of its beauty. "Walk with light!" he quoted, and then repeated softly and blissfully to himself, "Walk with light . . . now isn't that a wonderful thing to say to someone?" The class agreed, of course, and wished to know the author.

"I suppose it's anonymous," said the instructor. "It's written on a sign at a street intersection in the town." —AP

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AWESOME POWER OF GRAVITY

Although its pull is weaker than a child's magnet, it governs every action of our lives—and now takes on new significance as man answers the challenge of space

By Ronald Schiller

It increases our weight, diminishes our height, lengthens our lives. It prevents us from whirling off the surface of a globe which spins, at the Equator, at more than 1,500 kilometres an hour. It holds air to the earth, enabling us to breathe. It draws rain from clouds, then pulls water down through streams and rivers to the ocean in a never-ending cycle on which all living things depend. Yet it can also cause death and destruction, bringing disabled aeroplanes crashing to earth, toppling buildings during earthquakes. There is no other force in the universe remotely like the force of gravity.

Despite its awesome attributes, gravity is by far the puniest of nature's fundamental powers. The gravitational energy of the whole earth is estimated to amount to only a millionth of a horse-power. A toy magnet in the hands of a child can be thousands of times stronger.

But what gravity lacks in brawn it makes up in tenacity. Its reach is limitless, shaping and governing the universe across unimaginable chasms of space. Its frail attraction keeps the moon orbiting the earth, the planets revolving round the sun, and the sun along with a thousand million other stars rotating round the centre of our galaxy like a cosmic catherine-wheel.

Yet, feeble as it is, we have found

no way to control this force. We can generate the other energies of the cosmos at will—electricity and nuclear power, as well as light, heat, radio waves and X-rays. We can also turn these forces off, increase, decrease or reverse some of them, with the flick of a switch. Not so with gravity. It always attracts, never repels. It cannot be reflected back, stopped or slowed down by encounter with dense media; it penetrates through the earth as though it weren't there. It simply exists, relentless, inexhaustible.

Over the centuries, however, man has learnt a few of gravity's peculiar habits. Three hundred and fifty years ago, Galileo demonstrated that balls of heavy iron and light wood fall to earth at exactly the same speed, and that the rate of fall is unaffected by lateral motion. This means that if you fire a bullet from a gun aimed parallel to the ground, the bullet will hit the earth at the same instant as an object simultaneously dropped from the same height.

Half a century later, Sir Isaac Newton discovered that the attraction that gravity exerts between any two bodies is directly proportional to their masses and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. At a distance of one metre, for example, the attraction between two objects is a hundred times stronger than at ten metres.

Almost every mechanical device on earth, from primitive levers, pulleys and ramps to the most modern hydroelectric generator, relies on gravity for its operation. So does that most intricate gravity orientated machine of all, the human body. The very weight, height, shape and structure of our bodies and organs are dictated by gravity. Our spines are cantilevers and our arms levers, both designed to overcome its resistance. The reason men need bigger bones and muscles than mice is that the gravitational pull on our larger bodies is greater.

Vertical Hold. Our nervous systems are also attuned to gravity. Every time you move your head, complex pea-size organs called the "inner ears" respond to gravitational pulls and flash information to the brain and other organs to tell them which way is up, enabling you to maintain your balance.

If you spin round too rapidly for the gravitational signals to register, you may experience dizziness that makes it impossible to stand upright. (Plants have other types of gravity sensors, which direct their roots down and their stems up. So do embryos. If a frog's egg is held upside down during the first hour after fertilization, the tadpole may emerge with two heads.)

But not until man subjected himself to prolonged weightlessness in space was the importance of gravity to human health fully realized. With the body no longer subject to downward pressure, red corpuscles

diminish, the blood collects in the thorax, cell walls grow weaker, muscles lose their tone and turn flabby, bones lose calcium and become thinner and more brittle.

During the eight-day Gemini V orbit, astronauts Cooper and Conrad lost an alarming 24 per cent of their bone minerals. Exercise and a high calcium diet have reduced the loss on subsequent space missions, but it is still worryingly high.

Even if man can learn to overcome these problems, gravity may deter him from visiting the larger planets. On Jupiter, 318 times more massive than the earth, gravity at the surface is so intense that an astronaut in his space suit would weigh nearly half a ton. Even if he could safely land, we cannot yet provide him with a propulsive force strong enough to get him off again.

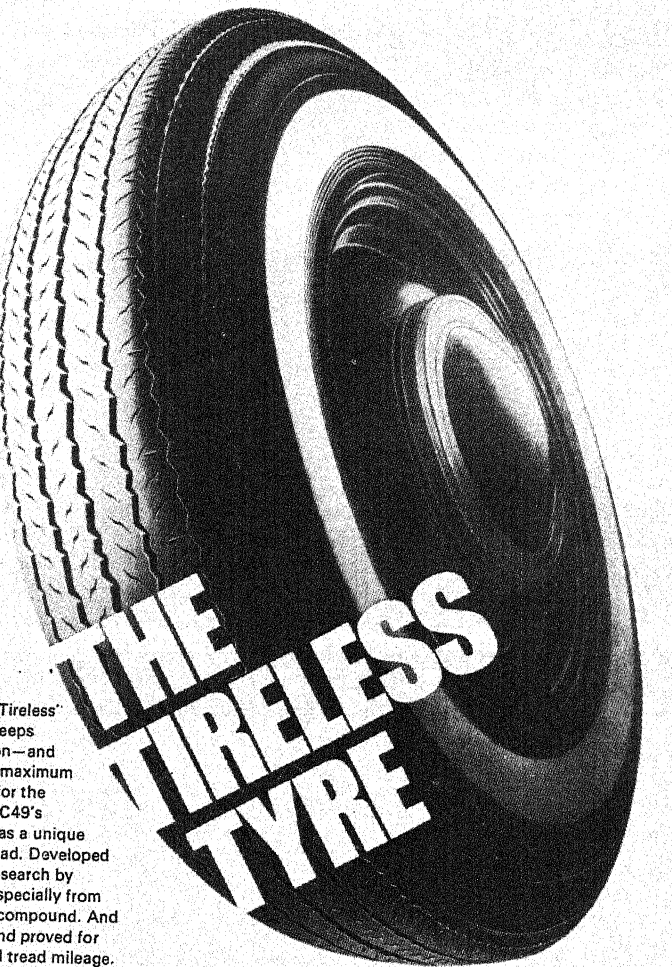
Here on earth, gravity is not uniform, its tug on a mountain-top being weaker than in a valley, partly because the valley is closer to the centre of the earth. And because of centrifugal force, which raises the surface of the spinning globe about 20 kilometres higher at the Equator than at the poles, a man who weighs 85 kilograms in the Antarctic registers 84·5 kilograms in Ecuador. He can jump higher and throw a ball further, and may even live longer by an amount too infinitesimal to be measured.

Even on the flat ocean or prairie, gravity readings differ, depending on the density of material below the surface. These variations, or "anomalies," are of great value to prospectors. A strong positive anomaly may indicate the presence of dense minerals, such as those that bear nickel or chrome ore, while negative readings have led to the discovery of oil-rich salt domes.

Centre of Attraction. The earth is pulled at by every other body in the universe, which causes perturbations in its orbit and wobbles in its rotation. Most influential to the surface of the earth is the gravity of the moon, because that planet is so close. As the earth spins on its axis, land closest to the moon is drawn several centimetres towards it in an "earth tide," while the fluid ocean piles up to about 90 centimetres above its mean level.

The sun also raises tides, but because it is further away, its tide-producing force is much weaker. However, when sun and moon are lined up on the same side of the spinning earth during new moon, or on directly opposite sides during full moon, their combined gravities raise the tides highest of all—as much as 18 metres above mean level in the Bay of Fundy.

The whole rhythm of life on earth is regulated by the lunar tides. They flush nutrients and decaying matter from our bays into the ocean, bringing in fresh supplies of oxygen and other nourishment for the algae and marine organisms on which other life feeds. If the tides were to stop, nature's ecological



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balance would be destroyed. However, the drag of the tides brakes the earth's rotation: our days are three hours longer than they were 400 million years ago; a thousand million years from now, they will be 30 hours long.

As the earth is governed by gravity, so too is the universe. Gravity draws the wandering atoms of space together to form cosmic clouds of intergalactic dust, and congeals them into stars. As the gravitational pressure increases with the mass, the trapped atoms collide ever more frantically, raising a star's temperature to the point where it ignites into a gigantic ball of thermonuclear fire. This halts the implosion for a time, but as the nuclear fuel is used up, gravity again takes over.

Stars the size of our sun shrink to "white dwarfs" no bigger than the earth, while those somewhat larger collapse into "neutron stars" only 32 kilometres in diameter. Matter is squeezed to such density that the mass of all the people on earth could be compressed into a raindrop. These phenomena are among the most exciting discoveries of modern astronomy.

Most catastrophic of all is the fate of stars several times the size of our sun. Their masses and gravities are of such indescribable magnitude that when they collapse, matter is crushed into such denseness that nothing escapes, neither heat nor radio waves nor even light. All they leave behind are infinitely deep "black holes" in space, surrounded by gravity fields so irresistibly intense that all radiation is sucked back into their voracious maws.

Some physicists hold that it is theoretically possible to overcome gravity by developing "anti-gravity," which would also be a most powerful propulsive force. While no one yet has a clue as to how the law of gravity can be "repealed," Arthur Clarke, a science writer with an impressive record of accurate technological predictions, forecasts that we will have learnt the trick by the year 2050, and will be travelling at nearly the speed of light a century from now.

"Sky's the Limit." What the world will look like then is almost beyond imagining. Clarke suggests the skies might be filled with individual gravity-control vehicles, or floating pedestrians equipped with personal anti-gravity units. Instead of taking lifts up and down, people would waft in and out of windows. Even our homes might take to the air, roaming at will over the face of the earth, perhaps putting an end to cities and urban congestion.

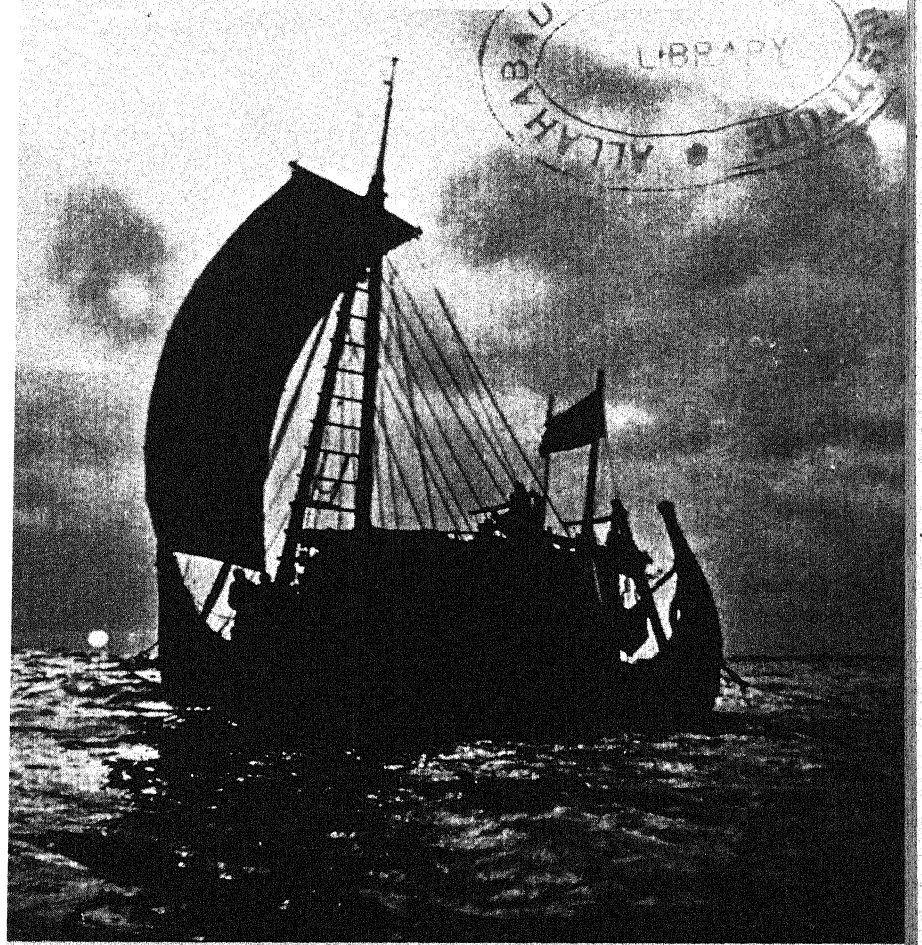
Preposterous? Perhaps. But so, too, were aeroplanes, space travel, television and thermonuclear power to people living 70 years ago.

LET'S see one another more often; we shall notice less that we are ageing.
—Oreste Giaconi, quoted in *Domenica del Corriere*, Milan

BOOK CLUB EDITION

THE KON-TIKI EXPEDITION

by Thor Heyerdahl



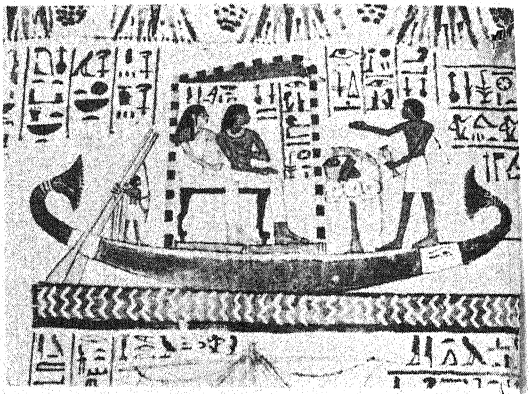
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BOOK CHOICE

THE RA EXPEDITIONS

Thor Heyerdahl's anthropological explorations rank among the great adventures of this century.

In 1947, to test his theory that prehistoric people of South America might have crossed the Pacific, he drifted 4,300 nautical miles from Peru to Polynesia on his balsa raft, 'Kon-Tiki.'



Paintings like this early Egyptian bas-relief of the Pharaoh and his wife aboard his papyrus boat were the blueprints for "Ra's" design

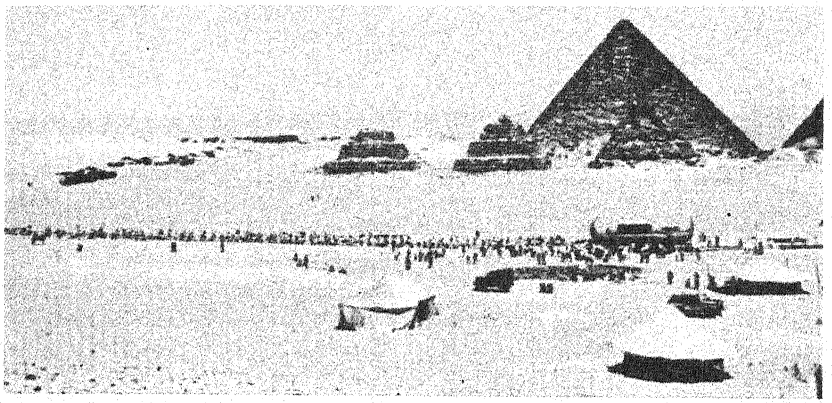
Two years ago, intrigued by another mystery—the puzzling similarities between the magnificent early cultures of Latin America and those of Egypt and Mesopotamia—he embarked on a fresh quest: could the ancient Egyptians in 'paper boats' have crossed the Atlantic long before Columbus?

Heyerdahl built a boat of papyrus reeds, exactly like those pictured in Egyptian tombs, and christened her 'Ra' after the Pharaohs' sun-god. In May 1969, with an international crew, he set sail for the New World.

Here, in his new best-seller, he tells of the drama, dangers, disappointments—and eventual triumph—of 'The Ra Expeditions.'

CONDENSED FROM "THE RA EXPEDITIONS" BY THOR HEYERDAHL. ENGLISH TRANSLATION © 1971 BY GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN, LTD., LONDON. PHOTOGRAPHS: CARLO MAURI

A row of three pyramids was set like a shark's teeth against the arch of sky. In front of them, down in a shallow depression, lay a boat, stranded in the Sahara, far from surf and seaweed. Two camels stood beside it, chewing on trimmings from the boat itself, for it was made of papyrus. The golden reeds were lashed together in bundles which took the form of a ship with a high prow and stern-post, standing out against the blue sky like a recumbent, crescent moon.



Ra's first journey: 500 Egyptian students toil under the burning sun to haul the papyrus boat across the desert sands from her building site by the pyramids at Giza

On the ground in front of me lay a tinder-dry piece of papyrus, fractured into a zigzag tangle. It had been thrown there earlier by an indignant old Arab. "That thing," he had said, pointing scornfully, "wouldn't hold a nail. How can you fix masts to a thing like that?"

The old man was a canny boat-builder who had taken the bus up from Port Said to conclude a contract for masts and rigging on the vessel I was constructing. He was so outraged with the papyrus that he took the next bus back. Were we trying to make fun of an honest craftsman, or were we completely ignorant of what comprised a decent ship? It was no good explaining to him that similar boats were portrayed in the tombs surrounding the pyramids out here in the desert. After all, these tombs also contained pictures of men with heads of birds and serpents with wings!

I went to my tent and dug out a portfolio of sketches and photographs of ancient Egyptian boat models and wall paintings. It was

found himself on the eastern shore of the ice-covered Bering Strait. He was ignorant of agriculture, architecture, metals and weaving. He had no calendar. He could not write. He was a pure Stone Age man.

Through new migrations and mixing, a long chain of these highly distinct "Indian" tribes began to develop in America. Not only did they differ strikingly from one another in facial type and build, also they spoke quite unrelated languages and evolved different ways of life. But, one feature was common to all the descendants of the golden-brown stock which had filtered in from the north: they were beardless.

Then came Columbus, and in his wake Cortés, Pizarro and the other Spanish *conquistadores*. Astonishingly, on the mainland in Mexico and Peru, beyond the islands where Columbus had landed, they found great empires with high cultural achievement. But the arrival of the Spaniards caused surprise among neither the Mayans nor the Aztecs. In fact, the Spaniards were received not as "discoverers," but as voyagers repeating an ocean crossing which, these Indians declared, had taken place long before, when white-skinned, bearded men had come over the sea, bringing with them all the secrets of civilization.

It was certainly true that this part of America was no longer inhabited by primitive hunters. On the contrary, in these tropical zones, just where the trade winds and the mighty ocean current from Africa had carried the Spaniards themselves ashore, were men who could read and write, and who produced learned books on history, astronomy and medicine.

They had worked out the movements of celestial bodies with great accuracy, calculated the positions of the equator, the ecliptic and the tropics. Their physicians mummified the corpses of eminent people and, also like the ancient Egyptians, they performed trepanning—cranial surgery—an operation unknown to European doctors until long after Columbus. Their calendar system was more accurate than the one used in Europe; moreover, the Mayan year nought corresponded to the year 3113 B.C., which preceded their own civilization but matched closely the date of the first dynasties in both Mesopotamia and Egypt.

The urban population lived neither in tepees nor leaf huts; they manufactured adobe blocks, made according to the same formula as in Mesopotamia and Egypt, and built houses of two or more storeys. The loom was in common use, and weaving had reached such perfection that the Spaniards were shown tapestries which surpassed anything then to be seen in Europe.

Step pyramids of breathtaking magnitude, pillared temples, and monolithic monuments of priest-kings towered over the adobe roofs, while regular roads, man-made waterways and suspension bridges

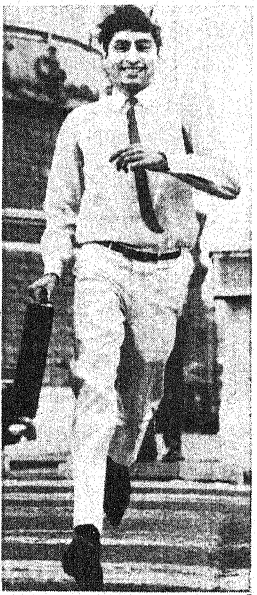
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set their stamp upon the landscape.

And they had reed boats. Those depicted on the ceramic pots of north Peru were two-deckers. On the upper deck, the earthly representative of the sun-god usually stood, surrounded by bird-headed men. Some tomb paintings in Egypt also portrayed the sun-god's earthly representative, the Pharaoh, like an imposing giant on his reed boat, while the same mythical men with bird heads towed it through the water. Was there some connexion, or was all this mere coincidence?

What had really happened in Mexico and Peru before Columbus turned up? Was the ignorant Stone Age man from the arctic tundra alone responsible for all that the Spaniards found? Or had his descendants stood on the beach and received unknown voyagers who came sailing over the Atlantic long before civilization spread from Africa and Asia Minor to the coasts of barbaric Europe?

The question had split modern anthropologists into two groups: the diffusionists, who believed that America received inspiration from across the sea before 1492; and the isolationists, who did not. The diffusionists argued that if the Peruvian and Mexican civilizations had developed independently, then archaeologists should be able to trace the sites where gradual development took place. But wherever a centre of civilization was found in Mexico and Peru, excavations proved that it

had arrived in fully mature form. There was no clear beginning to be discovered anywhere. The answer, to the diffusionists, was obvious: the civilization had been imported.

In reply, the isolationists pointed out that an ocean crossing required a seaworthy craft. If people had sailed from Africa and established such a strong foothold in America that they taught the Indians to construct pyramids and to read and write, then they should also have taught them to build seagoing vessels. At least 2,700 years before Christ, the Egyptians had learnt to make proper wooden ships, with hulls, decks and cabins—but the idea had never reached the Indians. That was an indisputable fact.

It was an argument in which I remained neutral. But I was certain of one thing. The qualities of reed boats had been under-estimated. Admittedly, plank-built ships were known on only one side of the Atlantic. But reed vessels were known on both, and had survived into modern times on Lake Titicaca, high in the Andes. They could not have held their own against 400 years of European cultural contact if they had been inferior craft.

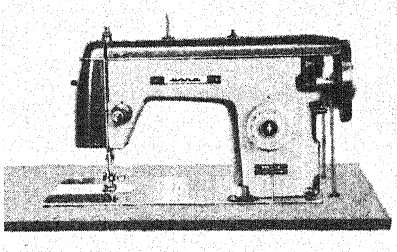
That was why I had decided to build a reed boat of my own—to find out if it could reach America.

Seven Men, Seven Nations

Ra did not sink but sat on the water like a fat goose. A sigh of relief rose from the crowd. Some

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had expected her to capsize; most had thought she was certain to list. But her balance was perfect.

We lay at Safi for a week, allowing the reed below the waterline to absorb its fill, while we fitted out our vessel for sea. In this week the various members of the *Ra* expedition met one another for the first time.

In gathering a crew I had decided to assemble as many nationalities as space would allow: seven. The voyage itself was intended as an experiment, a study trip into the dawn of civilization. But there was room for an experiment within an experiment: our boat would be a microworld, an attempt to prove that men can work together in peace, regardless of politics, religion or colour.

Since I came from Norway, one of the northernmost countries in Europe, I felt that one of the southernmost, Italy, would provide a contrast. Since we Europeans were white, we ought to have a black African with us. Since we wanted to show the possibility of contact between the ancient civilizations of the Old and New Worlds, it would be symbolic to take an Egyptian and a Mexican. And, in order to have contrasting ideologies on board, it was an appealing idea to take one representative from the United States and one from Russia. Seven men from seven nations.

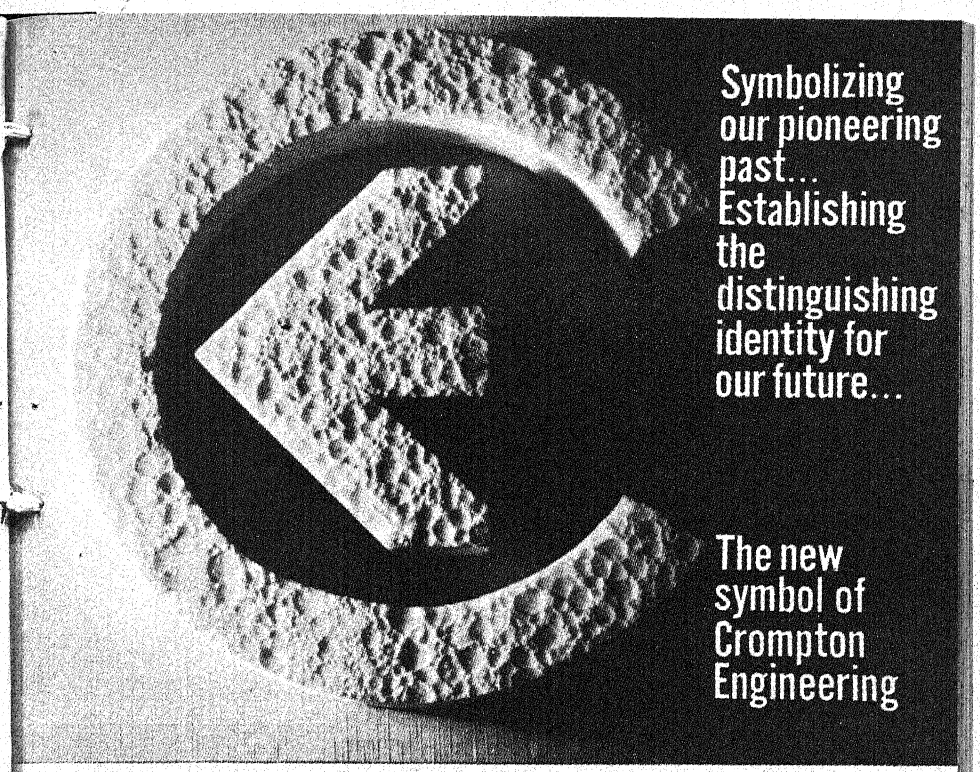
There was Norman Baker, from the United States. I had met him before in Tahiti, which he had just reached after sailing with another American on a tiny ketch from Hawaii, a good 2,700 nautical miles. He could navigate. He is a civil engineer and is also a commander in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

Yuri Alexandrovich Senkevich was Russian and the expedition's doctor. He had been chosen from among the younger scientists at the Soviet Department of Health, and he specialized in the problems of astronauts under acceleration and weightlessness. After inspecting the wicker cabin in which we were all going to sail out to sea, he had a number of wry comments to make in the astronauts' favour.

The Italian, Carlo Mauri, was the expedition's photographer. Redbearded and blue-eyed as a Viking, he had not the slightest experience as a sailor. He was a professional mountain guide and one of Italy's most noted Alpinists. He had either led or participated in 14 international climbing expeditions.

From Mexico came Dr. Santiago Genovés, a research professor of anthropology at the National University of Mexico. Already he was in action as the expedition's quartermaster, busy stacking pear-shaped Egyptian jars on the uneven reed deck. We had had 160 of these amphorae made, on the pattern of the jars in Cairo Museum, and Santiago treated them with the same solicitous care he had used handling ancient Indian skulls in Mexico.

If anyone can have had less knowledge of seamanship than



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Yuri, Carlo or Santiago, it was Abdullah Djibrine, who had grown up in the heart of Africa near Lake Chad and did not even know that the sea was salt. He had helped to build *Ra* and joined the expedition as papyrus expert and carpenter. Black-skinned, his head shaven, he bore a long tribal scar running down his forehead and over the bridge of his nose.

The youngest of the party was the Egyptian, Georges Sourial, a gifted chemical engineer, professional frogman, incorrigible playboy, six times judo champion of Egypt and once of Africa. He entertained friends by breaking six bricks with one blow of his hand, and bore the scars of a shark bite on his leg. He was no sailor; he knew the sea only from below, and when he read the verdict of the papyrus experts, he gave the charming reason that he came along with us because he was happier under water than above it.

Day by day the papyrus bundles absorbed more sea-water, while on board there was feverish activity. The weight of papyrus and rope had previously been about 12 tons; now ton after ton had been added below the waterline. At the same time tons of weight were being loaded on deck. The heaviest burdens were the A-frame mast, which was erected in front of the wicker cabin, and the bridge, built of lashed poles behind the cabin. Throughout it all, *Ra* lay steady as an island.

On shore, our wives, with the Pasha of Safi's wife at their head, packed the amphorae with sheep's cheese in olive oil, fresh eggs in lime solution, nuts and dried fish, and put mutton sausages in baskets and sacks. They mixed ground almonds and honey, butter, flour and dates into *sello*, a sort of powdered biscuit, Morocco's oldest and most easily preserved expedition food.

At last the great day dawned, May 25. Down on the harbour's long stone breakwater a mass of people was jammed together in an impenetrable wall, and photographers were sitting in all the boats and on top of the cargo cranes. Aicha, the Pasha's wife, needed police help to get through to the dockside and present a parting gift: a lively little baby monkey which the Pasha's people had recently caught for us and named Safi.

The monkey jumped happily over to the boat and played a vigorous part in a chaos of farewell embraces and good wishes in many languages. Meanwhile, 16 fishermen in four open boats attached a rope from each of their dinghies to *Ra* and made ready to tow us out to sea.

I leaped on board and signalled the men on land to cast off; the fishermen leaned to their oars. Slowly our broad reed bundle moved away from the quay.

Then began a shrill chorus of wails, so unexpected that at first everyone jumped, and then every man of us was left with a lump in his throat. All the fishing boats in

the harbour had started up their sirens, accompanied by deep blasts from factory whistles on land. Ships' bells were rung, the crowd cheered, and a cargo ship lying at anchor outside the harbour began to send up signal rockets which burst in a shower of stars. It was a royal farewell.

The four rowing-boats cast off, and for the first time we hoisted our sail. Wine-coloured, it hung almost motionless, displaying its rust-red disc, the bright, freshly-painted symbol of *Ra*. Outside the breakwater the uproar died away, the ocean seas began their leisurely swell and the escort vessels turned about and put back to calm waters.

It was suddenly strange and quiet, with only the sea swelling and frothing around our peaceful ark. Seven men, a monkey, and a wooden cage full of cackling fowl and a single duck: we were alone with the Atlantic.

Castaways!

All of us on board were equally in suspense about one thing—how the steering mechanism would function. We had constructed this device according to numerous models and wall paintings from the earliest Egyptian era. We had tried in vain to procure cedar from Lebanon, which the Egyptians had used for these huge rudder oars, but the few cedars which survived in the ancient Phoenician kingdom were now protected in a national park. So we had to make do with two 7·5 metre steering oars, with blades as large and wide as the average writing desk, from the iroko, an African jungle tree. These were now made fast, slantwise, on either side of *Ra's* peaked stern.

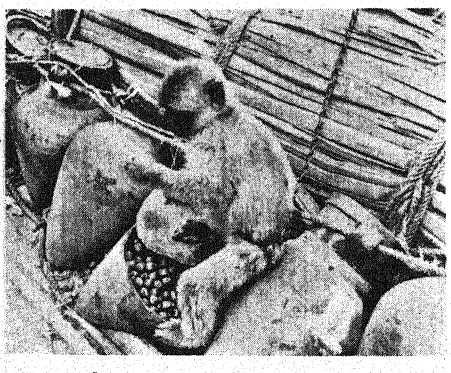
At the level of the bridge the two shafts were joined by a crosspiece, so that if a single person stood in the middle and moved the rod from one side of the bridge to the other, both oars turned together, like two parallel, slanting rudders. The system was so different from the steering devices used today that we all cheered with relief when, for the first time, I tentatively pushed the suspended crossbar to port and *Ra* slowly obeyed.

Abdullah, standing unafraid but with wide-open eyes on the bridge at my side, now grasped the long, thin horizontal rod as well. Four hands made steering easier, and down on the deck the others ran about, organized by our navigator Norman, hauling on lines which set the mainsail in the position where it would best catch the changing wind.

The on-shore breeze strengthened and the sea began to pile up in foaming breakers. When the largest waves came surging towards us, *Ra* simply lifted one side and amiably let them pass under the rolls of reed. But now and then they smashed so vigorously against the oar blades that both shafts bent and I had to roar to the powerful Abdullah to slacken his iron grip and yield a

little to the pressure so that the oars would not snap.

We held our course steadily at a speed of about three knots. I felt that everything was going so well that Abdullah and I could be relieved by the two men on the next watch. Mountaineer Carlo and judo champion Georges took over, fresh and vigorous, and Abdullah crawled into the cabin for a well-earned rest. I picked my way along the papyrus



Safi, the ship's mascot, finds treasure—a broken amphora containing nuts

rolls to the foredeck, which was so stacked with jars, goatskins and baskets of vegetables that all further passage forward was barred. Just ahead of the wind-filled sail, Santiago sat with a broad smile on his face, taking in the view of the distant coast. I stretched out beside him, enjoying a glow of happiness, when I was jolted by three panic-stricken voices: "Thor! Thor!"

I sprang up and hurried to the stern, a thousand fears buzzing in my head. Yuri came wobbling towards me like a drunken tightrope walker, so overwrought that he could only speak Russian and gesticulate.

The rudder oars had broken—both of them! One look was enough to reveal the damage: both shafts had snapped just above the blades. Iroko could not possibly be the robust wood we had been told it was. Fortunately, we had tied a rope to each blade in the Egyptian manner, and we now made haste to pull in these vital parts. But Carlo and Georges were left with two empty shafts projecting into the water aft, with no flat surface to control our course.

"Shall we have to give up?" Carlo asked in a low voice.

Before there was time to answer, I realized that *Ra* was coming slowly about, until the sail filled again and the bow pointed in exactly the direction we had been trying to hold by force. In that second I understood what had happened and felt a surge of relief. Forward on the lee side we had put out two perpendicular oars to keep us from drifting towards shore. Now these were acting in combination with the set of the sail to keep us on course.

"Wonderful!" I shouted.

The others scrutinized me closely, obviously thinking I had gone out of my mind. "Now we really *are* castaways," I said, explaining that for the experiment this was the best thing that could have happened.



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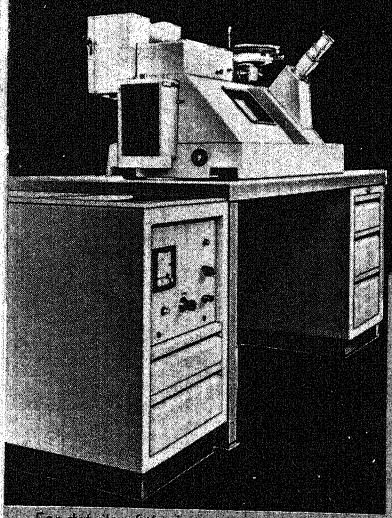
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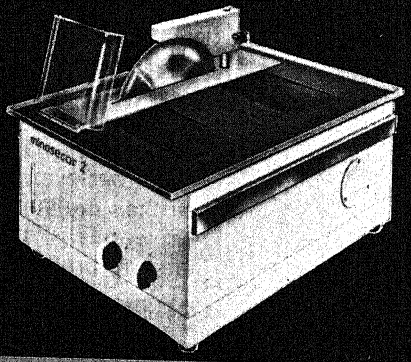
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Something just like this might have befallen other vessels of this type which sailed past Gibraltar and tried to steer further along the Moroccan coast. Now we could really see where they would have landed.

We had one spare rudder oar on deck, but we did not put it out for fear of breaking it as well before we had seriously begun to cross the great Atlantic. In any case, the iroko wood had proved so brittle that we would have to reinforce it before risking it to the waves.

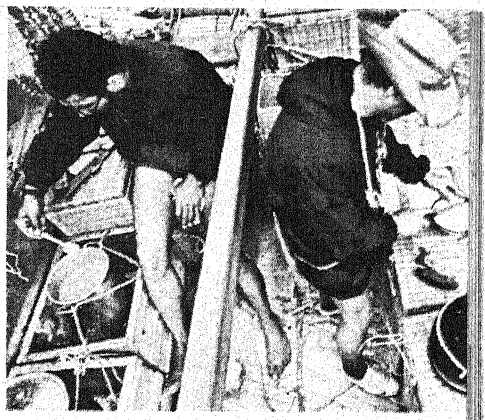
When night fell we saw the lights of several ships passing us, some at disturbingly close quarters. Carlo clambered up and fastened a paraffin lamp to the masthead, since there was danger of our little haystack being rammed and sunk.

But it was the land we feared most, not the open sea. Each new ship which appeared ahead or to port made my heart thump with excitement; was it a light from the coast, or was it simply other seafarers? Not until we saw the red or green running lights could we relax.

Day dawned, and Yuri took over the watch while the rest of us crawled into our warm sleeping bags. There was no land in sight. Our first full day on *Ra* was over.

A Drooping Tail

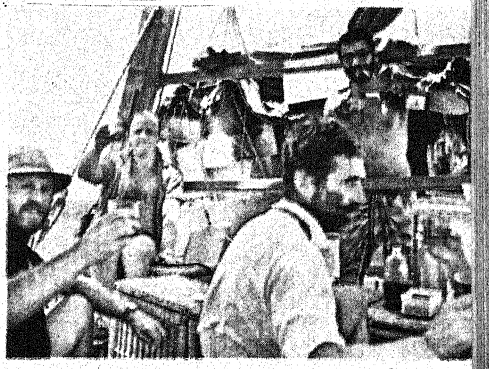
SLEEPING on *Ra* was an unusual experience. Sixteen wooden boxes were stacked on the wicker floor of the cabin, two under each man, with straw mattresses on top. Two spare

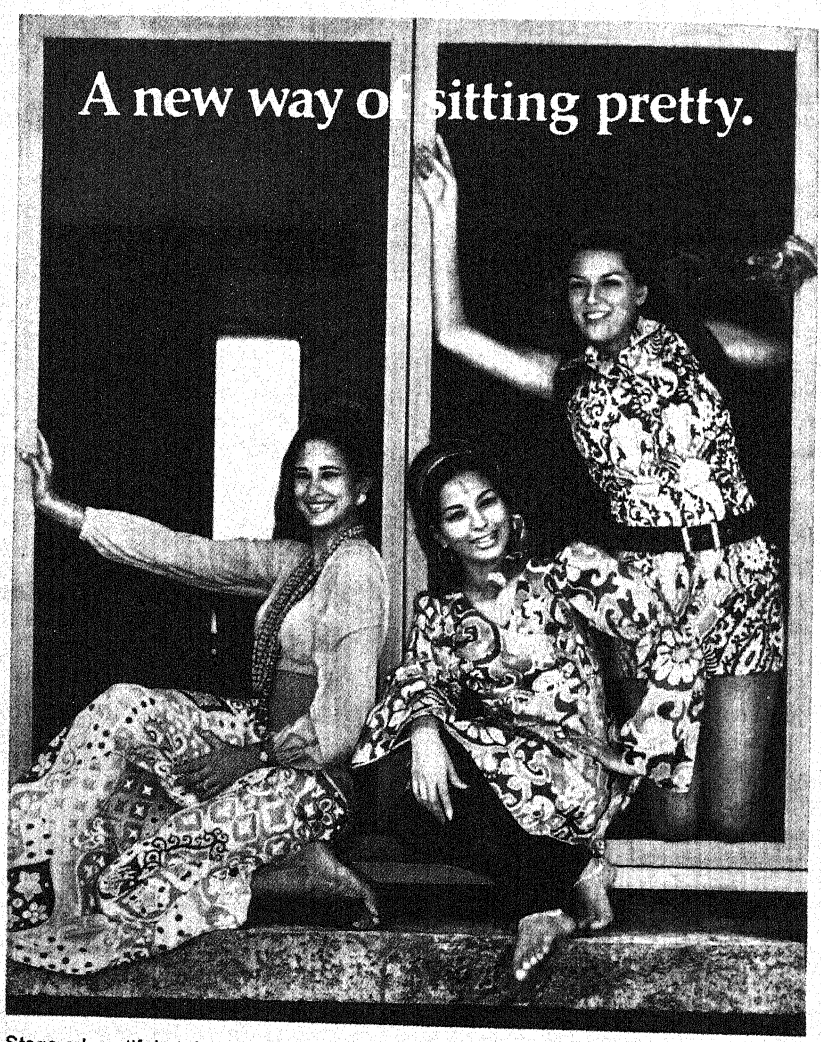


Georges and Santiago preparing a meal in the galley, under the bottom step of the mast



The author and Norman inside "Ra's" cabin. Below from left: the author, Yuri, Santiago, Georges and Norman





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boxes held Norman's radio and navigating equipment. As the papyrus undulated on the waves, the flexible cabin floor followed the movement, and with it, too, the boxes and mattresses and the vertebrae of the man on top. It was like sleeping on the back of a sea serpent. On deck this sinuous action was accompanied by deafening bangs, squeaks, creaks and snorts which every big wave forced out of the papyrus bundles.

From my days on *Kon-Tiki* I knew that the most dangerous threat to voyagers was to have a man overboard. We could not go about and sail into the wind, at least not with our present lack of experience. So rule No. 1 was: stay on board. Carlo Mauri had made each of us a 180-centimetre lifeline with a hook on it; we kept these tied round our bodies, with the hook ready to be slipped over the rope lashings as soon as we moved outside the cabin. Safi, the monkey, had her own little rope and performed rapturous gymnastics on the mast stays.

We continued to have serious difficulties. On the second day, a sudden squall hit us and the yard-arm, which held the sail outstretched, cracked in the middle. The sail shrank inwards like a bat folding its wings. We had to lower the whole conglomeration to prevent the canvas from being shredded.

The weather was better the next two days and we made repairs, but on the sixth and seventh days a full storm blew up and the one rudder we had fixed snapped again like a matchstick. Eventually we fashioned a steering oar from a spare mast made of Egyptian cenebar wood. It was heavy and awkward to use, but it was so strong that the whole boat would twist before the shaft broke.

The winds and currents were taking us, as we had expected, south-west down the coast of Africa. Then, at a point off Cape Juby, the current turned, streaming past the Canary Islands and on westward towards America. We passed the Canaries on the eighth day, having sailed a distance equivalent to that between Norway and England.

Ra seemed to be as buoyant as ever. But on the twelfth day, as we were preparing to put our second rudder back into action, I discovered Yuri in the aft section, happily washing his underclothes—in a pool of water on the deck. Every roller was sending a little ripple over the papyrus gunwale at the point where the steering oar weighed us down, and the rhythmic trickle was just enough to keep the little pool filled.

"Now we have a washstand with running water," Yuri observed.

We hastened to launch the heavy oar so that the waves would support most of its weight, but our lowest corner continued to let in ripples. We checked the curl of the upturned reeds on the stern. They were just as they had been built and showed no signs of straightening. For safety's sake, Georges swam underneath


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Ra. He discovered that the bottom was beginning to sag just aft of the cabin.

We moved all the cargo from the afterdeck forward, so that the only weight left was the crossbeam on which the steering oars rested and the bridge itself. But the ripples continued to wash in over the starboard quarter.

I pondered this latest difficulty. *Ra's* mast was not supported as on an ordinary boat. A stay ran to the bow, but none to the stern. Instead, a series of harp-like lines were secured from the top of the mast to the sides of the craft, extending about two-thirds of the way back. This was the way the Egyptian wall reliefs showed it had been done.

We made another inspection below water. It was apparent that *Ra* had preserved her original shape from the bow to the exact point where the backmost pair of stays ran down from the mast. Aft of this, however, there was a visible kink where the whole rear part of *Ra* began to tilt gently downwards.

The prow was as high as ever. Our golden swan still stretched her neck; only her tail was beginning to droop. If the mast could only have supported the strain of a stay to hold up her stern as well, this would not have happened. But if we tried to hoist the stern up with such a rope, the mast would break when the first roller passed under us. The stern must be allowed to undulate.

The days passed, and more water washed aboard. Yet the fine tip of the stern curved as elegantly inward as ever, showing no sign of losing its shape. Finally I saw the light.

Pictures of old reed boats in the Egyptian tombs had showed a short rope running from the tip of the stern down to the afterdeck. Our boatbuilders, in fact, had used such a cable to "set" the curl in our tail. But when the papyrus had set in place, they cut the rope off. At the time, I wondered whether this cable should not have been kept, but since the curl maintained its shape anyway, it had seemed unimportant.

Now I realized that the peculiar arch over the afterdeck was not built for beauty. It was intended to pull the stern up. This rigging was the result of long experience in ocean navigation; it was not born on the calm Nile. To enable the papyrus ship to sail the open sea without breaking, its brilliant architects had divided it into two linked components. The forward part was kept up by the straddled mast with its parallel stays; the after part was allowed to move independently, but always returned to its place, thanks to the big spring arching above it.

We tied a rope in position, but it was too late to undo the damage.

Expedition Fever

To my own mind our main problem was not so much the papyrus as how we seven passengers would survive our interaction with each other. The most insidious danger on any

expedition where men have to rub shoulders for weeks on end is a psychological condition which makes even the most peaceful person irritable or even furious, because his perceptive capacity shrinks until he sees only his companions' faults.

In our small basket cabin there was no elbow room at all. Day and night, everyone was within speaking and touching distance of everyone else. We were stuck together like seven-headed Siamese twins with seven mouths speaking seven languages.

Abdullah could not write, while Santiago was a university professor. Santiago was also an ardent pacifist; Norman was a former military officer. Norman was Jewish, Georges was Egyptian. Georges was a rich man who had never had to work, while Carlo had gone to work when he was 12. Norman and Yuri represented countries which were hostile to each other. There was ample psychological fuel on board for a serious conflagration.

The first duty of an expedition leader is to be on guard against such an outbreak of "expedition fever." I was, therefore, not a little alarmed one morning when I heard peaceable Carlo roaring in Italian at "playboy" Georges that he was so untidy he needed a nanny. Georges replied in kind. I took Carlo aside and tried to explain to him that Georges had always had someone in his house to pick things up for him. Later I spoke to Georges, pointing out that on this voyage no one was obliged to clean up after anyone else. Shortly afterwards Georges' fishing tackle, tape recorder and dirty clothes had been picked off the deck and cabin roof, and he and Carlo began hauling on the same line together.

The next threat to peace came after we had introduced galley duty. Carlo had generously offered himself as permanent cook; the rest of us were to take turns scrubbing pots and cleaning up. The orderly list was chalked on a blackboard on the bridge. No one had remembered, however, that Abdullah could not read. When his turn came and Santiago showed him the pots and scrubber, Abdullah got a headache and flung himself on his bed.

"I know what it is," he growled, "you are white, Santiago, and I am black. You want me to be a servant to the rest of you!" Santiago, who had just won Pope John's Peace Prize for 1969, was deeply hurt. He flared up, "You say that to me, Abdullah, when I have spent years fighting for Negro equality . . ."

Abdullah pulled his sleeping bag over his ears. When he next looked out of the cabin he caught a glimpse of me staggering aft with the dirty stack of pots. His eyes widened.

"You and I have simply changed days," I explained.

Next day Abdullah was standing happily in the stern humming his rhythmic African songs while he scoured the pans. And the day after

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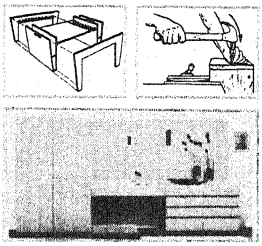
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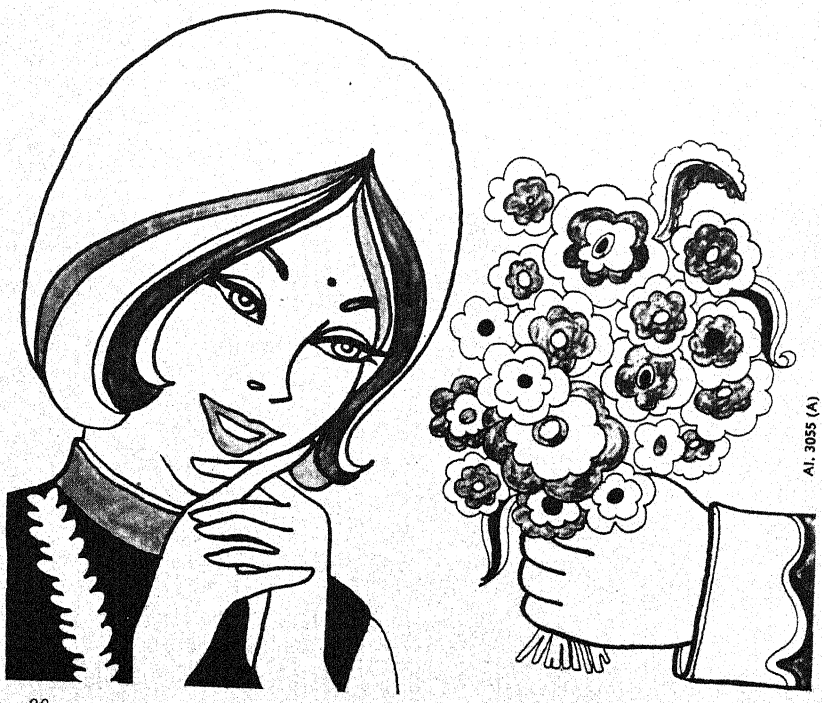
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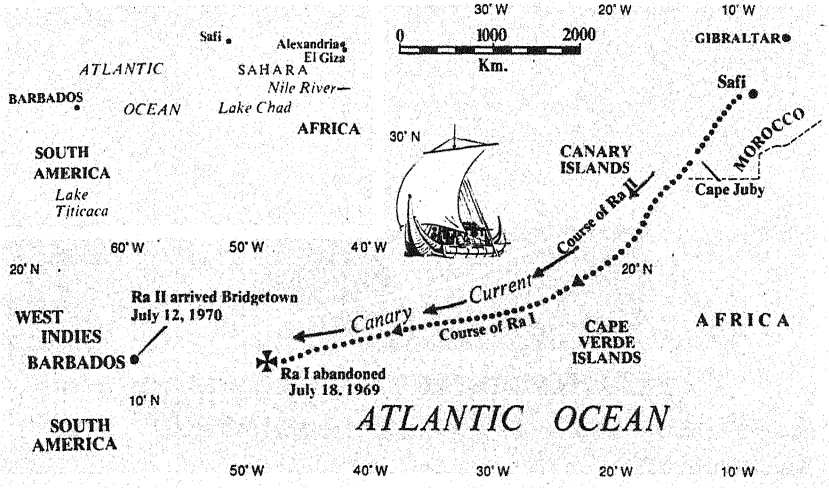
that Georges came to me quietly and volunteered to become permanent orderly. The others, he said, had more important duties. So it was Georges—our playboy—who kept the galley pots spick-and-span.

Abdullah had a washing problem of another sort. As a Mohammedan he had to bathe forearms, feet, head and face in pure water every single time he prayed. When he discovered that the ocean was full of salt he was in despair, and so was I, for Abdullah prayed five times a day and our water supply was rationed.

"You can use sea-water for your prayers," I assured him. But Abdullah refused, and began to roll his eyes in utter horror.

"Abdullah," I said. "Have you thought how many monkeys and dogs live around the freshwater sources in Chad? Out here there isn't a dog for miles and what impurity Safi produces is left behind us. Nowhere in the world can you find purer water than at sea."

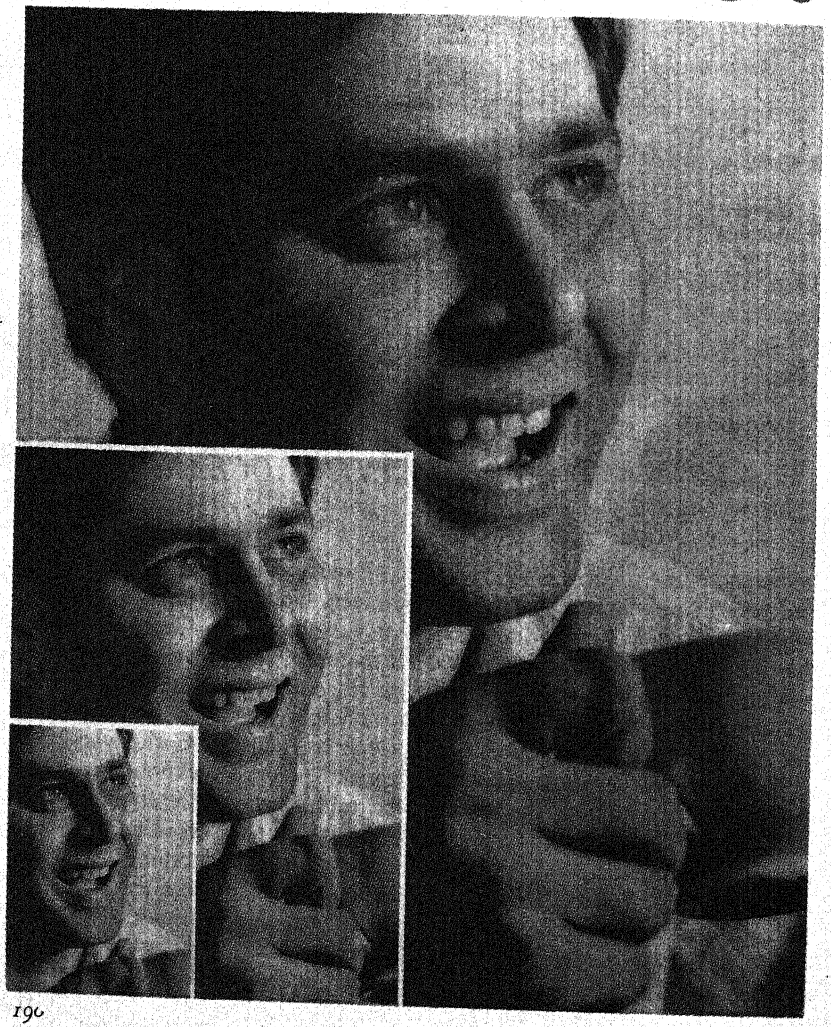
Abdullah listened and thought. Soon he was scrutinizing a bucket of sea-water. Then the ceremonial washing began at breakneck speed.



Bowing his head, he reeled off prayers like a convinced monk. All of us, whether Copt, Catholic, Protestant, Jew or freethinker, had to respect his steadfast conviction.

There were numerous other crises. Once Norman and Carlo, who were quick to do tasks without having to be told, began to react ominously against Yuri, Georges and Abdullah, who did nothing without express orders. Those three, meanwhile, felt that Norman and Carlo were too bossy. Santiago was for a while suspected of dodging work

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that required lifting and carrying.

But the miracle happened. Instead of these small frictions growing into expedition fever, each man tried to understand why the others behaved as they did. Yuri and Georges began to admire Norman and Carlo for their initiative; Norman and Carlo changed their view of Yuri and Georges when they realized that no one on board was more willing to pitch in as soon as they saw that help was needed. Abdullah was soon admired by everyone for his lightning intelligence and eagerness to learn. Black or white, Jew or Christian, rich or poor, we shared the same trials and the same blessings.

"Ra, Bon Voyage"

On June 10 we awoke to find the sea about us so filthy that we could not put our toothbrushes in it, and Abdullah had to have an extra ration of fresh water for his ritual washing. The Atlantic was no longer blue but grey-green and opaque, covered with clots of oil ranging from pinhead size to the dimensions of the average sandwich. Plastic bottles floated in the waste. I had seen nothing like this when I spent 101 days on board *Kon-Tiki*. It became clear to all of us that mankind really was in the process of polluting our planet's indispensable filtration plant, the ocean.

That day Abdullah slaughtered our last chicken, and then there was only the duck left in the poultry

coop. No one had the heart to kill it, however, so it was spared and christened Sinbad. It became master of the foredeck, while Safi kept to the cabin area. If one of the two wandered into the other's territory the move ended either with Safi screaming in fury because she had been nipped on her behind by Sinbad, or with Safi leaping triumphantly home with a feather in hand.

From June 14 to 17 the sea was constantly seething round us, and inexplicably high waves crossed one another from two or three directions at once: an interplay of currents and counter-currents from unseen coasts. *Ra* writhed about, making a new hoarse sound like a mighty wind. It was bitterly cold, but Georges, Yuri and Norman all took a swim under the reed bundles. They assured us with chattering teeth that the papyrus below was in perfect condition, but that the sagging stern was beginning to exert a real braking action.

Something had to be done. We collected all the spare papyrus we had and Abdullah, assisted by Santiago and Carlo, began tying papyrus rolls along the aft gunwale as an added bulwark against the seas. The water rose to their chests when the worst waves sent their crests surging on board. Abdullah was washed overboard several times, but clung to his lifeline and just laughed as he scrambled on board.

When at last we had not a single spare papyrus reed left, the sides were higher, but the pool was even deeper than before and now filled the whole afterdeck. However, there was much less force in the water cascading in over the papyrus barrier, and midships and foredeck were as dry as before.

June 18 was a dramatic day. The Cape Verde Islands, the last landfall until America, lay somewhere ahead or across the port bow, hidden in fog and rain clouds. We had been on the papyrus bundles for 25 days, and the reeds had been floating in sea-water for more than a month.

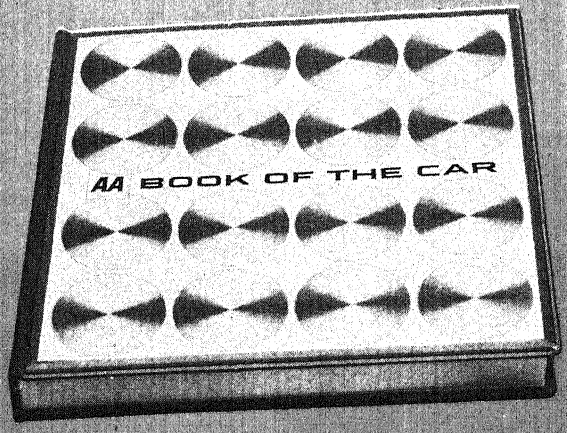
Despite all our adversities *Ra* had covered 1,240 nautical miles. If the Egyptians had sailed as far from the mouth of the Nile as we had now sailed from Safi, they would have been far up the Don, in Russia, or beyond Gibraltar. The Mediterranean was obviously not big enough to exhaust the range of a papyrus boat.

But damn that stern section! The heavy seas continued, and in desperation we decided to cut up a life raft which we carried beneath the bridge. Made of plastic foam it might give us the buoyancy we needed.

Huge waves were breaking over the submerged deck as Norman, Abdullah and I waded towards the bridge. Standing knee-deep in foaming water, we attacked the life raft's heavy packing case with axe, knife and saw, until the raft itself came into view.

Suddenly I felt one of the mightiest waves crash against *Ra*, lifting

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and twisting us abruptly sideways. I was staggering to regain balance when I heard the deafening roar of tons of falling water and breaking timber. The sea surged in up to my waist from behind, while wood and rope yielded to the power of the ocean and slowly collapsed.

I was swept to port by the torrent of water and stooped to grab a papyrus rope before I was washed overboard. Just as Norman's voice bellowed, "Look out, Thor!" a great weight of broken timber thumped across my back. Then the flood subsided and we stood knee-deep as before, I with broken timber pressing me down.

"It was the double rudder oar that went!" shouted Norman, helping to free me.

Above us bobbed the splintered ends of two big logs lashed together. The thick, round, original oar shaft and the rectangular spare mast, bound to it as reinforcement, had broken off side by side.

The next day we attacked the life raft with a saw, reducing it to narrow strips which were then pushed underwater and lashed fast to the surface of the sunken deck. The stern lifted enough to give us better steering control, and once again the waves slid under us without flooding our swimming pool.

As it turned out, our work went for nothing, for the sea plucked away the sawn-up foam bit by bit, until only the natural papyrus stems were left. Neptune might have been telling us: "No cheating. Pharaoh's men had no plastic."

That night when I came on deck to relieve Santiago, he pointed silently to a light to port. Cape Verde? No, a boat. It was heading straight for us, signalling. The flashes were much too fast for us to read, but it was asking something.

"*Ra* O.K. *Ra* O.K.," we blinked back in Morse. We guessed that it was a patrol boat from Cape Verde.

"*Ra,* bon voyage," it finally flashed. Then it turned away, and the comforting lights vanished.

Two hours later I had already begun to whistle softly through the bamboo wall to waken Yuri for his watch. Suddenly I felt as if Neptune himself had taken hold of the oar blade out there in the blackness of the sea. Vast forces wrenched the pole from me and the whole vessel heeled. The bridge vibrated and the crack of breaking wood was loud in my ears again. Was it the bridge this time? No. It was the other rudder oar.

I yelled to rouse everyone. The sail thrashed; the water seethed. Ropes and timber screamed louder than shouted orders. It began to rain. We threw out both our sea anchors, and at last recovered. Again we had nothing to steer with and we felt alone as never before.

Past the Half-Way Mark

For several days after this a storm battered us. Huge waves thundered against the back wall of the cabin

before pouring overboard. Sleeping was almost impossible, as we were tossed about like dolls from one side of the tilting cabin to the other. Salt water ran off our backs and faces and into our sleeping bags. At one point the whole bridge gave way. Frantically, we propped it up and relashed the poles.

Hours flowed together, and it was hard to keep the days distinct in one's mind. Yet even with the sea anchors out, and *Ra's* great lobster tail acting as a brake, the pliant ship hurled herself over the chaos of waves towards America. Finally we emerged into quiet weather with a gentle breeze, rolling seas and sunshine. And on June 26, Norman announced that we had crossed longitude 40 degrees West and were, therefore, in the American half of the Atlantic.

This called for a celebration. Georges opened a bottle of champagne and prepared hors d'oeuvres of Moroccan olives, sliced sausage and sun-dried Egyptian fish roe, while Carlo cooked an enormous dinner that began with artichoke omelettes and ended with raisins, prunes and almonds. Yuri produced hand-painted Russian beakers filled with his own hair-raising home brew. Amid shouts of laughter, song and music the party went on until the sun-god Ra sank into the sea.

It was good to relax. We had hard days behind us and did not know what was to come. Although the stern was not there to protect us, we had spread canvas over the back and starboard side of the cabin to keep out the torrents of water. But because the starboard always faced windward, and had therefore absorbed extra tons of water, we had developed a decided tilt to the right. Worse, during the storm off Cape Verde we discovered that water was forcing its way in under the cabin floor. The bottom of the case where Norman kept his radio was soaking.

June 28 was a beautiful day and everyone busied himself peacefully with his own affairs. Georges was teaching Abdullah how to read and write in Arabic. Others sat with laundry, fishing rods or diaries. Then we heard a heart-rending wail from Norman. He had been over the side securing a broken oar blade; now he was hanging from the railing as if paralysed, his face contorted, unable to pull the rest of his body on board. Everyone thought the worst—shark! But as we pulled him out, we saw the culprit. The lower part of Norman's body was caught in the glistening pink filaments of a big Portuguese man-o'-war. Norman was in a coma when we dragged him into the cabin.

"Ammonia," said Yuri tensely. "We have no ammonia. It's the only thing that can neutralize the acid which is permeating his body. Urine is full of ammonia. All of you—and this is serious."

For two hours Yuri sat massaging the red sting marks with a rag

dipped in a coconut shell full of urine, while his patient writhed in pain. Finally Norman slept. Once he awoke in a delirium and shouted that the sea was full of men-o'-war. The next day he was still unwell, but gradually the effects wore off.

Some of our best days on board *Ra* followed. There was plenty of time to swim and enjoy a fish's-eye view of the swollen strength and toughness of the papyrus bundles. Paper boat? Perhaps. But it was only the wooden parts that broke. Papyrus had proved to be a first-class material. Its strength in sea-water had been completely misjudged by the theorists.

"As long as the ropes hold," Abdullah said daily, "we shall float. If the ropes get slack or break, we shall collapse."

Hundreds of long-necked barnacles and a terrified little crab had made themselves at home on *Ra's* underside. Now and then we saw big shoals of flying fish swimming ahead of us like herring. They were timid, but the little pilot fish which accompanied us became so bold that they bit holes in the sacks of dried fish hung overboard to soak.

By this time six weeks had passed, we had become so familiar with our environments that we often felt as if we were outside of time, contemporary with the creators of the papyrus boat. The Vikings were just over the horizon to the north; Columbus was bobbing along in our wake.

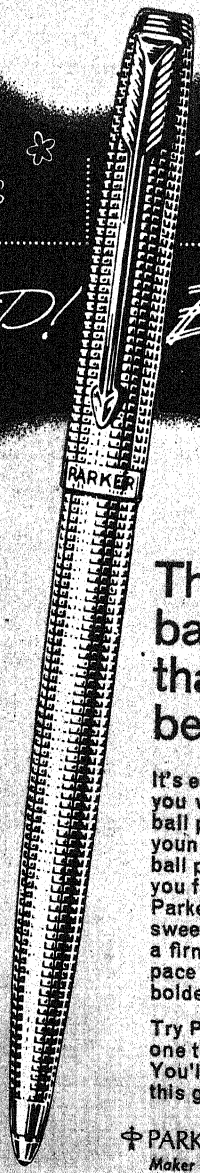
Sun and moon rolled westward to show us the way, and the lonely night watches gave us in full measure that timeless perception of eternity that I had experienced on *Kon-Tiki*. The immutable constellations sparkled above us, and just as brightly beneath us the shining phosphorescence glistened.



Steering oars splintered by heavy seas, Carlo and Norman struggle to secure a sea anchor

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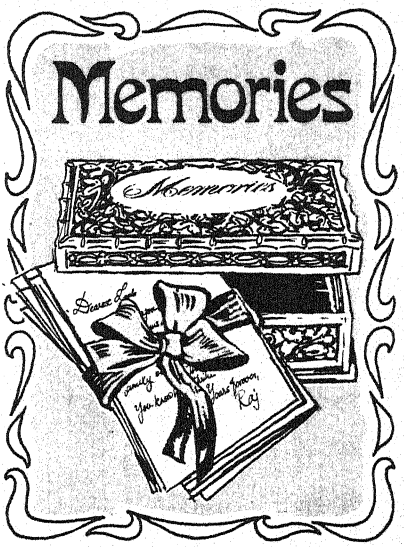
We were not living in the age of the nuclear bomb. We were living at a time when the earth was still large and flat and full of unknown sea and continents.

A Stitch in Time

ONE DAY early in July, Norman got out his radio set, and I composed a message to the head of the Archaeological Institute in Mexico: "Bearded men are floating westward across the Atlantic." It was one of our last efforts at being humorous. Our tail was under water, allowing waves to surge freely up to the back wall of the cabin. Little fish were living on board, on the afterdeck. If we met one more storm, we would come out of it a wreck.

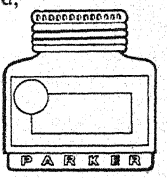
In the next radio contact, with Italy, I gave my wife, Yvonne, the job of finding a boat that could rendezvous with us off the West Indies. The hurricane season was approaching, and it seemed like a good safety measure.

We were now so near to the mainland coast of South America that we were visited by the first seabirds from the other side. A shark also overtook us and made a savage attack on a lifebelt which we had in tow. Then it came level with *Ra,* rolled its whitish belly upward and thrashed its tail, attacking the underside of the papyrus rolls with gaping jaws. Was it gobbling down some of the long, tasty barnacles? Whatever it was eating, the danger to the



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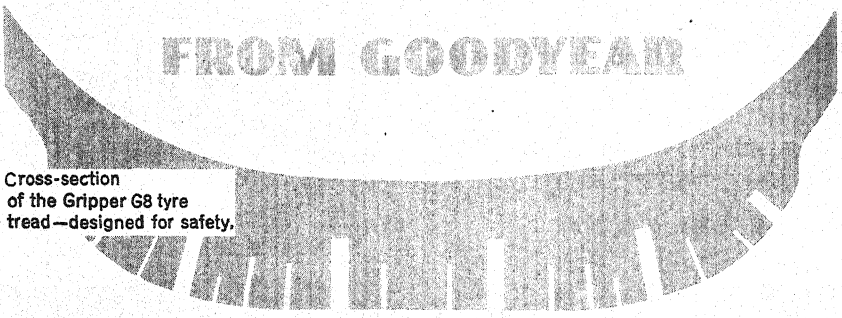
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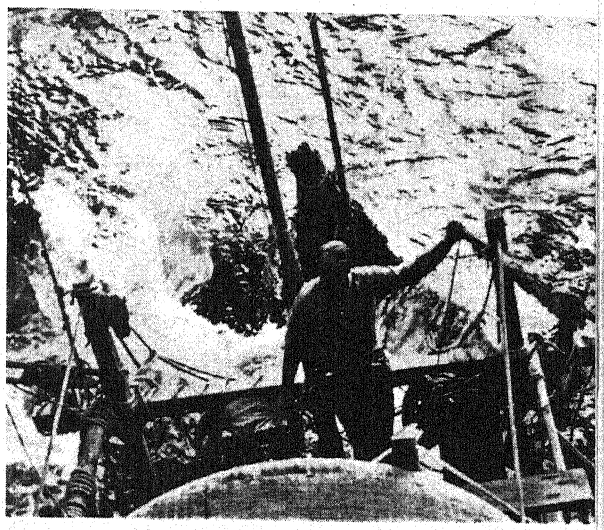
ropes was serious. I leaned over the railing and grabbed for the shark's rough tail. Twice I almost had it. Then Georges drove his harpoon into its body. The brute fought a while until the water foamed about its tail. The line snapped, and the shark disappeared into the depths.

In the second week of July, we moved into a belt of rain showers and I began to feel uneasy, for these constant showers could easily coalesce into a gale. On July 8, the wind did rise and giant seas flung themselves across our wretched stern. We had a rough night of it. The wind howled in the pitch-black darkness; the chests we lay on began to float around with us on top.

The next morning, I was standing on the bridge trying to control our course with a makeshift rudder oar when the sea suddenly rose about me and engulfed everything. A shining stretch of water moved slowly up to my waist, and the cabin roof in front of my chest disappeared underwater. *Ra* shuddered violently, and I expected the mast to tear loose and topple into the sea. But, quivering, *Ra* rolled on to her beam ends and righted, though never again as fully as before. The whole vessel leaned ominously to windward; and from then on, the helmsman had to stand with his left knee bent to keep upright on the slanting steering bridge.

The next morning Georges went out to make a thorough inspection. To his agitation he discovered that all the main ropes securing the outermost papyrus roll on the starboard side had chafed through, as the floor of the cabin shifted to and fro under the onslaught of the waves. Pale and almost speechless, he reported to me.

In one leap I was on the other side of the cabin with Abdullah. We were met by a sight I shall never forget. The boat was split in two lengthwise. The big starboard bundle, supporting one foot of the mast,



Although "Ra" is well awash aft, Yuri is able to maintain a steady course

was attached to *Ra* only at the prow and stern. Every time the waves lifted the roll away from the rest of the boat, we stared straight down into the blue depths.

Never had I seen the Atlantic so clear and so deep as through that cleft in our little papyrus world. With stoic calm, Abdullah said coolly that this was the end. The ropes had worn away. The links would now unravel themselves one by one, and in an hour or two the papyrus reeds would be drifting away in all directions.

For a moment Georges and I stood paralysed. Then Norman was standing before us, glaring like a tiger. "Let's not give up," he said in a strangled voice.

We all sprang into action. Carlo and Santiago pulled out a long coil of heavy rope and cut it into four big hawsers. Georges grabbed an end, plunged into the water, and swam crosswise under *Ra*. All four ropes were eventually cinched up on deck like four big barrel hoops. Then Abdullah went to work with *Ra's* sledgehammer and sewing needle, a huge iron spike with an eye in its tip large enough to take a six-millimetre rope. With this we were going to sew the paper boat together. Georges dived under the boat to the point where the needle came through. In the depths he had to pull the rope out of the needle's eye, then re-thread it when the empty eye came down again in another place.

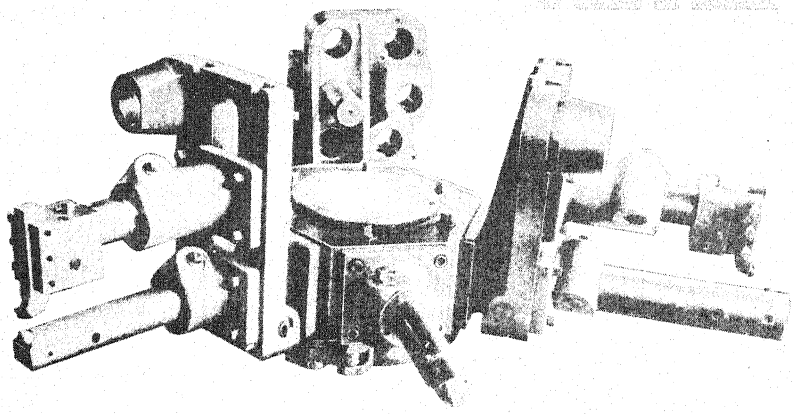
In this way we got the fatal gap sewed up to some extent, but we had lost a lot of papyrus and were leaning to windward more than ever. Before nightfall we inspected the reed roll again. It was wriggling ominously in the thin ropes we had used to sew it on, and was so depleted and waterlogged that we had to wade waist-deep to pass the cabin on that side. Then it was night once more. The last thing I saw was the whites of Abdullah's eyes in the corner just inside the cabin, moving up and down as he prayed, all amid the grinding and whining and the gushing of water.

Only one fact brightened our prospects—a radio message that the boat Yvonne was trying to hire might be meeting us in four or five days.

A Painful Decision

As NIGHT began to advance on July 12, we saw black clouds rolling towards us from the eastern horizon. A great storm was approaching. Although there were limits to what the sail could take, we let it stand; we must make haste. *Ra* shuddered as the first squalls hit us. The seas rose. The Egyptian sail was drawing as never before, and we seemed to be riding on a wild beast's back.

Heavy masses of water fell with a crash on the basket roof, which was subsiding, saddle-backed, further and further towards our noses. Now and then *Ra* heeled so violently that everyone gripped the stays and hung outboard as a counterweight. The duck was washed over



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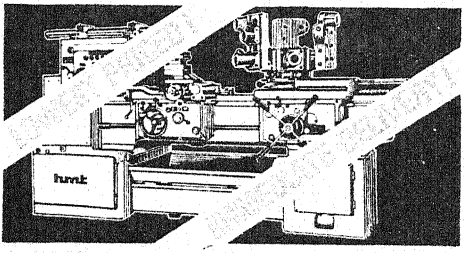
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the side on its line time after time; in the worst of the chaos it broke a leg, which Yuri later had to set.

The storm raged with varying strength for three long days. In the cabin, one chest after another was shattered to matchwood under us; as each chest went, it became more difficult to control those that were left. Socks and underclothes disappeared in the undertow inside and popped up in odd corners. Norman and Carlo moved out and lay on provision baskets under the fringe of roof, forward of the cabin. Yuri's cases were smashed under him before he had emptied them of his medicines, which resulted in an inferno of broken bottles, squashed tubes and ointment, all of which emitted an incredible odour.

On July 14 we made radio contact with the boat coming out to meet us. It was a 22·5 metre motor yacht called *Shenandoah*. They reported that the storm had reached them, too, with waves breaking over the yacht's six-metre-high wheelhouse. They had considered turning back; only the thought that we were lying still further out under the same conditions made them sail on.

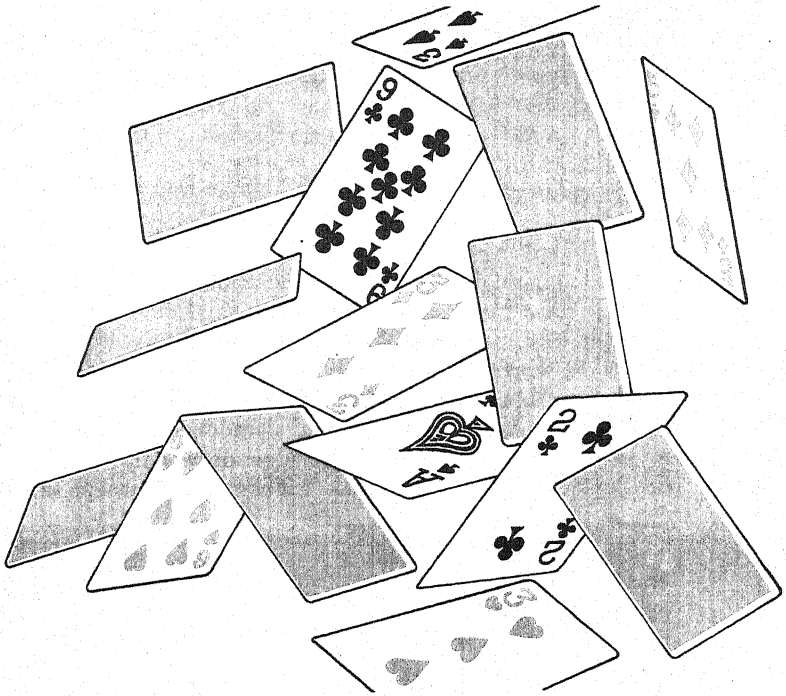
The next day the storm reached a climax. The sail could no longer stand up to the strain, and we dropped it like a thunderclap. Lightning flashed, rain fell. The rest of the galley disappeared into the sea. Sleeping in the cabin was no longer possible. It was safer out in the rain.

On July 16 we made radio contact again with *Shenandoah,* and the captain asked us to send up signal rockets. But our rockets were so sodden that we could not light the fuses. We asked *Shenandoah* to send up her own rockets, but the captain replied that they could not light theirs either. We were asked to keep transmitting our call signal so that they could try to home in on it.

Late that afternoon, *Shenandoah* at last hove into view, rolling wildly. How we found each other is still a miracle to us, but here we were, leaping in turn, up and down, at sea off the West Indies.

We borrowed *Shenandoah's* dinghy and, on July 17 and 18, ferried all unnecessary cargo over to her. We began to see more and more shark fins slicing through the water around us, and once Georges, who was working underneath *Ra,* terrified us all by flinging himself on to the submerged starboard edge with a hulking shark in close pursuit. I forbade him to swim any more. We would have to forgo further sewing of the papyrus bundles.

Our boat was no longer navigable, with rudder oars broken and a steering bridge on which we could scarcely keep our feet. The time had come for a painful decision. I summoned all the men of *Ra* to a serious discussion and told them that it seemed to me right to end the experiment now. We had lived on board for two months; even without taking our zig-zag course into account, we had sailed almost



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2,700 nautical miles—the distance across the Atlantic from Africa to Canada. This proved that a papyrus boat was seaworthy. There was no reason to risk human lives further.

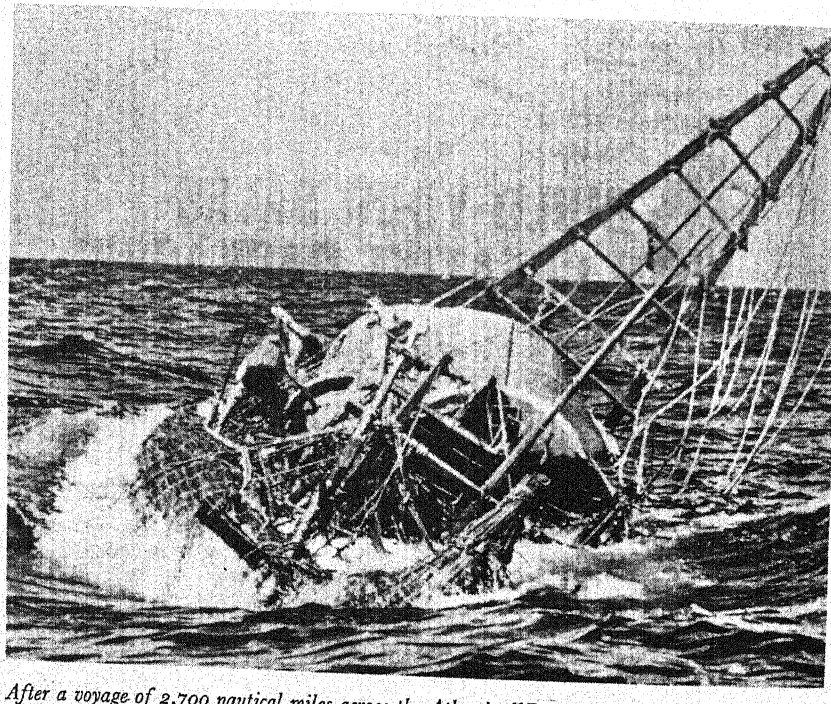
All the others were willing to continue. I conceded that it might turn out all right, but at the same time a severe storm might wash one of us overboard. It was not worth it. (We did not know it then, but the first hurricane of the year, Anna, had just been born in the sea behind us.)

So we left our crippled *Ra* to travel on by herself to tropical lands ahead, and boarded *Shenandoah*. The decision was mine alone.

Voyage into the Sun

I AWOKE confused and apprehensive. We were rolling and pitching. The wickerwork cabin was still around me, savage waves reared up against the night sky, and I could hear our sail flap fitfully in the breeze. Was it only a bad dream that we had abandoned *Ra*?

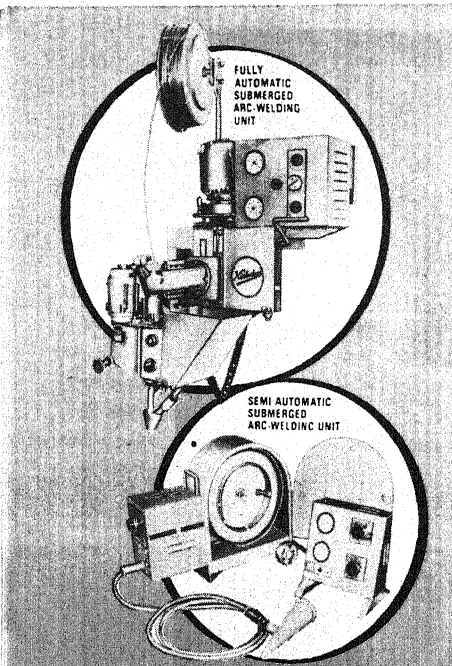
"Change of watch, Thor. Your shift." There was Norman shining



After a voyage of 2,700 nautical miles across the Atlantic, "Ra I" is finally abandoned listing perilously to starboard



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his flashlight, and dream suddenly became reality. This was *Ra II*. We were doing it all over again. Carlo, Santiago, Yuri, Georges.

Something Santiago had said on *Ra I* came back to me: "If we give up now, no one will ever believe that papyrus boats could have reached America."

That was silly. We had set off on a sophisticated Egyptian sailing machine, never dreaming it was so specialized. We had drifted erratically most of the way with a drooping tail acting as a brake. As Georges pointed out, "The people who knew the tricks of a papyrus boat could have made it easily."

Yet we had abandoned our waterlogged vessel 600 nautical miles from Barbados, and many viewed the experiment with scepticism. I was not sceptical, but I felt unsatisfied and I wanted to set all doubts to rest.

I put this question to my crew: could we cross the ocean—all the way—in a reed boat, now that we knew how to build and sail it? All said yes. All volunteered for a second voyage. "The next time," Carlo said, "we *must* make it those last few miles."

So we set all the wheels in motion again, and in just ten months *Ra II* was launched. This time she was built in Safi by Aymera Indians from the shores of Lake Titicaca, for further research had shown that only the South American method produced a vessel with a shape and

lashings identical to those on the ancient Mediterranean reliefs.

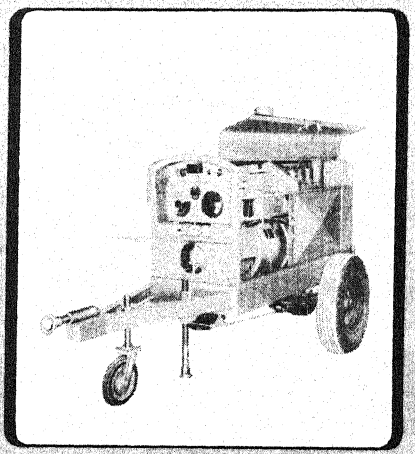
Our first vessel had consisted of many small papyrus rolls linked together by loops of rope. *Ra II* was made from two huge rolls of papyrus with a third, smaller roll squeezed between them. This resulted in an unshakeably compact, double-cylindered hull which seemed much firmer and stronger than *Ra I* and which did not bend a centimetre on the seas. This time our vessel had a stout string from her curly tail down to the deck, and steering oars as thick as telephone poles. She was 11 metres long—2·5 metres shorter than *Ra I*.

We had eight men aboard, having added Kei Ohara from Japan and a dark-skinned, full-blood Berber, Madani Ait Ouhanni. We had lost Abdullah. A devout Mohammedan with three wives, he felt that he should stay in Africa and take care of his family.

This trip our first serious problem was quite new to us. We began to sink. After only four days at sea, we could see that the papyrus rolls were already half-way underwater. Apparently we had overloaded our smaller vessel, and there was nothing to do but throw hundreds of kilograms of supplies overboard. After that, she rode serenely over the waves.

The days quickly settled into a routine. Everyone was happy. Nothing to repair. Easy watches. "It's getting quite boring," Carlo used to

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complain. "Not like *Ra I*—no breaking timber, no ropes to splice."

But one thing remained the same. In the first month there were only three days on which Madani did not spot drifting black clots of oily residue. Some were the size of a potato, some no bigger than a pea. But they covered the water. Nor was this modern man's only gift to the sea. Scarcely a day passed without some form of plastic container, beer can, bottle, packing case or other rubbish drifting close to *Ra II's* sides.

We also had our share of bad weather. On June 18, having passed the half-way point, we encountered the biggest waves we had seen on either of the voyages, some towering nearly ten metres above us. One of our massive oar shafts broke, but our past experience with such mishaps brought us through. Unfortunately, we had jettisoned all our spare wood, so splicing was impossible. In the end, we fixed up a jury rig, with the broken rudder shaft extending only up to the base of the bridge, making it necessary to manipulate it with a rope tied to one's foot. It was quite an acrobatic performance.

Ra II sailed westward at dazzling speed and, by July 8, having been at sea for eight weeks, we were only 200 nautical miles distant from our target, Barbados. The island authorities sent out a fast little government boat, *Culpeper,* to welcome us, and we rendezvoused on the 11th. Yvonne was on board but obviously had trouble picking me out from the sunburned, shaggy creatures with full beards waving wildly from the roof of the wicker cabin.

The next morning, the fifty-seventh day, Norman, Carlo and Santiago climbed to the masthead in turn, and about noon we heard a wild yell over our heads. Land was in sight.

Soon dozens of boats were on their way out through the haze. Seasick faces, joyful faces, gaping faces. Some were laughing themselves silly, shouting and asking us if we had really come from Morocco on "that thing." Over 50 vessels of every type finally escorted *Ra II* across the finishing line at Bridgetown, the capital. Carlo yearned for the solitude of the sea, but Georges felt quite at home. He lit a red signal flare and installed himself on the cabin roof like the Statue of Liberty.

Outside the harbour we lowered our bleached sail with its round solar orb for the last time and accepted a towrope from *Culpeper.* We had sailed 3,270 nautical miles (more than 6,100 kilometres) since last we had set foot on land. There was not one of us who failed to realize that it was only thanks to common efforts that he had come safely across the sea. Solemnly, we all shook hands before jumping ashore.

So ended our voyage—57 days, 5,700 years. Once again, white-skinned, bearded men had come to America. THE END

Quotable Quotes

HE WHO knows how to flatter also knows how to slander.
—Napoleon

BOTH OPTIMISTS and pessimists contribute to society. The optimist invents the aeroplane, the pessimist the parachute. —G. S.

PATIENCE is something you admire in the driver behind you and scorn in the one ahead.
—M. McCleary

MISTAKES are to life what shadows are to light.
—Ernst Jünger

A TELEVISION set is like a toaster. You press a button and the same thing pops up almost every time.
—Alfred Hitchcock

NATURE gave women too much power; the law gives them too little. —Will Henry

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

"Christmas Window"

(Painted for Reader's Digest by Elfriede Weidenhaus)

The Reader's Digest

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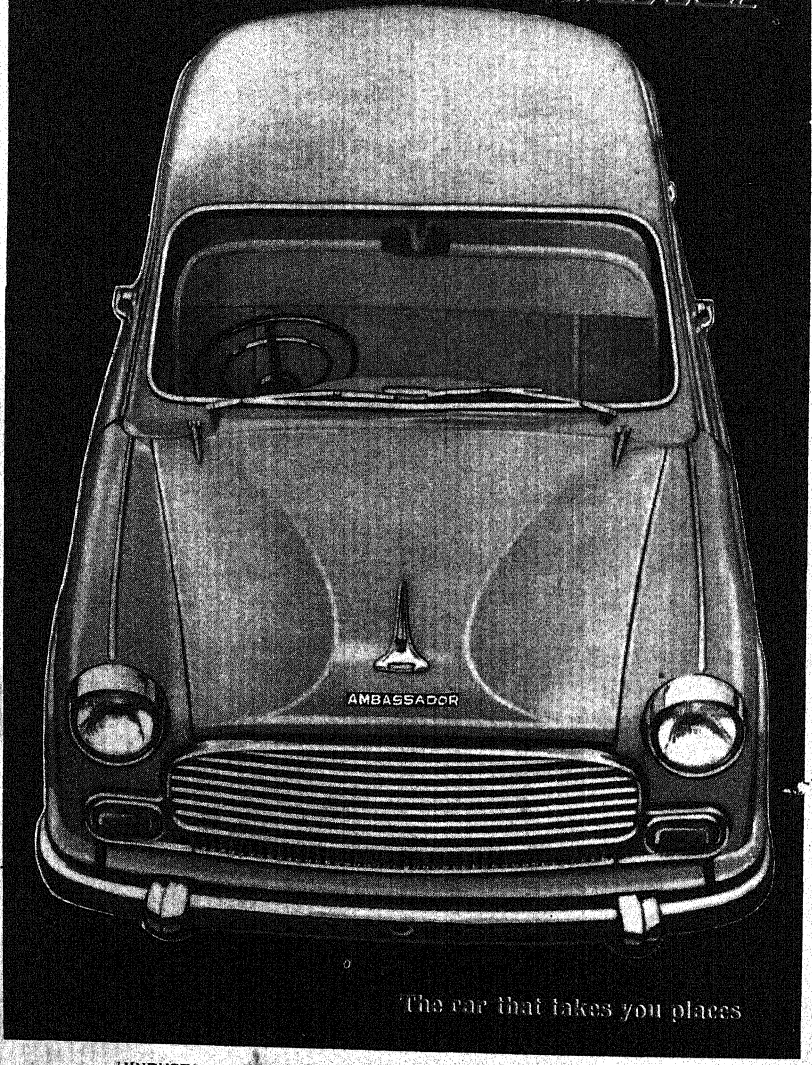
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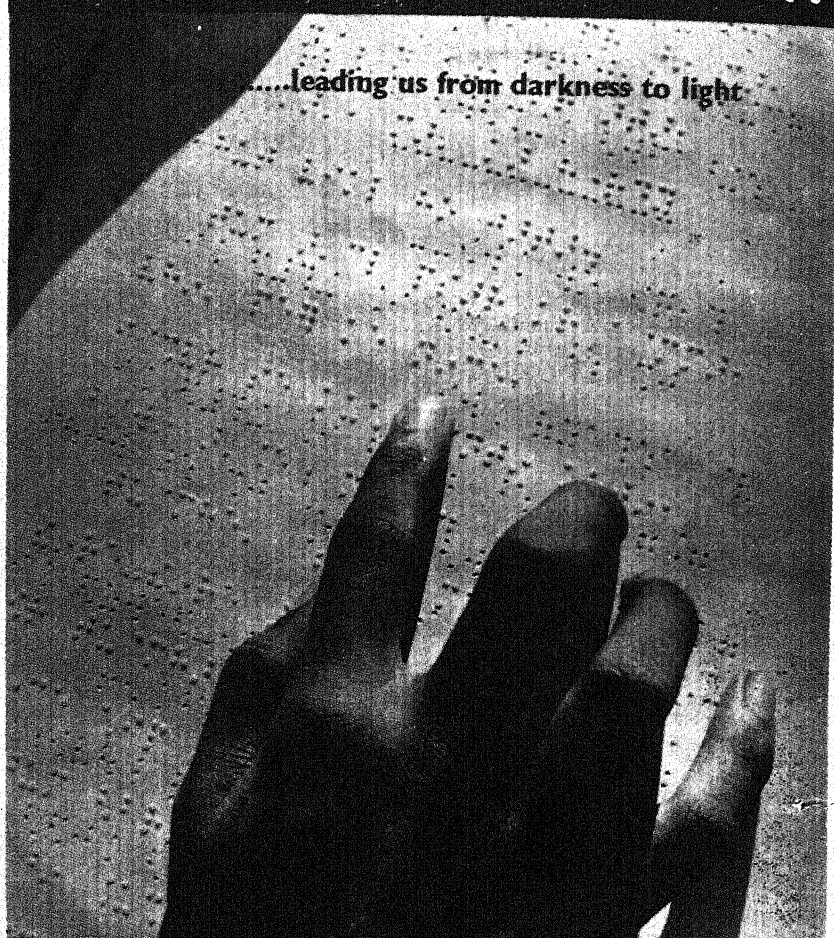
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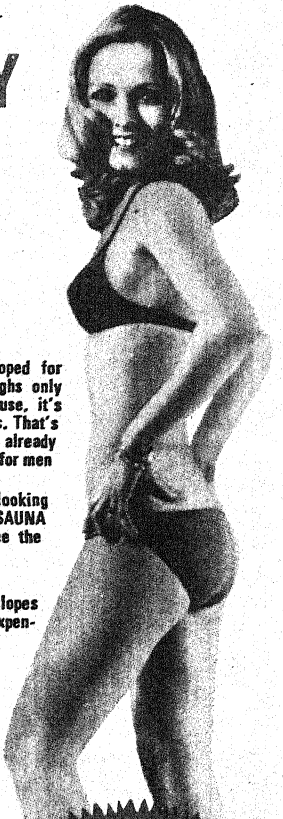
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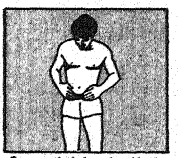
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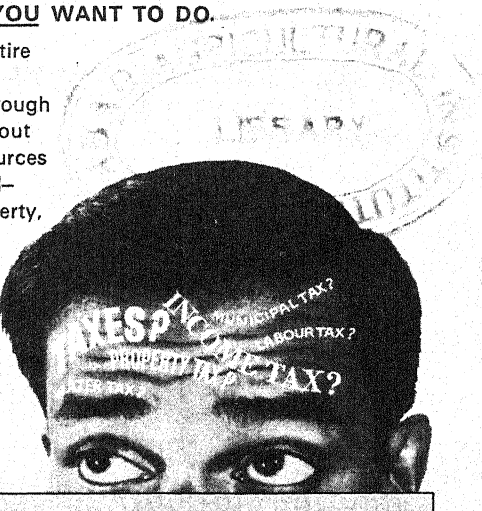
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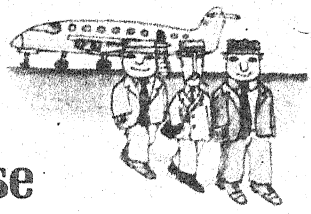
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DAVID MCREE

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Randolph Quirk

Quain Professor of English Language and Literature, University College, London

Since the discovery of the New World, the English language has been enriched by a host of words from across the Atlantic. In the following list of such words in current use, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

(1) **anorak**—A: Indian wallet. B: beast of burden. C: hooded jacket. D: sea food.

(2) **barbecue** (bar′ bi kew)—A: ranch. B: bird of prey. C: dance. D: framework for grilling meat.

(3) **bogus** (boh′ gus)—A: sham. B: ghostly. C: invisible. D: unpleasant.

(4) **bunkum**—A: opinion. B: initiative. C: nonsense. D: wisdom.

(5) **cahoots**—A: sirens. B: partnership. C: cigars. D: raucous laughter.

(6) **caucus** (caw′ cus)—A: reason. B: value. C: meeting. D: law.

(7) **frazzle**—A: frayed state. B: ice crystal. C: bright light. D: confusion.

(8) **hobo** (hoh′ boh)—A: tramp. B: villain. C: artist. D: horseman.

(9) **hooch**—A: cough mixture. B: drinking vessel. C: barrel. D: alcoholic liquor.

(10) **hoodlum** (who′d′ lum)—A: demonstrator. B: street ruffian. C: musician. D: gambler.

(11) **jalopy** (jal op′ i)—A: fringed awning. B: dilapidated motor-car. C: horse-drawn cart. D: floppy hat.

(12) **knickerbockers**—A: frilly bloomers. B: spectacles. C: breeches. D: curling tongs.

(13) **maverick**—A: informer. B: non-conformer. C: thief. D: scholar.

(14) **moccasin** (mock′ a sin)—A: hunting knife. B: thong. C: sealskin waistcoat. D: soft leather shoe.

(15) **powwow**—A: uproar. B: gossip. C: conference. D: fight.

(16) **scallywag**—A: onion. B: conjuror. C: mongrel dog. D: good-for-nothing.

(17) **schooner** (skoo′ ner)—A: suspension bridge. B: earth-mover. C: sailing ship. D: canoe.

(18) **skulduggery**—A: trickery. B: bravery. C: frankness. D: perseverance.

(19) **swizzle-stick**—A: skewer. B: confidence trickster. C: golf club. D: drink-mixer.

(20) **waffle** (wo′ f′l)—A: bridle. B: batter cake. C: ice-cream wafer. D: lattice screen.

ANSWERS TO

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

(1) **anorak**—C: Hooded jacket, worn especially in Arctic regions. Eskimo *anoraq*.

(2) **barbecue**—D: Framework for grilling meat; open-air party with barbecued meat. Haitian *barbacòa*, "a raised frame."

(3) **bogus**—A: Sham, fictitious. First used in North America in 1827 to describe a machine for making counterfeit money.

(4) **bunkum**—C: Nonsense; humbug, particularly political. From Buncombe, North Carolina; around 1820 the county's Congressman, Felix Walker, persisted in speaking irrelevantly in a debate, saying that his constituents expected him to "make a speech for Buncombe."

(5) **cahoots**—B: Partnership, sometimes of a questionable nature. Probably from French *cahute*, "cabin."

(6) **caucus**—C: Meeting, usually a local political committee engaged in fighting elections or defining policy. After the eighteenth century Caucus Club of Boston, Massachusetts, probably from Algonquian Indian *caucauasu*, "adviser."

(7) **frazzle**—A: Frayed or exhausted state; as, worn to a *frazzle*. Blend of *fray* and Middle English *fasel*, "fringe."

(8) **hobo**—A: Tramp; itinerant workman. Perhaps from "*Hey, Bo*" (from French *beau*), a sarcastic greeting.

(9) **hooch**—D: Crude alcoholic liquor, spirits. Abbreviation of *Hoochinoo*, properly *Hutsnuwu*, an Alaskan Red Indian tribe that made distilled liquor.

(10) **hoodlum**—B: Street ruffian; hooligan. First recorded in San Francisco about 1870. Perhaps from Bavarian dialect *hodalum*, "vagabond."

(11) **jalopy**—B: Dilapidated motor-car. Origin unknown.

(12) **knickerbockers**—C: Breeches, loose-fitting and gathered in at the knee. From Diedrich Knickerbocker, the pretended author of Washington Irving's *History of New York* (1809), which has illustrations of Dutchmen in knee-breeches.

(13) **maverick**—B: Non-conformer; rover; masterless person. Originally an unbranded calf or yearling, traditionally belonging to the first person to claim or brand it. From Samuel A. Maverick (1803-70), a Texas rancher who did not brand his cattle.

(14) **moccasin**—D: Soft leather shoe, originally of deerskin, worn by North American Indians. From Red Indian dialects, including Algonquian *mockasin*.

(15) **powwow**—C: Conference. Originally a ceremony among North American Indians, sometimes a gathering where magic was practised. Algonquian Indian *powwaw*, "he dreams."

(16) **scallywag**—D: Good-for-nothing; scamp; also undersized animal. Origin unknown, but possibly derived from Scalloway, Shetland, noted for its miniature ponies.

(17) **schooner**—C: Sailing ship, with two or more masts. Reputedly coined by Captain Andrew Robinson, the builder of the first schooner at Gloucester, Massachusetts, about 1713. Said to come from New England *scoon* from Scottish *scon*, "to skim" a stone across water.

(18) **skulduggery**—A: Trickery; corrupt behaviour. Variation of Scottish dialect *sculduddery;* origin unknown.

(19) **swizzle-stick**—D: Drink-mixer; a rod, sometimes with brush-like end, for mixing and frothing some drinks and flattening others. Introduced in the West Indies in the nineteenth century, a "swizzle" was a mixture of alcoholic drinks, forerunner of today's cocktail.

(20) **waffle**—B: Crisp batter cake, usually eaten hot with butter or syrup. Early Dutch, *wafel*, related to German *wabe*, honeycomb.

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16 or more correct.....excellent

15–12 correct.....good

11–9 correct.....fair

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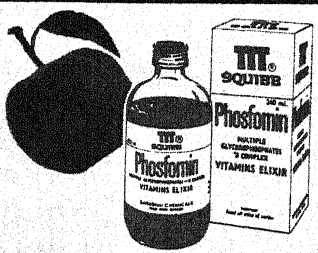
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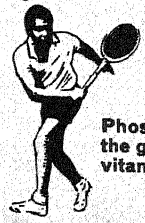
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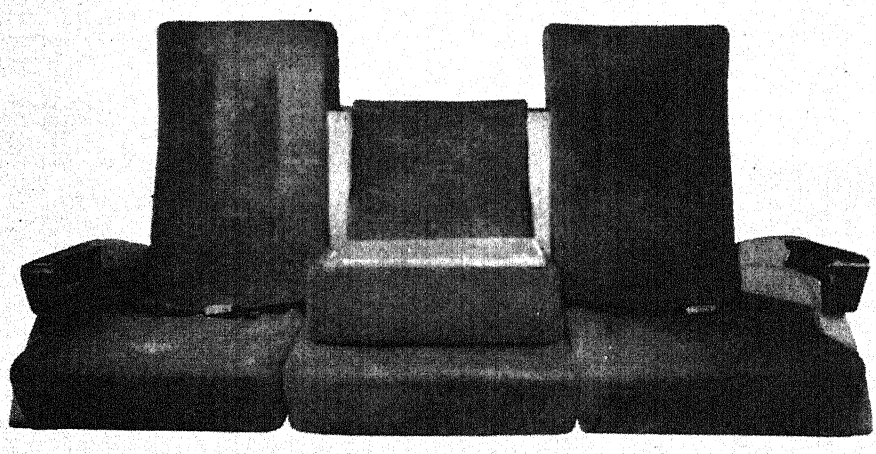


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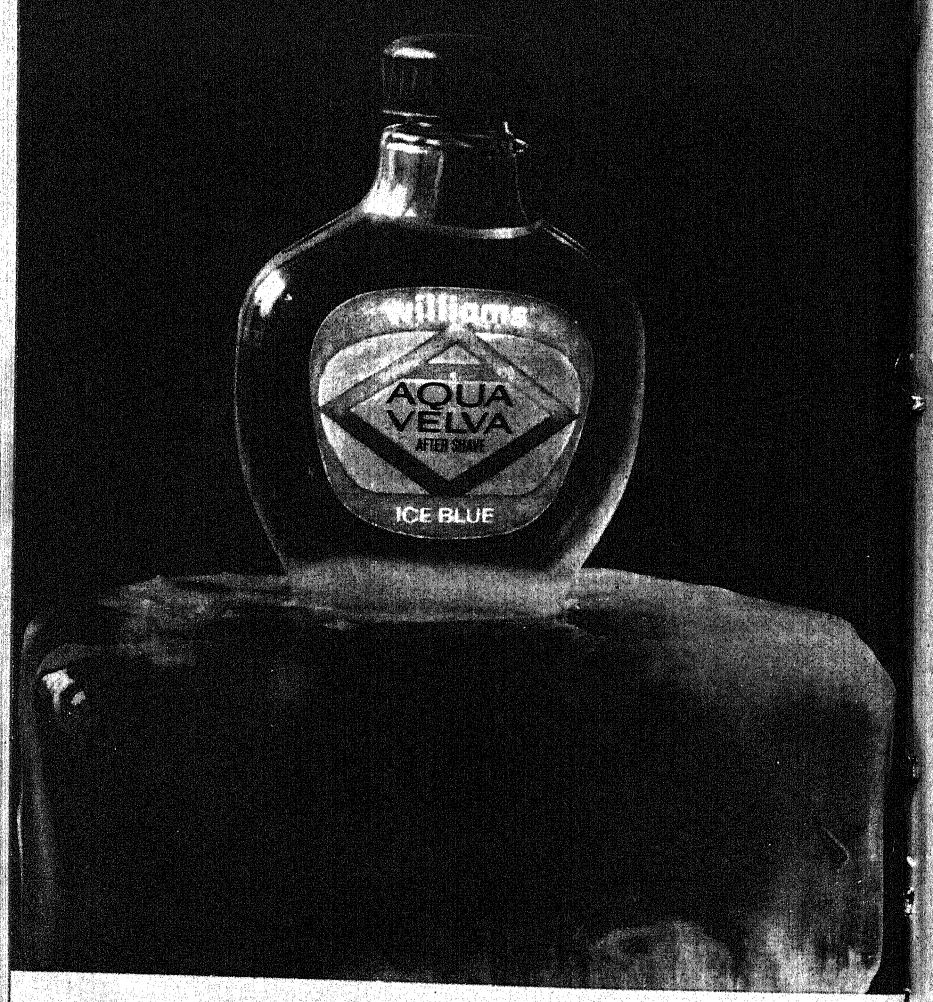
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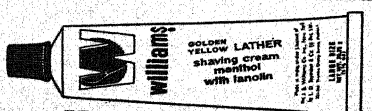
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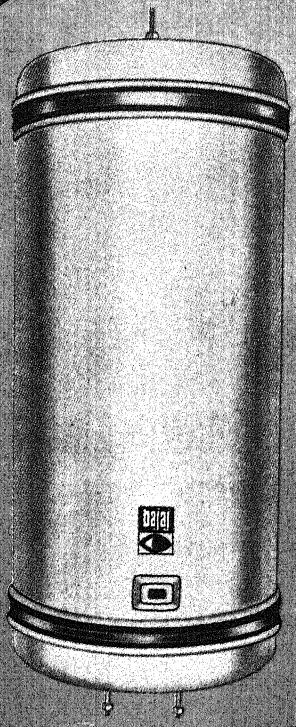
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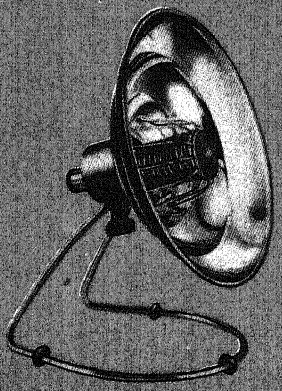
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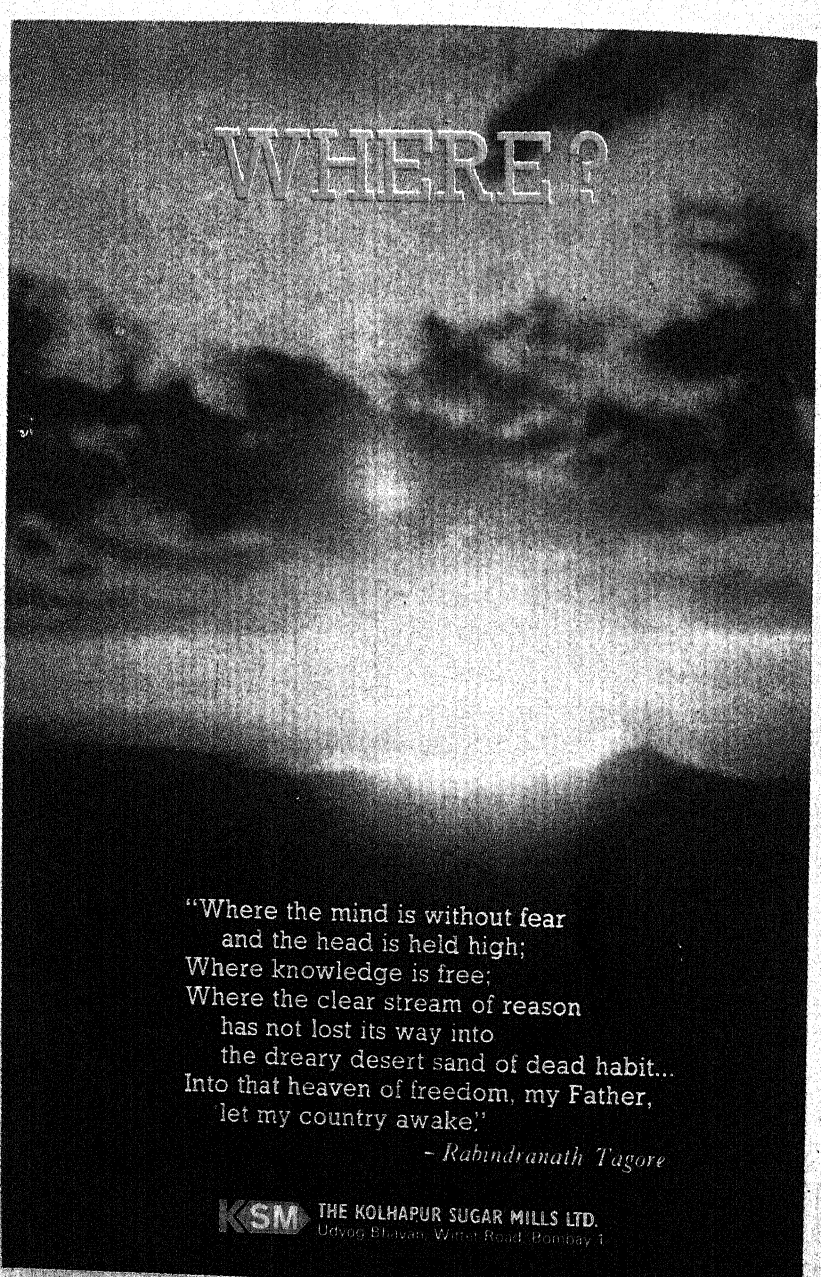
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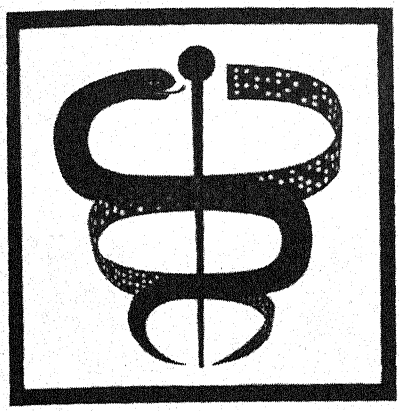
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News from the World of Medicine

Comfy Contacts

MANY people who own the conventional kind of "hard" contact lenses find them too uncomfortable to wear regularly. Solution: a plastic lens which is soft and supple when bathed in tears or saline solution. The softness eliminates discomfort when the lens touches the eyelid.

Doctors say that most wearers need no period of adjustment to the new lens. Unlike the hard one, the soft lens does not tend to pop out. Also, it need not be shaped to the eye, and thus does not require as many visits to the optician for fitting. —*Newsweek*

Babies at Risk

YOUNG wives and pregnant women should not take aspirins unless absolutely necessary. A recent report in the *British Medical Journal* warns that the drug may carry the risk of causing deformities to unborn babies. Antacid indigestion tablets containing sodium bicarbonate and similar powders, as well as some kinds of sleeping pills and appetite-suppressants, carry on the same risk.

Professor John Forfar and Dr. Matilda Nelson, both child health experts at Edinburgh University, carried out a study of 458 women in Edinburgh hospitals who had given birth to babies with deformities ranging from heart abnormalities to limb and skin defects. When the drug-taking history of these mothers was compared with that of 911 other women who had borne normal babies, it was found that a significantly higher percentage of the mothers who had given birth to abnormal babies had taken these drugs during the early weeks of pregnancy—particularly during the first 28 days.

—John Stevenson in the *Daily Sketch*, London

Warning to Pot-Smokers

FOUR Oxford scientists who are undertaking a major investigation of the effects of cannabis on animals have found strong evidence that the drug is unsafe and may, in some cases, be highly dangerous.

In laboratory experiments with mice, the scientists have established that tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), the main active constituent of cannabis, is highly fat-soluble and can accumulate progressively in the body in the same way as DDT. This discovery supports tests on pregnant rats which showed that a dose of cannabis equivalent to that received by a cannabis smoker led to early abortions and deformed offspring.

Professor William Paton, the leader of the Oxford team, thinks there is a

distinct possibility that women who regularly smoke cannabis may suffer reduced fertility.

He believes cannabis smoking is at least as habit-forming as cigarette smoking, and that the results of the animal experiments suggest that a tolerance to the drug may quickly be built up, leading to a rise in consumption. He strongly urges any chronic user of cannabis to break off the habit —however difficult it may be, and even if psychiatric help is necessary.

"If one were to view cannabis simply as a new drug which might be introduced into medicine," says Professor Paton, "the evidence we already have of health hazards would rule it out." —Peter Trickett in *Oxford Mail*

Miracle Surgery

THE MOST spectacular paper presented at the recent annual meeting of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons in San Francisco dealt with the successful replantation of a human hand. The procedure was technically interesting, but the surgeons seemed even more awed by the patient's presence of mind. Dr. William Harris, clinical professor of orthopaedic surgery at Harvard Medical School, described what happened.

A 27-year-old carpenter, Russell Stratton, was using a radial saw when the wood he was cutting "caught" and pulled his left hand into the path of the blade. His hand was severed at the wrist. Calmly, Stratton switched off the saw, fished his hand out of the scrap box and put it in his carpenter's apron. Then he went for help.

The foreman fainted when he saw the injury. Stratton revived him and helped him make a tourniquet from his tie. The two men then drove to a near-by maternity hospital, where Stratton calmed the staff enough to lend him a sterile towel and call the police, who escorted him to Massachusetts General Hospital.

There Dr. Harris and his team, who five years earlier had successfully replanted the arm of a 12-year-old boy, operated. Nerves and tendons were repaired some months later. Now, four years after his accident, Stratton is working full-time as a carpenter. He can pinch, grasp, pick up small objects like pens or nails and carry heavy loads.

—*Journal of the American Medical Association*

Cancer Detector

AN IMPROVED method of detecting cancer of the inner uterus complements the "Pap" smear, widely used for routine testing for cancer of the cervix. The "Pap" detects cancerous cells shed by the cervical, or lower end of the uterus, but is less effective in finding malignancy of the inner uterus. Until now, the doctor testing for inner-uterine cancer, suggested by abnormal bleeding, has hospitalized the patient and performed a minor operation, "dilation and curettage" (D&C).

The simple new method, devised by gynaecologist Clark Gravlee, involves washing the inner uterus with a salt solution which is retrieved and later examined by a pathologist for presence of cancerous cells.

Dr. Gravlee reports that in a study of 1,084 women, the washing method produced evidence of uterine cancer in 53, a finding later confirmed by D&C. The 1,031 women who tested negative were confirmed by D&C to be free of cancer. —*Wall Street Journal*

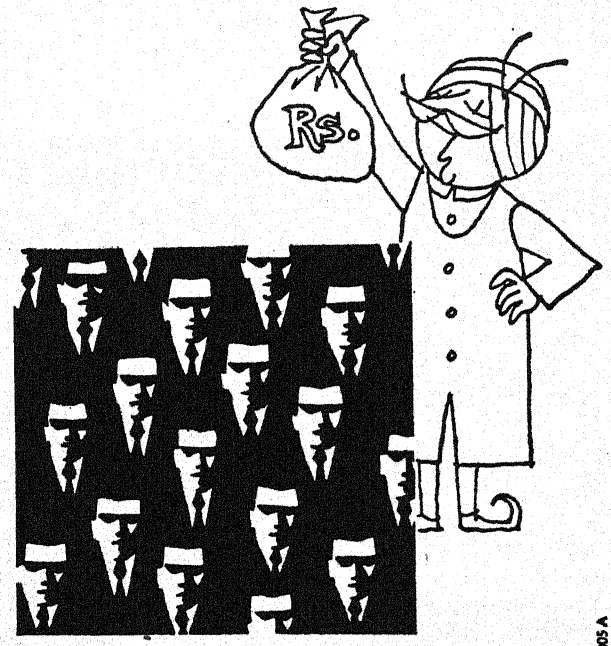


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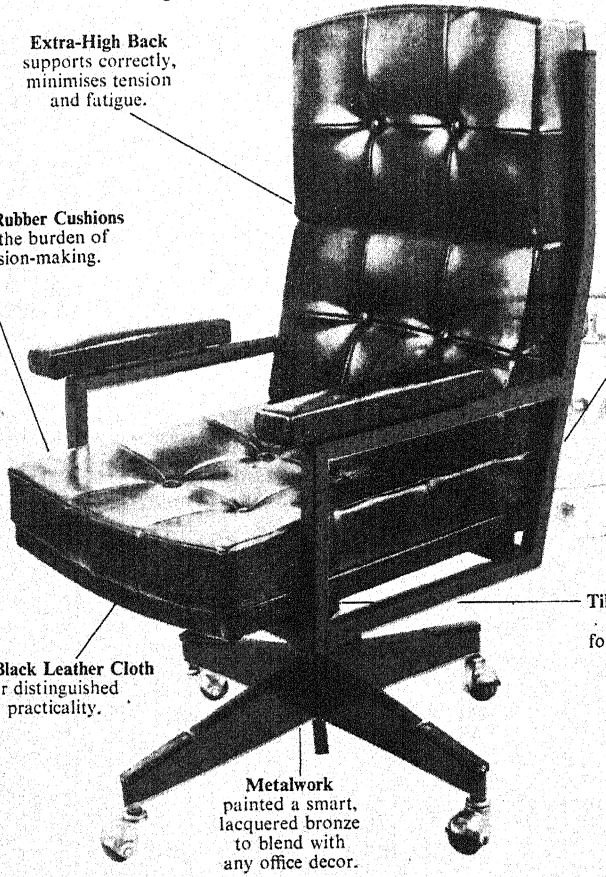
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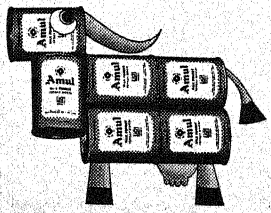
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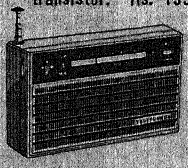
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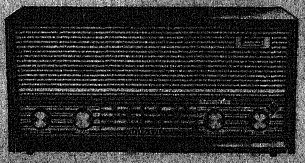
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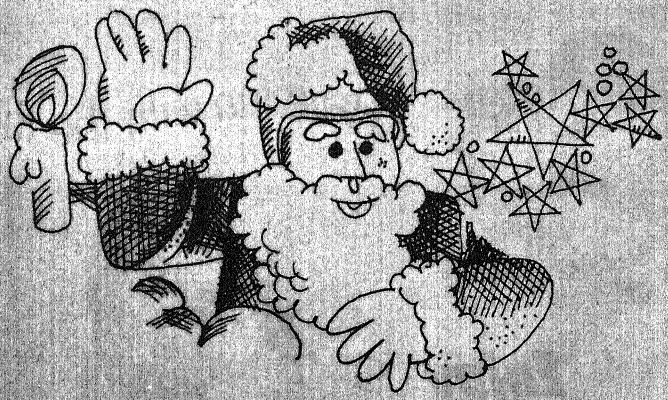
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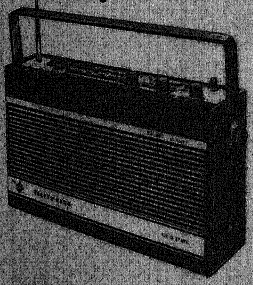
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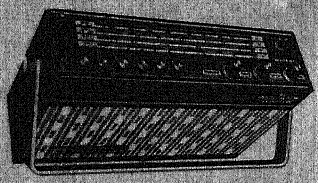
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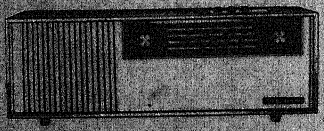
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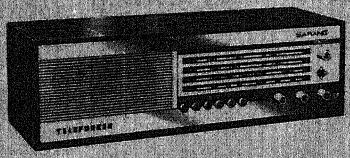
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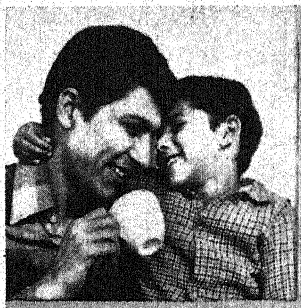
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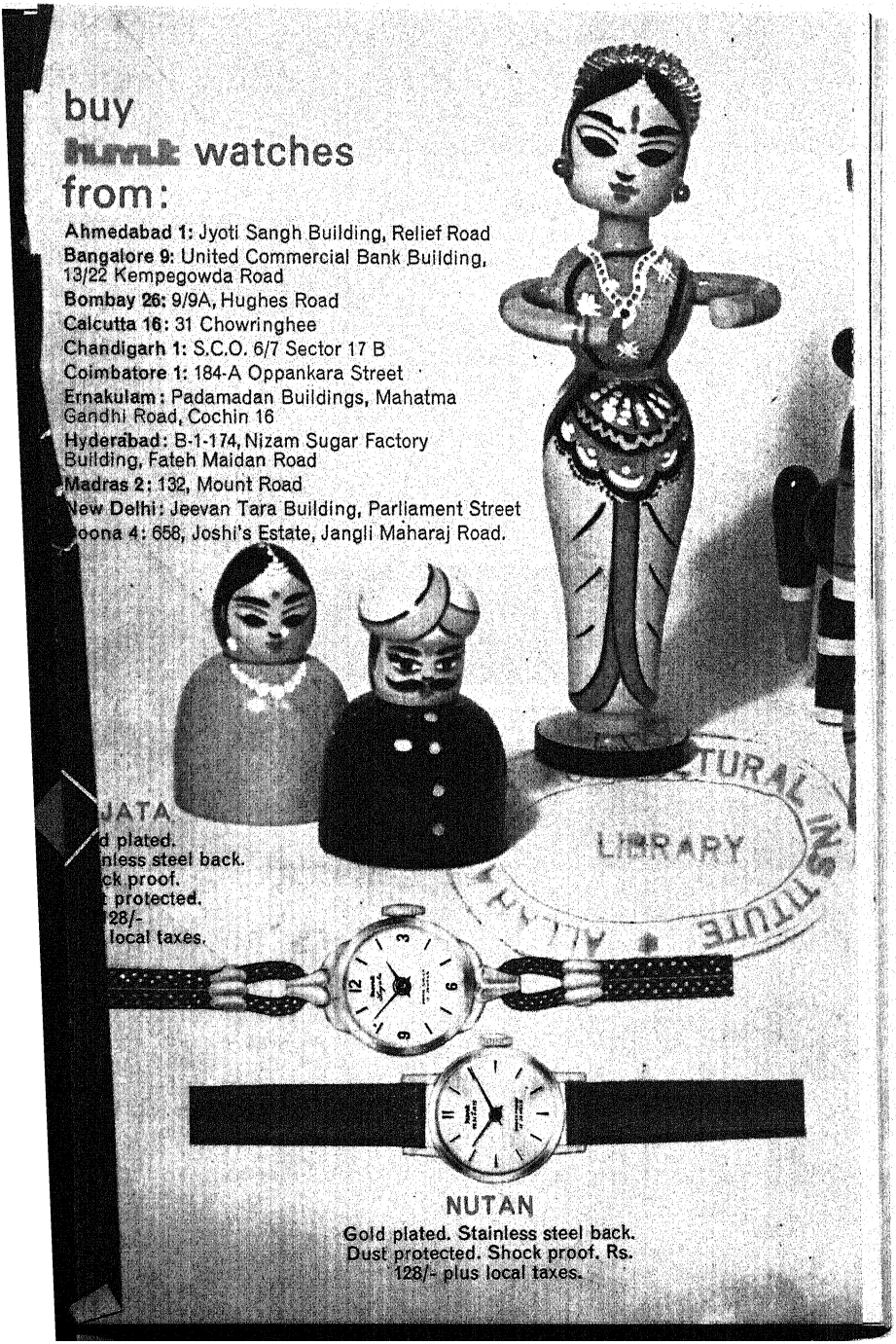
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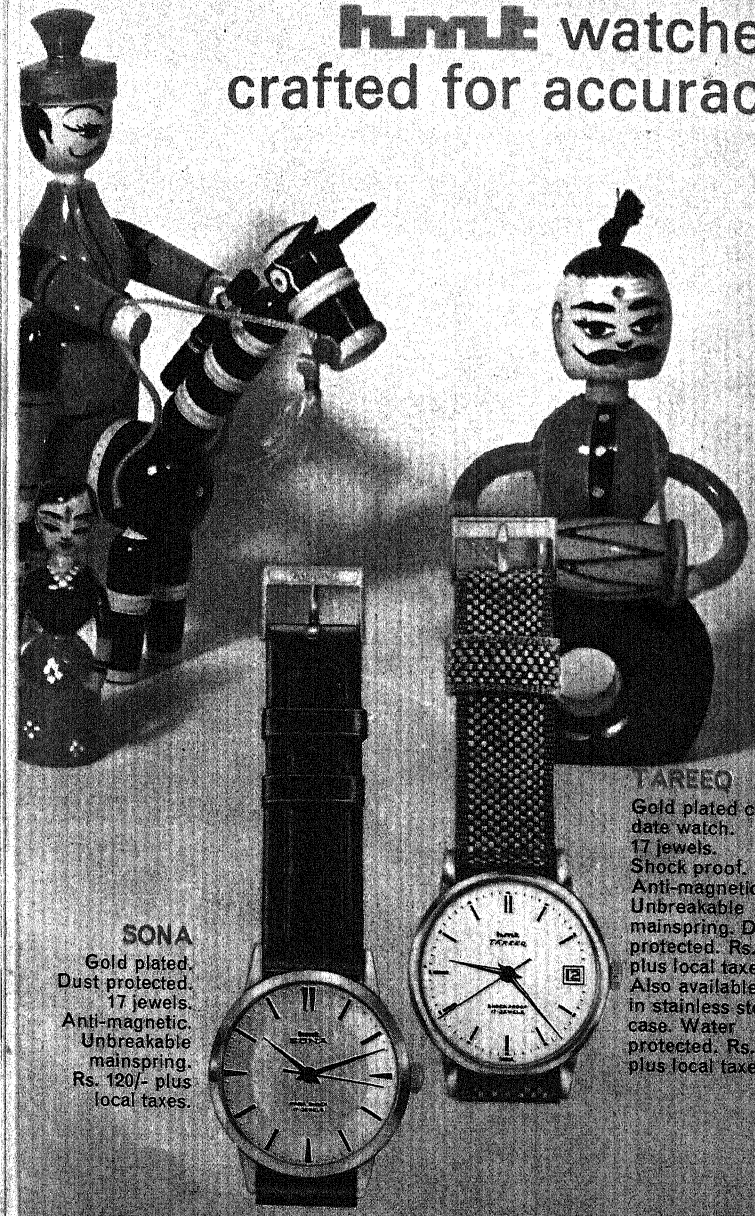
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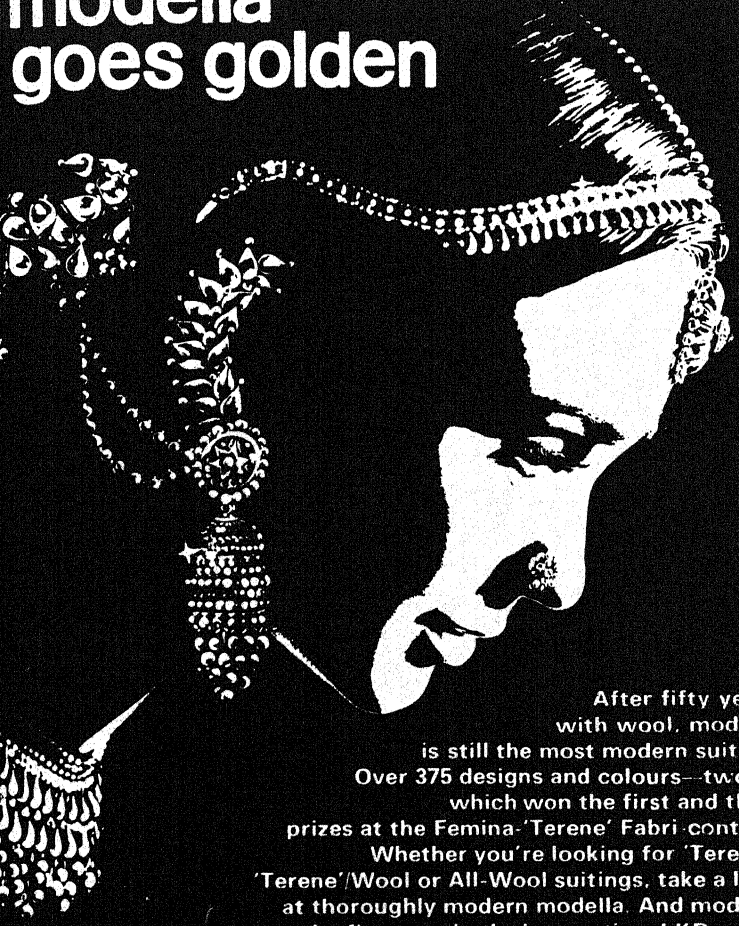
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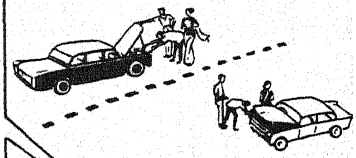
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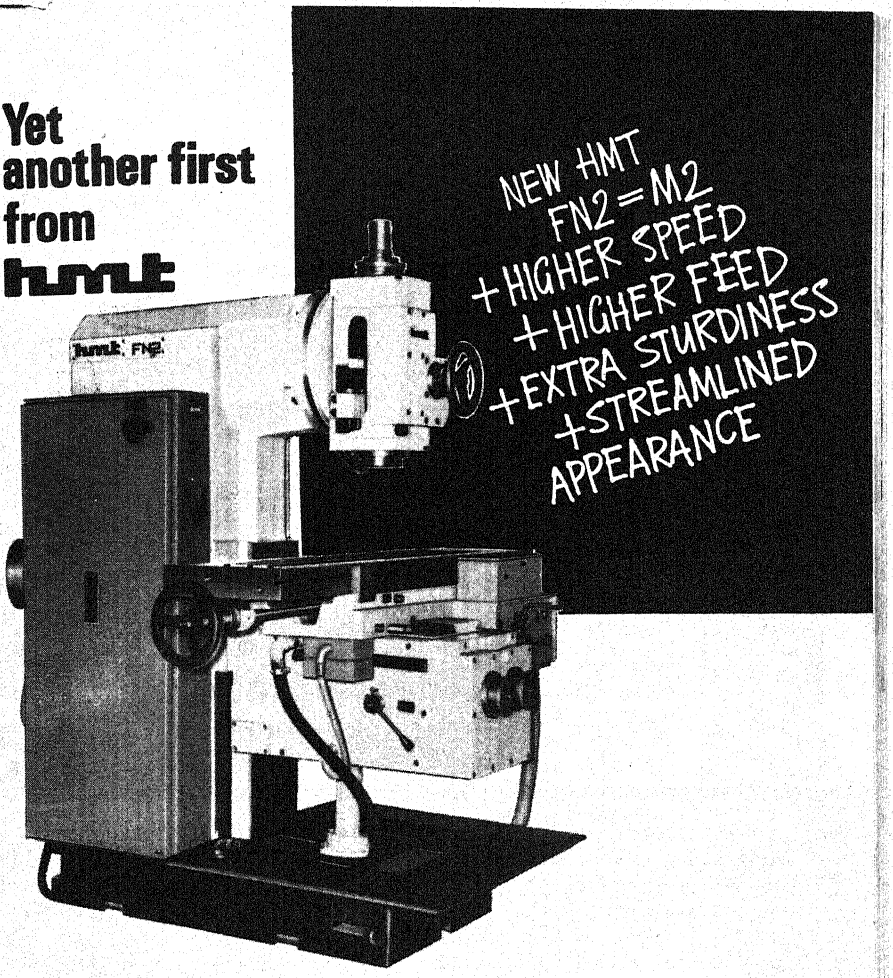
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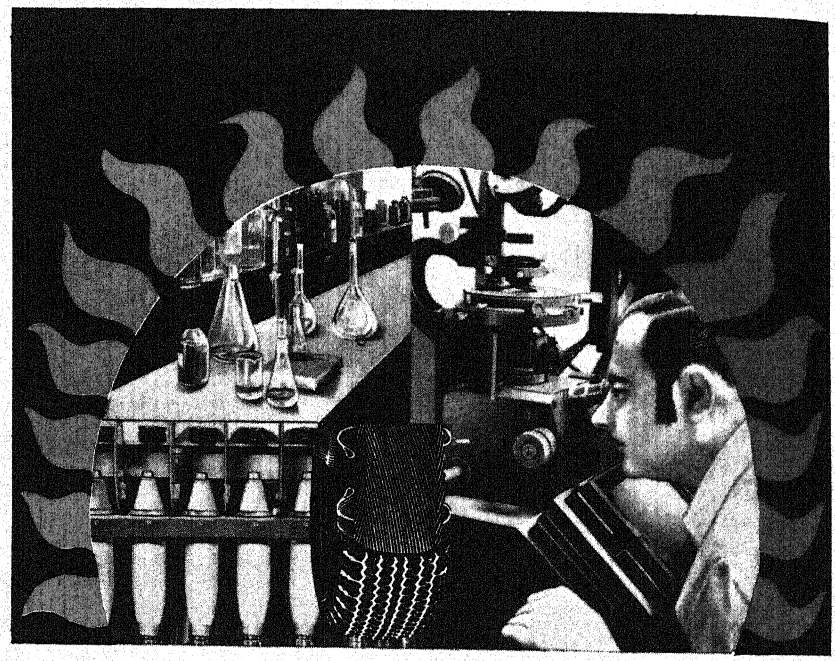
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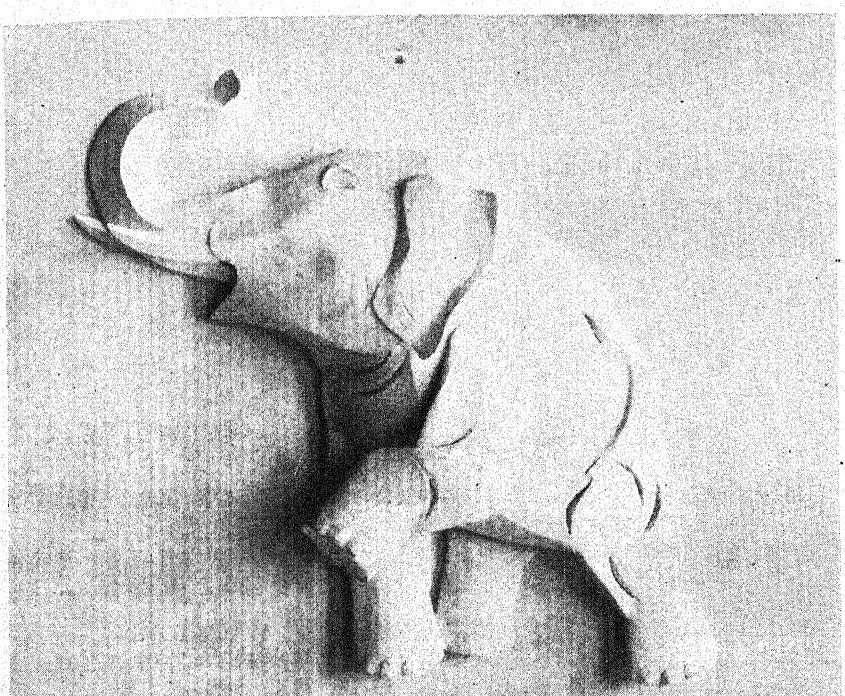


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NIGHTMARE IN EAST PAKISTAN

By David Reed and John Frazer

Invaded and devastated by the army of its own government, this tortured land cries out for relief and for justice. If both are not granted, still greater horrors may lie ahead

They come out of East Pakistan in endless columns, along trails stained with tears and blood. They are dressed in rags, robbed of everything they owned, the women raped, the children gaunt from hunger. They have been on the move for up to a month, hiding from Pakistan soldiers by day, slogging through flooded rice paddies at night.

A vengeful army pursues them to the very border of India. Rifle and machine-gun fire crackles. The bedraggled columns scatter for cover. But soon they are moving again, streaming into India.

Sobbing violently, a middle-aged man says, "The soldiers took my two nephews. They kicked them with their boots, ducked them in an open sewer, then machine-gunned them. After that they took about 50 to 60 young men from our village into a field and killed them with bayonets."

A woman who was shot in the leg clutches her daughter and says, "We

were just about to cross the border when they started shooting at us. I don't know what happened to my husband."

A ten-year-old boy, who lost an eye when an army patrol threw a grenade at him as he was tending cattle says, "Can anyone tell me what happened to my parents?"

Mass Exodus. Since late last March, when the Pakistan army launched this genocidal attack, over nine million people have been driven from their native land. Millions more will surely follow.

Moreover, the refugees have put grave strains on India, pushing India and West Pakistan to the brink of a war that could involve those two arch rivals, the Soviet Union and China.

While the horrors of the refugees are bad enough, something even more ghastly is going on inside East Pakistan, also known as East Bengal. That land, scene of a devastating cyclone that claimed half a million lives last year, is now being systematically ravaged by the Pakistan army. Diplomats and other foreigners in Dacca, East Pakistan's capital, estimate that between a quarter- and a half-million civilians have been slaughtered since March.

The military junta that rules Pakistan has tried to cover up the atrocities, and maintains that East Bengal has largely returned to normal. But one of the authors of this article, who spent two weeks last August touring parts of East Bengal, found not a single village or town that had not suffered at the hands of the troops. Many towns were half-empty, homes and shops looted and burned, people either dead, driven into exile or in hiding.

Perhaps a third of Dacca's population is gone, its economy is crippled and its people are so terrified that no one ventures outdoors at night. Not far from Dacca, a missionary said, "The soldiers killed 249 people in our village. Fortunately for the wounded, high-powered bullets tear right through them, so the doctors didn't have to probe."

A farmer in a refugee camp along the Indian side of the border said, "The headmaster of our school was sitting on the veranda of his home, marking examination papers, when the soldiers dragged him out into the road and cut his throat."

Said another refugee, "The soldiers forced the doctor in our village to dig his own grave; then they shot him." A doctor in a border hospital pointed to a woman who had been raped repeatedly by the troops in the presence of her four children after the soldiers had killed her husband.

Bad Beginnings. The roots of disaster reach back to Britain's withdrawal from India in 1947. India's Moslem minority feared domination by the Hindu majority, so a new Islamic state called Pakistan was created. Moslem areas in the northwest became West Pakistan. Although East Bengal was separated from

West Pakistan by more than 1,600 kilometres of Indian territory, it was included in the new states, as East Pakistan, its people being Moslems.

But there are profound differences between the two Pakistans. They have different languages. The people in the west are tall and light-skinned. Their land is largely arid. East Pakistan, by contrast, is tropical, peopled mostly by Bengalis, a small dark-skinned people.

East Pakistan's population before the massacres stood at 78 million, compared with 58 million in the west, but the capital, Islamabad, is in West Pakistan.

East Pakistan has accounted for 50 per cent or more of Pakistan's export earnings, chiefly from the production of jute, but the Bengalis claim the West kept most of the money for its own development. West Pakistanis, moreover, took 80 per cent of the jobs in the civil service, 90 per cent of the posts in the armed forces.

Although efforts were made in the post-1947 years, democratic institutions never really took root in Pakistan, and in 1958 the military seized power. Last year, in a notable effort to return the country to civilian rule, Pakistan's president, General Yahya Khan, scheduled an election for December. Voters would select a national assembly that would frame a constitution and assume the role of a parliament.

In the election campaign in East Pakistan, Bengalis were electrified by the message of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, a 51-year-old political moderate who was leader of the Awami, or People's League.

Mujib, as he was popularly known, had spent nearly ten years as a political prisoner of the West Pakistan authorities. Now he campaigned on a programme of autonomy for East Bengal. The central government could continue to control foreign affairs and defence for all Pakistan, but East Pakistan would govern itself internally and spend the bulk of its money itself.

Landslide Victory. Mujib's Awami League captured a clear majority. It would play the key role in the drafting of the constitution, but would form the next government for all of Pakistan. Elation swept East Pakistan. Neighbouring India rejoiced, too. Mujib was known to be friendly to India. If he took over as Prime Minister of all Pakistan, relations with India would, it was hoped, improve.

But on March 1, Yahya, under mounting pressure from politicians in West Pakistan, postponed the opening of the national assembly. The Bengalis, feeling that they were being robbed of their legitimate victory, exploded in riots and demonstrations.

Mujib calmed his people, cautioned them against violence; and though he still held out for autonomy, something like a parallel government now existed. On March 23 —Pakistan Day—Mujib flew a new

flag, the green, red and yellow banner of Bangla Desh (the Bengal nation) from his home. The West Pakistanis feared that the East was about to secede, and warned that no government could tolerate such a move.

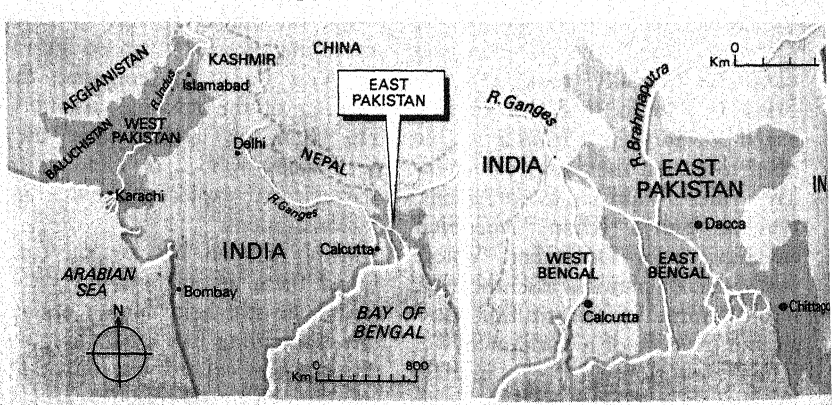
At this point, a cold-eyed general named Tikka Khan arrived in Dacca to take command of West Pakistan troops there. Tikka had won for himself the nickname "Bomber of Baluchistan" for having suppressed a revolt in Baluchistan.

Shortly after Tikka's arrival, Yahya flew to Dacca for talks with Mujib. All the while, West Pakistan soldiers in civilian clothing were being flown into Dacca. On the afternoon of March 25, Yahya, having broken off the talks with Mujib, returned to West Pakistan. At 11 o'clock that same evening the army of West Pakistan was unleashed.

Surprise Attack. Suddenly, all of Dacca rocked with explosions. Troops opened fire with artillery on the city; tanks rumbled through the streets, gunning down anything that moved. The dormitories of the university, a stronghold of Bengali nationalism, were riddled by machine-gun fire.

The invading soldiers went on a rampage in the old city, a political stronghold of Mujib, breaking down doors, dragging people into the street and shooting them. The barracks of the pro-Mujib Bengali police were gutted by tank cannon. Troops burst into a telephone exchange and killed 40 people on duty.

Special West Pakistan army squads had lists of people whom they dragged off to army headquarters. Most have never been seen again. Although Mujib's followers urged him to go into hiding, Mujib refused. Tikka's troops took him off to West Pakistan, to face charges of waging war against the state.



With Dacca in ruins, West Pakistan troops went into the countryside, and in each town the ghastly pattern was repeated. Anyone who was associated with the Awami League was killed. Young men, Moslem and Hindu alike, were rounded up and then murdered. Refugees report that in almost every town women were raped.

Meanwhile, from Islamabad, Yahya whipped off decrees banning the Awami League and postponing the national assembly indefinitely. The new constitution, he declared, would be drafted not by the assembly, but rather by a committee that would be handpicked by him.

Yahya also imposed strict censorship on the press: even today the people of West Pakistan have little idea of what is going on in the East. Tikka Khan was appointed governor of East Pakistan, which he ruled with a firm hand until he was replaced in August.

Bangla Desh has not been crushed. Surviving Bengali troops and police have formed the nucleus of the Mukti Bahini, or Liberation Army. There is no dearth of volunteers, and it is an open secret that neighbouring India is giving arms, training and encouragement to the Mukti Bahini guerrillas. Operating all along the 2,170 kilometre border, these irregulars stab deeply into East Pakistan. Bombs explode nightly in the capital, and West Pakistan army patrols are ambushed on country roads. The railway that links Chittagong, the main port, with Dacca has been severed.

But Bangla Desh is paying a fearsome price for resistance. After each raid, the 70,000-strong West Pakistan army levels surrounding villages as "collective punishment." Each retaliation sets off another column of refugees for India.

The Indian Government is making every effort to care for these piteous people, but the influx is so staggering that new miseries await them there. For instance, in one of more than a thousand squalid refugee camps in India, 150,000 people live in straw hovels surrounded by mud and filth.

There are few latrines, and the stench is such that people cover their faces with cloth. Refugees have to wait in line for as long as ten hours for their food rations—350 grammes of rice a day per adult, plus some lentils, vegetables when available, and a little salt and cooking oil.

The children suffer the most. Many are beginning to look like the starving children of Biafra, their ribs protruding, their stomachs distended. Almost all suffer from malnutrition or dysentery. Life-giving milk and other protein foods are available in some of the camps, but the crush is so great that many children never get any. A doctor at a border hospital says, "The children die so quickly that we don't have time to treat them."

India, itself one of the poorest and

most overcrowded countries on earth, groans under the burden. Although she has made some important gains in population control in the past six years, her population has increased enormously.

Foreign governments have responded generously with money and food. The British Government, for example, has given about Rs. 14·4 crores to buy food, medical supplies and tents for Pakistani refugees in India.

However, the cost of supporting the Pakistanis may run to more than Rs. 750·6 crores a year—nearly a seventh of the annual budget of India's central Government. India cannot give the refugees jobs, because millions of her own people are unemployed. Even the meagre rations of the refugees, which cost very little are a point of friction: some 50 million Indians subsist on substantially less.

Many Indians angrily point out that they are being forced to pay the bill for Pakistan's atrocities against its own people. Some are urging that India take East Pakistan by military force so as to enable the refugees to return.

India's Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, so far has resisted those pressures—yet the danger of war runs high. Such a war might well assume beyond-the-borders proportions. India has a new alliance with the Soviet Union; the Pakistan Government has grown increasingly close to China.

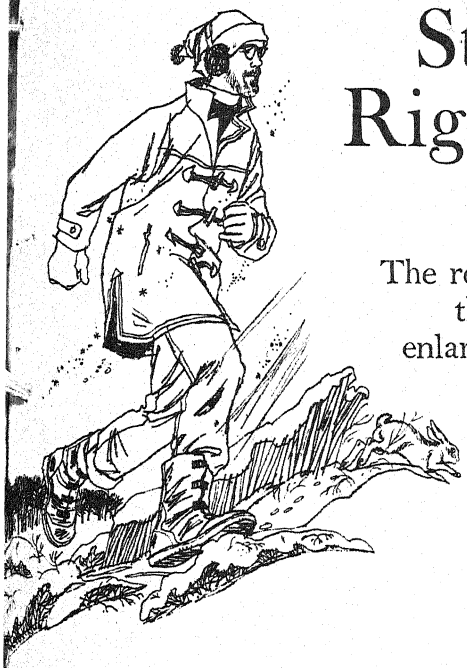
Within East Bengal itself, a new horror looms: an acute threat of mass starvation. Even in normal times, the area must import part of its rice supply. Now it will be difficult, if not impossible, to move the rice to all the outlying areas. In 1943, two to three million Bengalis died in a famine. There is every reason to fear it will be worse this time.

What can be done about this festering disaster? Many Bengalis see a solution in independence won by guerrilla warfare. There is a chance of success, but also the certainty of much more bloodshed. It would be far better for foreign governments to bring pressure to bear on Islamabad to work out a political solution acceptable to the Bengalis, and thus defuse the present explosive situation and stave off a major war in the subcontinent.

Already a number of Bengalis—many of them Hindus—who fled to India have ventured back across the border. If Islamabad could resolve the differences between East and West Pakistan peaceably, refugee columns, thousands strong, would be set in motion on the return journey to their homeland.

FARMER to friend, as supersonic aircraft roars overhead: "They had the right idea about planes in Leonardo's time—he designed them and nobody built them!"

—Kenneth Mahood cartoon in *Punch*, London



Steps in the Right Direction

The real point of exercise, says this lively critic, is to enlarge and refresh the mind

By Robert Capon

My case history is, I think, typical enough. I am a clergyman, now 45 years old, and healthy. By the age of 32, however, I was well on my way to cardiovascular bankruptcy.

The seat of my pants was the only working physical resource I had left. When it wasn't parked in an office chair, it was ensconced in a car on its way to somebody's living-room sofa for a parish call. I needed eight cylinders and a ton and a half of metal to fetch my mail from a post office two streets away. The idea of walking never occurred to me. I had put away childish things. Unfortunately, the price of such maturity is high.

Item: One Holy Week—it was back in the old days when there was more bowing and scraping than there is now—I had to kneel 12 times during the ceremony of the Washing of the Feet. By foot No. 10, I was dizzy, weak-kneed and ready to argue that having 12 apostles was an instance of divine cruelty.

Item: Taking a short cut across someone's garden I had to step up a stone ledge about 75 centimetres high. I made it only after two tries,

CONDENSED FROM SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (AUGUST 31,1970), © 1970 BY TIME INC., TIME AND LIFE BUILDING, ROCKEFELLER CENTRE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020

and my legs trembled all the way to the house.

Item: I would wait on one leg for the downstairs lavatory to be empty rather than negotiate the staircase to the free one on the second floor. I had, in short, forgotten what it was like to have a body that was not a burden.

Things are better since then. My first word has got to be one of satisfaction at the recovery of a measure of body sense. At what it's like to feel cool on a hot windless day by running downhill. Or at remembering how we really catch our breath by exhaling hard, and at being able to do it after an uphill run without stopping at the top of the hill.

By now, no doubt, you will conclude that I have become a jogger. In a technical sense, I suppose, I have to concede the point. But in all the major senses I deny it. As commonly practised, jogging is done to achieve something other than itself —like weight loss or muscle tone. In itself, it is about as interesting as navel-watching. It will keep you amused for a day or a week and then turn into a supremely dull chore.

By my principles, exercise makes sense only if it is the by-product of some more human activity. It is the refreshment of the mind which counts most; the body goes along for the exercise, but it sits in the back seat. That's why I call my daily recreation walking-running and not just jogging. It is a time for liberation from the prisons of purposefulness in which we lock ourselves. Jogging is just another dungeon. The jogger has to do his couple of kilometres without stopping. He keeps his eye on his watch. He bores you with the senseless information that this week he is moving faster than last week.

The walker-runner, on the other hand, is a free man. If while running he sees something he can appreciate only at walking speed, he walks. If while walking he finds something that can be savoured only by standing still, he stops. He has, for the hour or so, broken out of the mould. He needn't do anything but be alive and aware.

And when he talks to you he is no bore. He gives you news of reality itself—of the coming frost, the progress of spring and the warmth of the rain. He tells you of stripped sunlight in the woods you shouldn't miss, and of an Alsatian dog three streets away who is to be avoided.

The jogger is a man of limited vision. He begins by buying a track suit; and his career is nipped in the bud. He is good only for weather that is moderate and dry. If it rains, he is defeated utterly. The walker, on the other hand, does not own a sweat suit. He walks or runs in whatever clothes he finds convenient, the variations of his dress adding spice to the world of his walking. For cold and rain he has sweaters, a stout hooded coat, work gloves and a head-to-toe

rain suit when it's raining very hard.

The jogger would not even consider going out in such airs because he cannot conceive of running with all that gear. But the walker, free man that he is, goes out and is thrice blessed. First, because he in fact gets more exercise. Second, when he runs in tennis shoes again, he has a double pleasure: the ease of running with a lighter load and the little-boy delight of the feel of tennis shoes after a long winter of heavy shoes.

The third blessing, however, is the greatest. The man who walks in the rain has the rarest liberty in the world. He can stamp through floods, walk uphill in a gutter that has become a torrent and, if he likes, build dams of small leaves and send the water all over the street. In our sophistication we think we are too grown-up for such things. But the adult man never outgrows anything genuinely fascinating, not even playing conkers. He simply lifts them into higher and more elegant exchanges. It is forgetfulness and not age, that robs us of our joys.

But that is enough argument. From there on, the walker proceeds through cloudbursts of delight, even in the blazing sun. He throws stones, gathers pine cones, chews upon the sweet shoots of long grass and, in summer, comes home with wildflowers in his shirt pocket.

He climbs a hill and comes out of the shade into blinding sunlight on the road, and thus he catches a hint of how God sees all things as solid and transparent at once—how the world really is *something* brought tremblingly but triumphantly out of *nothing*. He watches squirrels race, dogs fight, birds mate and boys rough-house, and he sees the whole sporting world as an image of divine rough-house, a creation that is one long shout of muscular delight.

More often than not, man uses his strength for cruelty, depredation and war. But for all that, sport still stands as witness that power was never meant to be more than a game. It is seriousness that has estranged us—we are always closer to home when we play.

Double Check

DESPITE political events in their country, Czechoslovaks have not lost their sense of humour. Here is one of the jokes circulating about their plight.

A man went into a Prague police station and reported that two Swiss soldiers had taken his Soviet watch. "Don't you mean two Soviet soldiers took your Swiss watch?" the policeman asked.

"You said it, I didn't," replied the citizen. —*New York Times*

DARTMOUTH
University of the Sea

By Geoffrey Lucy

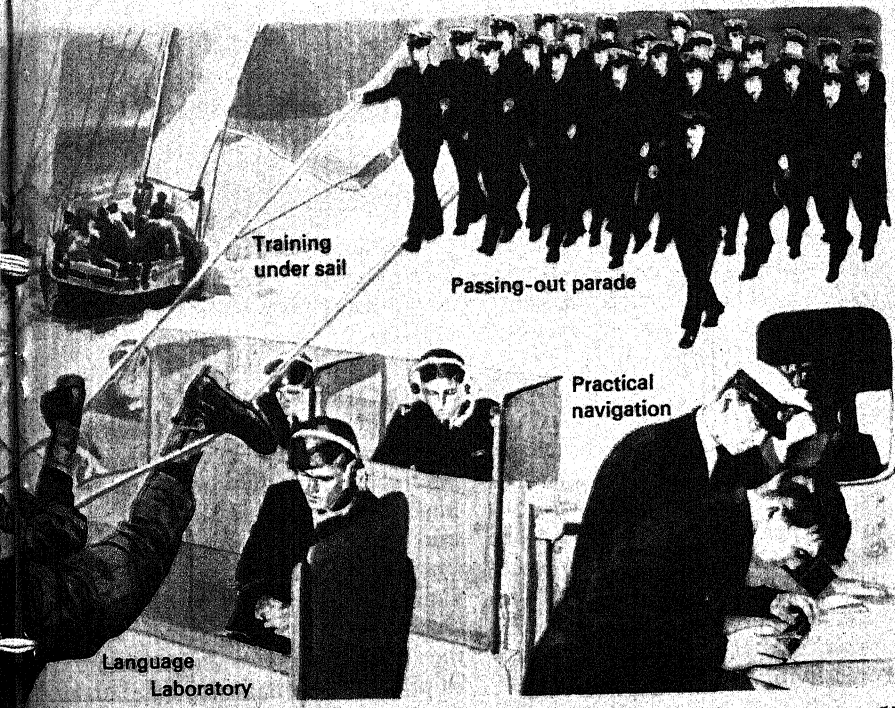
At Britannia Royal Naval College, a tough new breed of sailor-students are being taught the ropes of leadership



ONE BLUSTERY afternoon recently, in a fast motor-boat manned by three of tomorrow's naval officers, I sailed from the English Channel into the sheltered waters of the River Dart in Devon. Keith Manchanda, the 21-year-old skipper, pointed across the bows at a handsome stone and red brick building dominating the picturesque town of Dartmouth.

"That's our Alma Mater," he said with undisguised pride. "And this"—his arm swept the river and open sea astern—"is our campus."

Many of the sea battles of the two World Wars were won on that water, for the naval college at Dartmouth has been licking adventurous boys into naval-officer shape for more than a century. Nearly three out of four of Britain's admirals went through the College. Dartmouth-trained officers have served in most Commonwealth navies, and in those of a host of friendly countries from Norway and Belgium to Ethiopia and India. Kings and princes have developed the arts of leadership at Dartmouth; when Prince Charles arrived there in September this year, for a six-week



GEORGE HEIMAN

course he followed in the footsteps of his father, grandfather and great-grandfather.

Dartmouth's brisk regimen—tough but friendly, professionally specialized yet academically broad—moulds nearly all the 600 new officers needed every year by Britain's Navy. Most of the "officers under training," as the students are called, enjoy the process as thoroughly as the three young men in the motor-boat taking me to the College landing-stage. Differing widely in their social and educational backgrounds, they are typical of modern Dartmouth.

Ardent Enthusiasts. Keith Manchanda was born in India, went to Britain with his ex-RAF father and got his Senior Certificate at a government high school. He joined the Navy to see the world. Michael French, a fair-haired 22-year-old, went to an exclusive school and university, then applied for a Navy commission. "I'm glad I did," he told me. "The first week was gruelling, but now I enjoy every minute."

Liam Griffin, the third member of the crew, left school at 16 and at 20 signed on as an Ordinary Seaman because he wanted adventure. He took every educational opportunity the Navy offered, studied at sea in the Far East and at 24 arrived at Dartmouth. "There's no snobbery in the modern Navy," he says. "If you know your job, it doesn't matter what your father does for a living."

Originally, nearly all of Dartmouth's cadets came from well-to-do families. At its inception in 1863 when *Britannia,* a 120-gun three-decker veteran of the Crimea, was anchored in the river as a training ship, Dartmouth was a naval college for 13-year-old entrants whose parents could afford fees which by the turn of the century were Rs. 1,350 a year (the equivalent of at least Rs. 9,000 today).

Discipline was ferociously cruel, and continued to be strict long after *Britannia* was replaced in 1905 by the present building. When Commander (now Admiral) Sir Frank Twiss was released from a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in 1945 he commented, "It wasn't too bad, really, for those of us who'd been through Dartmouth."

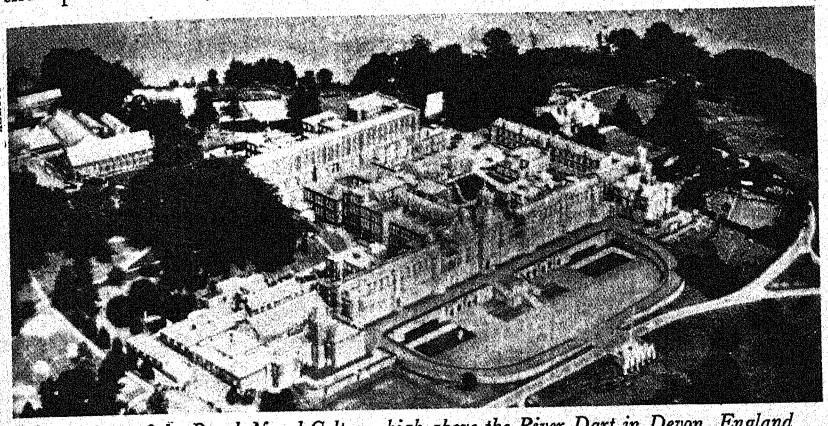
Everything was changed after the Second World War. With nautical efficiency, Dartmouth transformed itself briskly from an exclusive public school into a university of the sea. Fees were abolished, the headmaster became Director of Studies, and degree-type courses in nuclear science, economics and the humanities were added to the syllabus. Traditions which help young landlubbers to adjust to life at sea have been retained—a cadet acknowledges orders with "Aye, aye, sir!" salutes the quarter-deck (the College hall), and drinks the Queen's health sitting down, as in the days of low ceilings aboard ship; but many hallowed rules and

customs have been tossed overboard as irrelevant.

With the raising of the admission age to 18, so that the average age of cadets is 20, "Darts" have ceased to be mere schoolboys—as the WRNS catering officer realized soon after the change-over when, it is said, she reprimanded a youthful-looking cadet for not finishing his glass of milk. "It's good for you," she explained. The cadet nodded. "That's what I tell my children," he replied.

Boys who apply for a commission, and can satisfy the initial requirement of the Senior Certificate and a stringent medical, spend two days at Gosport in Hampshire with the Admiralty Interview Board of four or five officers and a civilian headmaster. They test the boys' ingenuity, leadership potential and mental agility.

The final face-to-face interview, in which Board members skilfully probe the candidate's personality, opinions and interests, may take up to an hour. When Keith Manchanda was asked what he would do if Britain declared war on India, his mother country, the Board accepted his reply: "My loyalty lies with the Crown." Liam Griffin was turned down at his first interview and told to try again after more experience at sea. A year later he passed.



AEROFILMS LTD.

The buildings of the Royal Naval College, high above the River Dart in Devon, England

A Dartmouth cadet spends the first year of his three-year course getting toughened and learning the basics of his chosen profession. The production of a naval stereotype is carefully avoided. "I expected staff officers to tell me what to think, but they don't," says Griffin. "Nobody tries to build a brick wall round your mind. They *expect* you to argue."

The cadet tumbles out of his bunk at 6 a.m. to shiver his way to the swimming bath, flash signals

across the misty fields, or be drilled on the floodlit parade ground by chief petty officers. His day begins in earnest with classes on navigation, seamanship and engineering. Swimming and gym sharpen him between lectures.

From 4.45 he's free for "activities" —games, swimming, gym, sailing —which he must record in his personal log; then the evening is filled with tutorials. Bed-time, at 10.30, comes not a minute too early.

Every cadet must spend at least two days a week on the water. Dartmouth has a sailing fleet of more than 50 boats, from dinghies to racing yachts, including the Duke of Edinburgh's *Bluebottle*. Cadets are encouraged to sign on for week-end cruises to France and the Channel Islands, and to compete in hazardous ocean races.

"Fight His Ship." Above all other training, a cadet learns to destroy the enemy on, under and above the sea with guided missiles, rockets and automatic guns that make Second World War weapons seem as old-fashioned as the brass muzzle-loaders on the College terrace.

A cruise to Scandinavia or the Mediterranean in a floating classroom—one of the Dartmouth Training Squadron's three 2,150-ton frigates—is his introduction to modern weaponry; also, it gives him practical experience of every man's job, from the lowest to the highest. He swings over the ship's side to chip rust, controls the throttles in the engine-room, climbs to the bridge and acts as captain.

No longer a landlubber, he spends his second year at sea in a fully operational fighting ship. Now he is a midshipman earning about Rs. 67 a day (compared with Rs. 45 a day during his first year) and enjoys a unique status, neither rating nor full officer. The sailors call him "Mister," not "Sir," and teach him his job with a fatherly good humour traditional in the Navy. After 12 months the midshipman is promoted to acting sub-lieutenant at Rs. 79 a day. Probably not yet 21, he is already a skilled seaman, matured by experience and accustomed to leading men.

Back at the College, where he helps to train new generations of raw cadets, he has his own comfortable cabin and is accorded the respect due to the single gold stripe on his cuff. Now his academic education begins in earnest.

He knows that his future career in the Navy will be varied; as he rises in the Service, he will find himself working with industrialists on the design of new warships, discussing policy with Government civil servants, dealing with foreign diplomats as an attaché in a British embassy. Apart from knowing his own job from stem to stern, he must be a fully educated man able to take his place with complete self-confidence at any level ashore or afloat.

Dartmouth's 32 civilian lecturers

fill any gaps in his knowledge. They give him a thorough grounding in mathematics, engineering science and the fundamentals of computer programming, nuclear energy and reactors; many of Britain's submarines are nuclear-powered and largely computer-controlled.

To satisfy the need for men with broad horizons, not mere technicians, a sub-lieutenant spends almost half his final year on the humanities, including contemporary affairs, the study of war, the heritage of Western civilization.

An increasing number of General List officers—the men who intend to make the Navy their lifelong career—combine Dartmouth training with a university course. There are now 140 of Dartmouth's "officer-undergraduates" studying at 27 universities all over Britain.

Each young officer is under the wing of a Dartmouth staff officer who visits him at least twice a year, and writes frequently and informally to help him sort out his problems. "We try to make them feel they're already members of the Navy family," explained Lieutenant-Commander Brian Goodson, University Training Officer.

New arrivals in Dartmouth's classless society—four cadets out of five are from grammar, comprehensive and secondary modern schools —are told, "There's nothing wrong with a regional accent, unless it can't be understood when you shout an order in a gale. That's why we have a College elocutionist." Glaswegians and Geordies with impenetrable accents usually take the hint and seek their help without any further prompting.

Staff officers ensure that cadets do not lose face by any lack of social grace. "Some of the young men don't know how to behave at a cocktail party because they've never been to one," says Commander David Macey, the College's executive head. "It would be invidious to single them out, so we teach the whole group."

Knock-About Farce. The lessons are deliberately presented in a theatrical fashion. One staff officer dresses up as a gracious hostess, others play the roles of guests. They include Midshipman Smooth, who knows how to behave, and Midshipman Gaffe, who does not. He drinks too much, slaps his hostess on the back, bullies the servants, argues with the host, and generally lets down himself and his Service.

"The chaps who know it all have a good laugh," says Commander Macey. "So do the others—and they learn something that they will never forget."

Midshipman Gaffe is one of Dartmouth's most effective instructors. In another sketch he punches home the lesson of loyalty to seniors by playing the first lieutenant who lacks the courage to question the captain's unfair order, but lets the sailors know that he disagrees with it. "A man with moral courage

does what he believes to be right," comments the narrator. "He acts regardless of personal consequences and the opinions of others."

Having learned the essentials of leadership—"a man follows better when he knows the purpose, when he's properly fed and clothed, when he respects you because you can do the job better than he"—cadets put theory into practice on their fellow classmates.

Each cadet in turn leads part of a rescue operation in the wilds of Dartmoor which may involve crossing a lake on an improvised raft, making a stretcher for an "injured" man, and carrying him 32 kilometres back to the College. Afterwards a staff officer, who watched every move but gave no advice, conducts a "wash-up"—the Navy's term for a post-mortem. "This is always infuriating," says Keith Manchanda. "He invariably suggests an easier way of doing everything."

Dartmouth has none of the disciplinary problems of most universities, for rebellious youngsters are unlikely to choose a career in the Royal Navy. "It's the staff who press for easier discipline, not the young men," says Commander Macey. "When new cadets arrive I tell them that we'll forgive them anything except bad manners or lack of enthusiasm."

Cadets are worked too hard to have much time or energy for getting into trouble, and even during their holidays they are expected to do something constructive; some go to sea in fishing fleets, others work in Cheshire Homes for the incurably sick and mentally handicapped, or repair buildings for the Iona Community in the Inner Hebrides.

But healthy, high-spirited youngsters sometimes need to kick over the traces, and they do it at Dartmouth with practical jokes. Commander Macey has arrived at his first-floor office to find his Mini Moke in the corridor, a statue of Nelson at the wheel. The perpetrators of these pranks usually get away without punishment if they've done no damage. "We don't mind high jinks, so long as they're funny," says Commander Macey.

Out of Bounds. The reaction to one escapade was typical of the spirit of the Royal Navy and its College. At midnight a cadet wriggled out of the clock tower and, hanging upside down 46 metres above the ground, with his ankles held by a friend, tied the hands of the clock together. Both youngsters were punished—not for the prank, but for failing to take the seamanlike precaution of securing the dangling cadet with a safety lashing.

If you want to spend your money and have something to show for it, try eating rich food. —B. G.

Hong Kong's Answer to Housing Shortages

By J. D. Ratcliff

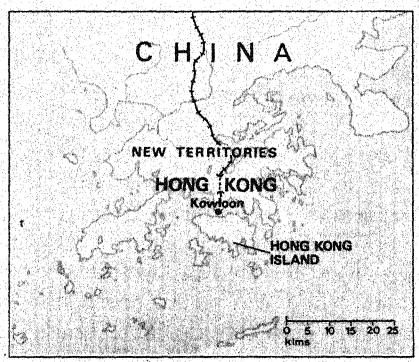
The worst-housed city in the Orient has become probably the best in less than 20 years and at almost no cost to the government

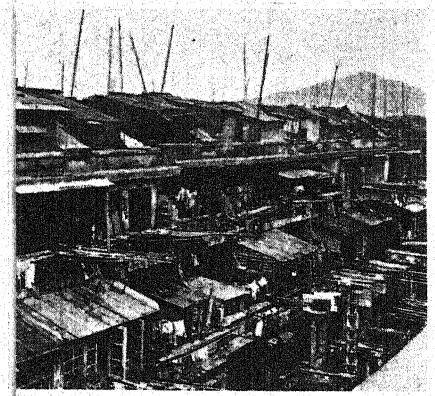
Christmas evening 1953 started like all other evenings in the squatter settlement of Shek Kip Mei in Kowloon, across the harbour from Hong Kong. Fifty thousand people, mostly Chinese refugees from mainland China, lived there in almost indescribable squalor: in shacks made of scrap lumber, flattened tins, corrugated roofing, sacking—even cardboard.

Something—no one will ever know what—set this tinder alight at 9.30 p.m. A strong north-westerly wind fanned the flames. Squatters fled. Firemen stood helpless. There were no streets and no fire lanes through which to get equipment to the roaring blaze. In five hours the flames reduced 18 hectares of huts, housing 53,000 people, to ash.

Hong Kong had experienced disastrous fires before 1953—fires dispossessing as many as 20,000 at a time—and dismissed them with a shrug. An "emergency" committee would be set up. For a few weeks food would be doled out. Squatters would rebuild their wretched shacks. Then the whole matter would be forgotten. There was every prospect in 1953 that this performance would be repeated—except that Shek Kip Mei involved so many.

Said David Holmes, a lank, soft-spoken civil servant who was then Acting Colonial Secretary: "At first we thought in terms of facing an emergency. We then realized





Before: typical slum dwellings, where squatters lived in constant danger of fire, disease and collapse of buildings

that we had an intolerable situation on our hands, and that long-range planning was essential. Mightn't the fire be a blessing in disguise?"

It had cleared 18 hectares in land-hungry Hong Kong. Why not build decent housing there? Holmes hastened to convince government colleagues that he wasn't thinking of the welfare housing that had proved to be such an expensive disaster elsewhere in the world. Things should be done on a hard-nosed business basis. The project should be self-supporting, and self-liquidating. The government, which owns all land in Hong Kong, would provide building space on long leases at low rentals, and would offer long-term loans at low interest. Surprisingly, these ideas were accepted almost instantly. Hong Kong was set on one of the biggest, most spectacular house-building sprees ever known.

Operations at Shek Kip Mei were begun within a few days of the big fire, before squatters could start rebuilding shanties. Contractors, offered big bonuses for beating schedules, worked men in shifts, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Within 53 days hundreds of temporary bungalows were ready (later they would be demolished). Meanwhile, eight giant, seven-storey, H-shaped blocks of flats capable of housing 24,000 people were rising. The first was finished in a hundred days.

By standards elsewhere, the flats were shockingly austere, but anything was an improvement on squatter shanties. Actually, they were nothing but raw concrete cubicles—no plumbing, no electricity. Householders shared communal lavatories, communal laundries. There was bucket bathing in concrete stalls. If tenants wanted rooms partitioned, or glass put in windows, they did it themselves. Rents were set at levels possible for the poorest occupiers—from less than Rs. 17 a month.

Families of five were assigned about 11 square metres—the equivalent of one 2·5 by 4·5-metre room. There were shops on the street level, and schools on the roofs. Strict rules were drawn up to avoid chaos. Each family had to provide its own covered pail for rubbish formerly thrown to pigs and chickens.

Thus the resettlement headed by Holmes got under way. A general scheme began to develop. As soon as a new block was completed,

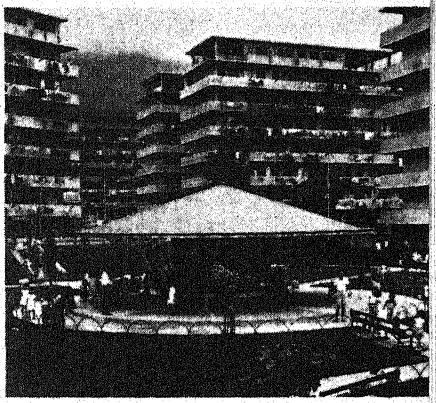
PHOTOGRAPHS: HONG KONG GOVERNMENT

squatters would move in, and the squatter area vacated would then become the site for a new development. Since most squatter areas contained hundreds of cottage industries, special factory buildings were put up to house them.

Operations spread far beyond the original burned-out area. While Hong Kong's poor had the greatest housing problems, those in middle-income brackets had their own special difficulties. In house-short Hong Kong, rents were often prohibitively high—nearly all of a clerk's pay might go for a single drab room. Why not do something for these tens of thousands? Hong Kong responded by setting up new agencies: Government Low Cost Housing to build homes for those with incomes about Rs. 637 a month; the Housing Authority and the Housing Society for clerical and professional workers with incomes up to Rs. 1,500 a month.

Today, flats have been provided for 1·7 *million* people in this city of four million—the equivalent of providing housing for the entire populations of cities the size of Vienna or Milan. Some "estates" are cities within themselves. Services include markets, banks, post offices and chemists. There are schools, libraries, churches, theatres, restaurants, clinics, and homes for the aged.

In all the projects there have been imaginative innovations. There is a chronic water shortage in Hong Kong. Thus to save the precious



After: tenants resettled in functional blocks of flats, overlooking a small park and pavilion

liquid, many blocks of flats have three kinds supplied: salt water for lavatories, well water for washing, and municipal supplies for drinking and cooking.

Perhaps the most important accomplishment of the housing estates is providing convenient and inexpensive schooling. Where schools were once on roofs, they now have separate buildings, complete with laboratories and playgrounds. Fees are low—about Rs. 150 a year. There are now 168,000 children in housing-estate schools.

As prosperity grows in booming Hong Kong, many families are improving their standard of living—moving to better flats as income rises. Taking account of this growing prosperity, housing authorities also improve accommodations offered. The first resettlement blocks of flats—like those at Shek Kip Mei—

were designated Mark I. The latest, 20-storey Mark VI flats, have lavatories, showers, electricity, balconies and garages—a far cry from the original concrete cubicles. Yet rents remain at a comfortable minimum of Rs. 37·5 a month. In more elegant Housing Authority estates, two-bedroom flats with kitchen, living-dining-room and balcony, can be rented for from Rs. 150 to Rs. 225 a month. (Renovation has already begun on the Mark I flats.)

By standards elsewhere, the population density of the estates is far too great—about 5,000 people per hectare. Says Donald Liao, Commissioner of Housing: "We have no choice. There simply isn't enough land in Hong Kong. We try to make people as comfortable as possible."

Apparently the people of Hong Kong are well satisfied with what they have. There are long waiting lists for any new housing and most are filled the day they open. Another indication of contentment: non-payment of rent is virtually unheard of. Last year, for example, the Housing Authority collected total rents of Rs. 5·25 crores and had no bad debts to write off! Are the Chinese more honest than others? One housing official doesn't think so. "It's just that they know they are getting a bargain," he says, "and don't want to jeopardize it."

The massive job of rehousing Hong Kong is by no means finished. Hong Kong's population is rising by 100,000 a year. But where one in three were once in desperate need of housing, now it's one in every twenty.

But for excellent management and shrewd planning, this vast programme might have bankrupted the small British colony. As it is the total cost has been a relatively small Rs. 120 crores. To date, Rs. 40·5 crores of this has been recovered in rents, and repayments on loans are on schedule. So, in time, Hong Kong should recover virtually all of its investment—in effect rehousing one of the world's largest cities at no cost to the government.

Curiously enough, the thought of private ownership is now developing. Says Paul Tsui, Commissioner of Resettlement: "If you are to have a stable community, home ownership is essential. I would like to see us sell all of our flats to the people who occupy them. We are now investigating possibilities here."

Thus Hong Kong, once the worst-housed city in the East, has become probably the best—and in less than 20 years.

Surely there is a lesson here for the rest of the world, where housing developments costing tens of millions of Rand often become dirty, fear-ridden slums within a few years.

THE "amen!" of nature is always a flower.—Oliver Holmes

Love and Marriage

By Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson

Straight answers to questions frequently asked about sex

Q. Some women rarely, if ever, experience a climax, yet they say sex is wholly satisfactory, and that they have happy marriages. Is this possible?

A. Yes, but it depends on a fortunate combination of circumstances. For reasons that remain unclear, sexual drive varies from person to person. For a woman born with a comparatively mild sex drive, whose experiences while growing up did nothing to intensify that drive, sex may be satisfying as long as it expresses warmth and tenderness. If such a woman selects a man whose personality, attitudes and sex drive complement her own, she can have a genuinely happy marriage.

Very few couples, however, start out perfectly matched. The question is whether a husband and wife can learn to respect and accommodate themselves to differences in the strength of their sexual desires. Suppose, for example, that a young woman with limited sex drive marries a man whose enjoyment of sex depends to some degree on the intensity of his partner's enjoyment. In the beginning his pleasure inevitably will be somewhat tempered by his wife's low-key responsiveness.

If these two are to achieve a compatible relationship, they must reach a mutual understanding of their individual natures. The husband must make his wife feel that he accepts her nature for what it is, and that any regret he may have about her inability to experience a more

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intense degree of pleasure is genuine regret, not dissatisfaction. The wife in turn must make her husband feel that her muted response is not a reflection on his masculinity or in any way a personal rejection, but that it reflects her natural needs. Thus instead of acting as two separate individuals with contrasting standards of sexual behaviour, they become a couple who honour the sexuality of their marriage.

Q. If the sexual relationship is not satisfactory, should a wife then take the initiative and consult her doctor?

A. In the vast majority of marriages where sex is a problem, it's usually assumed that it is the wife who needs help. So widespread is this assumption that it goes unquestioned by most women. More than once, couples have come to our clinic for therapy on the basis of the wife's inability to experience orgasm, genuinely unaware of the real factor involved—the husband's sexual incapacity.

This traditional attitude sustains the male in a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose approach to sexual disharmony. If he is impotent, his wife worries: "What's wrong with me?" And if she is non-orgasmic, he wonders: "What's wrong with her?" He then sends her to a doctor or psychiatrist and hopes she will return "cured."

This approach is almost certainly doomed to fail. A wife cannot be treated for a malady that afflicts the marriage relationship itself, any more than she can go for lessons by herself to learn how to dance with her husband—who can't keep time and has never enjoyed dancing.

For another thing, if the marital relationship remains unchanged after her doctor has dispensed his advice, how can a wife avoid feeling that she is a total failure, a hopeless case? This further erodes her self-esteem, and makes it even more unlikely that she and her husband will ever achieve sexual harmony.

The destructiveness goes even deeper. When a wife alone seeks help, she is conforming to the prevalent idea that the female role is to learn how to gratify the male. She is expected to adapt herself, sublimate her wishes, inhibit her desires—even distort her natural drives—so that she can please a man.

In effect, this turns a woman into a puppet. Yet, what a responsive, fully functioning man wants is not a puppet but a responsive, fully functioning wife—a woman who has discovered her natural sexual capacity and who enjoys it.

Sexual harmony in marriage doesn't come wrapped up as a wedding present. Two people have to want it; two people have to strive for it; two people together can achieve it. When sexual disharmony

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DR. WILLIAM MASTERS and MRS. VIRGINIA JOHNSON, of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, Missouri, have for 17 years directed research on sexual physiology. They are co-authors of two distinguished studies: *Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy* (Churchill).

exists, it must be coped with by the couple *as a couple*.

Q. If parents want to bring their children up to become healthy, sexually functioning adults, what principles should they adopt?

A. The sexual climate in which children flourish best exists in homes where the mother and father are comfortable with their own sexuality and their sexual relationship. Mother is happy that she is a woman —and Father is even happier. Both are equally glad that he's a man. In short, they are delighted to have each other, and by word, touch and deed they get across the idea that a man and a woman give each other a lot of physical pleasure. Their children grow up knowing sex is good and life is really worth living.

How do less fortunate parents convey the message? The first principle should be printed in red: Never—in words, tone of voice or facial expression—suggest that sex is bad, dirty, cheap or disgusting. *Never*. The very least they can do for their children is to avoid being negative.

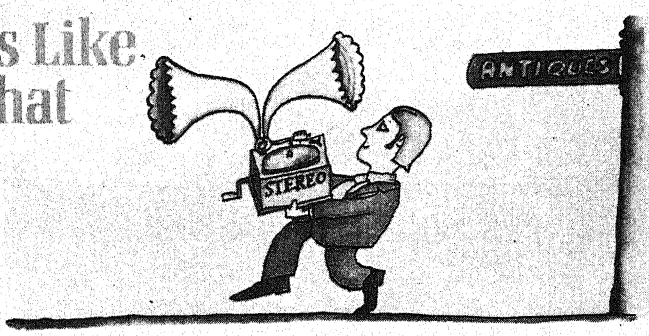
This is not an easy task. How, for example, does a mother react when her son or daughter comes into the house talking about having "played doctor" with a friend? At that moment the mother may have memories of her own to cope with—recalling a situation in which her parents made her feel ashamed for reasons she was too young to comprehend. But she must not pass these feelings on to her child as a sour heritage of guilt. If her comment is a sharp warning—"I don't want you to play with Jimmy any more!"—the child gets the message. An innocent experience, a natural reaching out to explore what it means to be a living human being, has been tarred and feathered. Sex has been driven underground.

What *should* one say? Unfortunately, there is no "right" answer. For example, one mother may smile, remark, "That's nice, dear"—and then offer the child a glass of milk. Alternatively, another parent may happily take the opportunity to talk about differences between boys and girls. A third may take still another tack—and each of the three may be doing what is wisest for her particular child.

The important thing is the parent's attitude. Only if the child is made to feel comfortable when talking to his mother and father about sex will he continue to turn to them over the years for interpretations of experiences or ideas he does not fully comprehend. Above all, he needs the stabilizing certainty that no matter what he sees, hears or does outside the home, he can, if he chooses, always turn to his mother or father for help and insight.

To ARRIVE at the truth, the German adds, the Frenchman subtracts and the Englishman changes the subject. —Peter Ustinov quoted in *Titbits*, London

Life's Like That



DAVID MCKEE

AT THE end of the wedding service, the minister smiled at the nervous bridegroom and said, "You may now kiss Mrs. Cunningham." The bride watched in amazement as her new husband walked bashfully over to the front pew and gave his mother a hurried kiss on the cheek. —A. Scotson

SUMMERTIME is heaven on earth for my two miniature poodles, because the ice-cream man brings them a treat every evening. As soon as the dogs hear the familiar jingle of his van, they start their jumping-and-barking routine to inform me of his arrival.

When the ice-cream man got out of his van one evening, I shouted over the excited barking. "Two small vanilla tubs, please!"

The man looked at my poodles and shook his head sadly. "Don't tell me you're out of vanilla," I said. "Oh, it isn't that," he replied. "It's just that of my last twelve customers, ten have been dogs." —B. Day

BEING a substitute teacher in high school, I found that, the instant I stopped watching my pupils, they started playing around. Thus I was relieved when told I need not take the register. Not so the pupils. One boy asked petulantly, "Why aren't you checking roll-call?"

I answered with the first thought that popped into my head: "Roll-call today is being checked by electronic computer. Please stay in your seats so you won't be counted as absent."

Much to my surprise, no one smiled, no one laughed, no one questioned me. Instead, every pupil stayed silently glued to his seat, held there by an invisible, all-seeing, non-existent electronic eye. —Mrs. George Allen

CYCLING round the parish one day, our minister unfortunately had a puncture. He duly mended it, then pedalled off to the village shop to buy a spare inner tube, which, for convenience, he slung around his neck. He had not gone far when a member of his congregation hailed him.

"Hallo, Reverend," he shouted. "Has your halo slipped?"

—Mrs. C. M. Robson

MY NEIGHBOUR and I often discuss our roses. On one occasion, when I complimented her on a climber in magnificent flower, she surprised me by saying, "I give you credit for that. You once told me that, in order to do well, flowers need to be talked to, the

same as people. So last year I talked to that one. I said, 'Do you see that compost heap? If you don't flower soon, that's where you are going!'"

—Mrs. Ellis Peters

THE WHOLE morning my daughter and I had gone from shop to shop without finding any of the items we sought. My feet were hurting, my nerves were frayed, and I was becoming irritable.

As we left the last shop I remarked indignantly, "Did you see the nasty look that salesman gave me?"

"He didn't give it to you, Mum," my daughter replied. "You had it when you went in." —M. Millwood

WHEN the doctor arrived to give emergency treatment to an elderly woman who had fainted while watching a tennis match, he found that some assistance had already been given; the victim was lying on a bench, clothes loosened.

My sister, though a stranger, had stepped in to help when others faltered. "The patient's pulse is rapid," she reported, "her respiration shallow, her skin clammy. She's 68 years old and a diabetic."

"Are you a nurse?" asked the doctor, visibly impressed by the competence of the good Samaritan. "Or a medical technician?"

"Oh, no," said my sister proudly. "I'm a hypochondriac."

—Shirley Milgrim

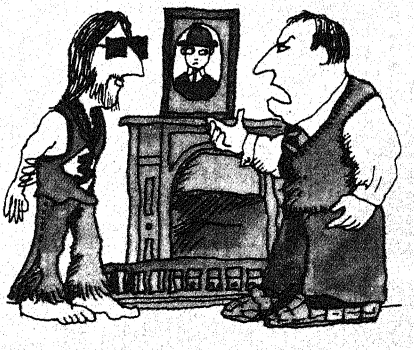
FOR 16 years my grandmother has been a widow and my mother a divorcée for six years. One day they were discussing the difficulty of finding a mate. My grandmother remarked, "Finding a husband at our time of life is like finding a parking space. You have to be right behind someone who's moving out." —Mrs. M. A. Ingram

I OVERHEARD my neighbour criticizing his hippie son.

"When I was your age," he said, "my father would never have allowed me to do the things you do."

"He must have been a grim father," retorted the son.

"What do you mean?" said his



father testily. "I had a better father than you will ever have!"

—J. C. Wildsmith

ENJOYING an evening of cards with friends, we noticed how faithfully our perennially dieting hostess resisted the high-calorie snacks she had provided for us. But when the clock began to strike 12, our hostess instantly reached for a generous supply of the snacks.

"It's midnight," she explained. "Now I can start on a new day's calorie allowance?" —N. Eager

Incredible Travels of Marco Polo

Ridiculed seven centuries ago, his journey to the court of Kublai Khan survives as the greatest travel tale ever told

By Lowell Thomas

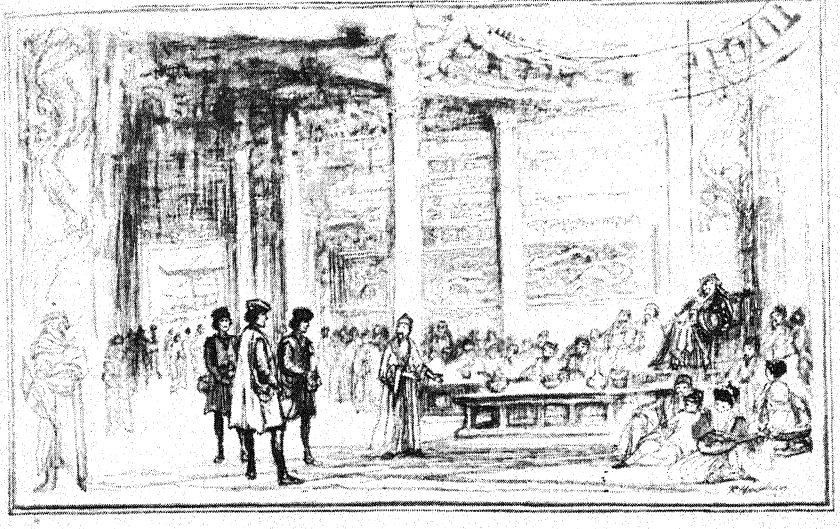
Every now and then some master of ceremonies, introducing me to an audience, hails me as "the modern Marco Polo." I accept the comparison with complete humility. For my own journeyings, however constant and varied, always pale when measured against the fabulous exploits and exotic adventures of the greatest traveller who ever set out for distant places.

Exactly 700 years ago, the 17-year-old Marco Polo embarked from Venice for far Cathay (China). He would spend the next 24 years exploring a world as remote and mysterious to Europeans of his day as the planets are to us. And the tales he brought back, later put into book form, still make the most engrossing travel narrative of all time.

It was Marco's father, Nicolò Polo, who kindled in young Marco's mind the lure of the unknown. The Polos were leading Venetian merchants who travelled widely in the Near East, trading in exotic wares of all kinds: silks and spices, precious jewels, furs, ivory and gold. But, since they dealt through middlemen, the origin of these valuables, vaguely stated as coming from India, Tartary (Siberia) and Cathay, remained unknown to them.

In 1260, Nicolò and his brother Maffeo, probably spurred as much by curiosity as by the desire for greater profits, embarked on a trip

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which, through the accidents of fate, would span nine years and take them all the way to the court of the fabled Kublai Khan, King of the Tartars and Emperor of Cathay. The Great Khan's empire was the largest the world has ever seen, stretching from the Arctic to the Indian Ocean, from the shores of the Pacific to the banks of the Danube. It had come down to Kublai Khan from his grandfather, the fierce marauder Genghis Khan. Though reputedly less savage than his grandfather, Kublai Khan was still the most powerful and most feared monarch in the world. Thus, it was with considerable trepidation that the Polos arrived at his palace.

But the Great Khan, who had never met a European, received them graciously, and plied them with questions about Europe and Christianity. When they left, he extracted from them a promise to return as soon as possible. In 1271, the Polos started out again from Venice for Peking, this time taking along 17-year-old Marco.

The Polos journeyed by horse, camel, yak and oar-powered galley —and often, on foot. They travelled across scorching deserts like the forbidding Gobi, clawed their way over snowfields and mountain slopes which, in the High Pamirs, rise to 6,000 metres. They were often delayed by torrential rains, raging floods, sandstorms and avalanches. Illness, too, slowed them: Marco became so ill that the Polos had to delay their journey for a whole year

in Afghanistan. Local wars and bandit tribes blocked their journey, making countless detours necessary.

Through it all, young Marco retained his most important baggage: a large supply of instant exuberance, and a stack of notebooks. In the latter he meticulously entered descriptions of the strange peoples and wondrous sights he was the first European to see and record. Though he found the customs of many to be curious, their hospitality nearly always was of the highest order.

In fact, one tribal group carried hospitality to an extreme. As Marco described it, the men welcomed strangers into their homes and "gave positive orders to their wives, daughters, sisters and other female relatives to indulge their guests in every wish whilst they themselves retire into the city, and the stranger lives in the house with the females as if they were his own wives." Nor, Marco faithfully records, did the ladies of the family object.

Marco marvelled at the sight of "veins of black stones which, when lighted, burn like charcoal and give out considerable heat" (coal); "a substance spurting from the ground and used for burning in lamps" (oil); a remarkable material which "can be spun into thread and woven into cloth that will not burn when thrust into the fire" (asbestos). He also jotted down exciting descriptions of "nuts the size of a man's head, pleasant to taste and white as milk" (coconuts). Meeting animal species totally unknown to Europeans, he wrote of "huge serpents ten paces in length, with jaws wide enough to swallow a man" (crocodiles) and "wild cattle that, in point of size, may be compared to elephants" (yak).

But these were minor excitements compared with what Marco saw and recorded when, after almost four years of rugged travel, the Polos arrived at Kublai Khan's court in Peking. The emperor welcomed them with obvious pleasure, and took an immediate fancy to young Marco, lavishing favours on him, taking him hunting aboard the royal elephants, introducing him to the astounding magnificence of palace life in first one, then the other of his two great palaces in Peking and Shangtu.

Fabulous Riches. It is doubtful if any palaces have ever surpassed the opulence of these, built of purest marble and stone, ornamented with intricate carvings, gilded, and decorated with priceless art. Within the vast grounds of the Peking mansion, surrounded by earthen ramparts 12 metres high and 18 metres wide were groves of rare trees brought from all over the world. Quarters for the palace army were kept in constant readiness, and storehouses were crammed with treasure in gold and silver and pearl. At Shangtu, the summer residence of the Khan, were stables and pastures for 10,000 pure-white horses.

Though young Marco was no

stranger to affluence, Venetian style, he felt like a country bumpkin as he gaped at the dazzle of the court and its courtiers. "The wealthy Tartars," he marvelled, "dress in cloth of gold and silks, with skins of the sable, the ermine and other animals, all in the richest of fashion."

Besides his four official wives, the Khan had a bevy of concubines. Every second year, noted Marco, he sent emissaries out to scour his domain for a hundred or more of the most beautiful damsels, thus keeping the harem well supplied.

Growing Responsibility. Marco had little time for dalliance. Applying himself assiduously to learning the spoken and written languages of China, including Mongolian, he so impressed Kublai Khan that the ruler made him his personal emissary, sending him on important missions across his vast dominions. He even served three years as governor of the rich city of Yangchow, a centre of arms manufacture, with 24 towns under his jurisdiction. Eventually, he became a "commissioner" in the Khan's imperial council in Peking.

Wherever he went, young Marco took copious notes, bringing back to his patron a fresh and lively view of his subjects, their ways, habits and moods. Thus he became the first traveller to mark a route across the continent of Asia, and the first to tell about the wealth and vastness of China, with its mighty rivers, huge cities, rich manufactures, swarming peoples. He was the first to describe the countries on its borders, with all their differences in behaviour and religion; the first to bring back to the Western world the exotic sights, sounds and smells of a clutch of countries from Java to Japan, Sumatra to Siberia.

On his many missions for the emperor, Marco Polo saw the opulence of great cities created or renovated by Kublai Khan. Nanking, Yangchow and Hangchow made Europe's biggest and best—even his native Venice—look drab, primitive, uncivilized. Such Chinese cities sparkled with cleanliness and order. Broad roads linked them, and an amazingly efficient kind of pony express provided postal service. They had police and fire brigades, public transportation, elevated highways, drainage pipes under the streets, public parks, marinas. Paper money, unheard of in Europe, was the legal currency of the realm.

A special favourite of Marco Polo, judging by the space he gave it in his book, was Hangchow, the "celestial city" of 1.6 million families. Marco went all-out in describing its "pre-eminence to all others in the world, in point of grandeur and beauty, as well as from its abundant delights, which might lead an inhabitant to imagine himself in paradise.

For 17 years Marco Polo worked for Kublai Khan, while his father and uncle grew rich in trade. But, with their imperial master now past

70, it seemed wise to take their leave. Should the Khan die, they reasoned, jealous rivals at court could make life difficult for three such favoured foreigners. Also, they were homesick for Venice. When they asked permission to leave, the emperor at first refused, but later reluctantly let them go, heaping upon them an immense fortune in gold and jewels.

The difficult and dangerous return journey, covering a distance which can be traversed today in a matter of hours, consumed three years. When the Polos' ship finally docked in Venice in 1295, they had been gone 24 years. No one recognized them. Even the family servants refused the Polos admission to their villa—they'd long since been given up for dead.

To convince old friends and relatives that they were not impostors, the three Polos threw a banquet. After their sceptical guests had been richly wined and dined, the Polos donned their travel-torn Tartar clothes, then dramatically cut the seams to let a shower of precious gems fall out. Faced with such fistfuls of diamonds, rubies and pearls, the doubters were finally convinced of their identity—for who but Kublai Khan could have provided such rich spoils?

A callow youth of 17 when he left in 1271, Marco Polo had returned a worldly-wise man of 41, with a knowledge of people and nations such as no man before him had ever had.

Three years after he arrived home, the fierce trade rivalry between Venice and Genoa broke into open war. Serving as a "gentleman commander of a galley, Marco and his ship were captured, and he was thrown into a Genoese jail. He turned the time to good account. Calling for his travel-stained notebooks, he dictated his memoirs to a fellow prisoner.

Widespread Fame. Centuries would pass before scholars and explorers, traversing the same routes, would pronounce his reportage amazingly accurate. Translated eventually into every civilized language, *The Travels of Marco Polo* became an indispensable book for explorers and geographers, historians and mapmakers, and the delight of all who travel or dream of doing so.

Yet Marco Polo never knew he had written a classic. Following its publication, he was derided, vilified, laughed at, his book pronounced a tissue of fabrication. People wanting a word for a lie or exaggeration came to say, "It's a marcopolo."

For a quarter century nothing could shake Marco Polo's claim that his book was unvarnished fact. As he lay dying in January 1324, a priest urged him, for the good of his soul, to retract at least some of his tallest tales. With almost his last breath he declared, "I have not told half of what I saw."

FORBIDDEN fruit can get us into a real jam.—Marc Mairet

Coping With Future Shock

By Alvin Toffler

We must find ways of adjusting to the damaging pressures of our constantly changing society

A strange new society is erupting in our midst. Its conceptions of time, space, work, religion, sex are all incessantly changing, with a resulting mass disorientation. Much conflict today—between generations and cultures, parents and children—can be traced to the acceleration of change.

We are now undergoing a world urbanization so rapid that the earth's city population may well double in the next 11 years. Economic growth is so fast in some countries that the child reaching his teens is surrounded by twice as much of everything newly man-made as at his birth.

The time between an original technological concept and its practical use has been radically reduced. In the United States, the Stanford Research Institute found that for a group of appliances introduced before 1920—including the vacuum cleaner, electric cooker, refrigerator—the average span between introduction and peak production was 34 years. But for a group that appeared in 1939–1959—including the electric frying-pan, television receiver and washer-dryer combination — the span was only eight years. Today

the transistor, the cassette-player, and other devices sweep through society at an even faster clip, changing lives and changing people.

Already, within the main centres of change, in New York and London and Tokyo, millions are living the life of the future. What makes them different? Certainly they are richer, better educated, more mobile. But what specifically marks them is the fact that they now "live faster."

To survive in such communities, however, the individual must become infinitely more adaptable than ever before. Above all he must understand *transience*. Transience is the new "temporariness" in everyday life. It can be defined as the rate at which our relationships—with things, places, people and information—turn over. Let's explore the problem by looking at life in America's high-transience society.

Things: The Throw-away Society. More and more of the products Americans use are made for one-time or short-term use. In today's home, bottles, bibs, paper napkins, facial tissues, towels are all used up quickly and ruthlessly eliminated. Frozen meals are cooked on throw-away trays. In fact, the home is a large processing machine through which objects flow at an ever-faster tempo. The same is true of our relationships with cars: we hold on to them less long—or hire them for short-term use. Across the board, we make and break our ties with the things around us at a faster pace than ever before.

The transience of our relationships with objects is also limited to their proliferation and variety. Between 1950 and 1963, the number of different soaps and detergents on the American grocery shelf increased from 65 to 200; frozen foods from 121 to 350; baking mixes and flour from 84 to 200. We are, in fact, racing towards "over choice"—the point at which the advantages of diversity are cancelled by the complexity of the buyer's decision-making process. High-speed turn-over of the things in our lives, along with greater complexity of choice, confronts us with the need to make rapid, frequently trivial decisions.

Places: The New Nomads. Just as things flow into and out of our lives at high speed—so, too, do places. Americans travel faster and further than ever before. Moreover, between March 1967 and March 1968—a single year—36·6 million Americans changed their place of residence. This is more than the total population of Cambodia, Ghana, Guatemala, Honduras, Iraq, Israel, Mongolia, Nicaragua and Tunisia combined. It is as if the entire population of all these countries had suddenly been moved. In each year since 1948, one out of every five Americans changed his address.

The professional and technical populations are among the most mobile of all Americans. The moving of executives from house to

house as if they were life-size chessmen on a global board has led one psychologist to propose facetiously a money-saving scheme called "The Modular Family." Under this system the executive could leave behind not only his house but his family as well. The company would then find him a matching wife and children at the new site. No one appears to have taken the idea seriously—yet.

Such frequent unheaval breeds the "loss of commitment" that many writers have noted among the high mobiles. The man on the move is ordinarily in too much of a hurry to put down roots in any one place. Thus an airline executive is quoted as saying that he avoids involvement in the political life of his community because "in a few years I won't even be living here. You plant a tree, and you never see it grow."

Yet if one does withdraw from participation, what happens to the community and the self? Can individuals or society survive without commitment?

People: Early "Disaffiliation." People flow through our lives at a faster pace, too. We form limited-involvement relationships and easily abandon friendships—it's too difficult keeping in touch when jobs, status, places change. Compared with previous generations, whose personal ties were relatively few and stable, we deal with many more people in the course of our daily lives and the cast of characters changes frequently.

Today, training for "disaffiliation" begins early. Ask a class of American children how many have lost a best friend in the past year because the friend's family moved away—and watch the hands go up. In earlier generations, a "best friend" lasted a long time. Today our children are caught up in the rapid pace of our culture, turn over their friendships at a frenetic speed, with staggering results in terms of loneliness, isolation, and loss of deep satisfying emotional involvement.

Information: The Kinetic Image. We not only turn over things, places and people at high speed; we are continually under pressure to get rid of obsolete ideas and facts. Communications expert Robert Hilliard says, "By the time the child born today graduates from university, the amount of knowledge will be four times as great."

This affects everyone's life, for every person must carry within his head a mental model of the world. If we are to function, even to survive, our model must bear some resemblance to reality. But, in a fast-changing society, yesterday's truths suddenly become today's fictions. An example is the constant radical change in the "rules" for bringing up children correctly, emerging from the convulsing social sciences, and producing vast confusion among parents.

Today, surrounded by print, the average American adult ingests between 10,000 and 20,000 edited

words a day. He also spends 75 minutes a day listening to the radio and several hours watching television—add another 10,000 words or so. He is assaulted by a minimum of 560 advertising messages each day. All this cannot leave us unaffected, and more and more we suffer from information overload. In the brain's neural system there are, in all likelihood, inherent physical limits to the amount and speed of image processing. How fast can a human being keep revising his inner images of the world before he smashes up against these limits? Nobody knows.

Off Balance. We do know that people often become ill when they must change constantly, and can't keep up. How does change produce illness? A change in stimuli—visual, auditory, tactile—triggers in us a complex, massive bodily response. If the environment is overloaded with novelty, it can produce the equivalent of anxiety neurotics—people whose systems are continually flooded with adrenalin, whose hearts thump, whose hands go cold. And prolonged stress produces illness.

But, future shock attacks the psyche as well: anxiety, confusional breakdown, extreme irritability, violence and apathy. Today, there are striking signs of breakdown all around us—the spreading use of drugs, the rise of mysticism, the politics of nihilism, the sick apathy of millions, old and young alike.

Affluence makes it possible, for the first time in history, for large numbers of people to make this sort of emotional withdrawal. The family man who retreats into his evening with cocktails and televised fantasy withdraws part-time. For other drop-outs, withdrawal is full-time and total. It is impossible to produce such future shock in large numbers of individuals without affecting the rationality of society.

How, then, can we deal with future shock? At the most personal level, we can improve our ability to cope with change by doing consciously some of the things that we already do unconsciously. In the words of Dr. Hans Selye, whose works on stress opened new frontiers in biology and psychiatry, the individual can "consciously look for signs of being keyed up too much." Heart palpitations, tremors, insomnia or unexplained fatigue may well signal over-stimulation. By asking ourselves if we are living too fast, we can attempt, quite consciously, to assess—and change—our life pace.

Control Methods. We employ a de-stimulating tactic when we turn off the stereo unit that has been battering our eardrums, or search for solitude on a deserted beach. But we have stronger ways of coping with the threat of over-stimulation. We can, for example, refuse to buy throw-away products. We can hang on to the old jacket for another season; we can stoutly refuse to follow the latest fashion trend. We can

resist when a salesman tells us it is time to trade in our car. In this way, we reduce the need to make and break ties with the physical objects around us.

None of this is to suggest that change can or should be stopped. The problem is not to suppress change, but to manage it. A broken engagement probably should not be too closely followed by a job transfer. The recent widow should not, perhaps, rush to sell her house.

In the past, ritual served as an important change buffer. It still can. The sending of Christmas cards, for example, is an annual ritual that not only represents continuity in its own right but also helps individuals prolong all-too-temporary friendships. So do celebrations of birthdays, holidays and anniversaries.

But all such personal efforts are not enough. It is hard to live a sensibly paced life when society is running away with itself. That is why we also need social and political strategies for the prevention of future shock.

First, our society must create a "super-industrial" education system —one that enhances our ability to adapt. In the technological systems of tomorrow, machines will increasingly perform the routine tasks; men the intellectual and creative tasks.

For education, the lesson is clear: is it no longer sufficient for Johnny to understand the past. It is not even enough for him to understand the present, for the here-and-now environment will soon vanish, to be replaced by something new. We send Johnny to school "to help him lead a better life in the future." But how many of us have taken the time to think seriously about what the future will be like? Most of us, teachers included, assume that today's way of life will be repeated in the future. Yet all the evidence points towards a radically changed tomorrow. Johnny must learn to anticipate the directions and rate of change. All of this will require broad, imaginative innovations in our educational system.

Necessary Preparation. It means that nothing in the curriculum should be required unless it can be strongly justified in terms of future usefulness. This is not intended as an "anti-cultural" statement or a plea for total destruction of the past. Nor does it suggest that we can ignore such basics as reading, writing and mathematics. What it does mean is that tens of millions of children today are forced by law to spend precious hours of their lives grinding away at material whose future utility is questionable.

Why, for example, must teaching be organized around such fixed disciplines as grammar, economics, mathematics and biology? Why not around stages of the human life cycle? Or around contemporary social problems? Or around "the future of the family"?

Another powerful strategy in the

battle to prevent future shock involves the taming of technology. The pace of change is force-fed by technical innovation. We cannot and must not turn off the switch of technological progress.

Only middle-class romantics with full bellies babble about returning to a "state of nature" in which, as seventeenth century British philosopher Thomas Hobbes reminded us, the typical life is "poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

At the same time, it is undeniably true that we frequently apply new technology stupidly and selfishly. In our haste to milk technology for immediate economic advantage, for example, we have turned our environment into a physical and social tinderbox.

Moral Duty. What we desperately need is a worldwide movement for *responsible* technology. First, we must submit new technology to a set of demanding environmental tests before we unleash it in our midst, so that we stop adding to pollution, noise and filth.

Second, and much more complex, we must question the long-term impact of a technical innovation on the social, cultural and psychological milieu, as well as on the physical environment. The car, for instance, is widely believed to have changed the shape of our cities, shifted home ownership and retail-trade patterns, altered sexual customs and loosened family ties. We can no longer afford to let such secondary social and cultural effects just "happen." We must attempt, as best we can, to anticipate them in advance. And where these effects are likely to be seriously damaging, we must also be prepared to block the new technology.

This is why the recent public controversy over supersonic transport was so healthy. It was the first time that a large sector of the public asked questions about a major piece of technology *before* its arrival on the scene instead of after. This is the beginning of a much-needed future-consciousness and the first step in shifting control of technology out of the hands of scientific, corporate or political *élites* into the hands of the public itself. Only by following this course can we guide technology into more humane channels and *pace* its arrival so that it does not produce mass future shock.

In short, future shock—the disease of change—can be averted. To do so, the individual must become infinitely more adaptable and capable than ever before. He must search for totally new ways to anchor himself; for all the old roots—religion, nation, community, family or profession—are now shaking under the hurricane impact of the accelerative thrust. But if we are to avoid a massive adaptational breakdown, we must learn to control the rate of change not only in our personal affairs but in society at large.

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Down on the Fish Farm

Thousands of U.S. farmers are successfully turning open prairie into profitable catfish ponds

By Harland Manchester

On the flat prairie near Dumas, Arkansas, last year, I stood beside 58-year-old rancher Edgar Farmer and watched the strangest round-up I've ever seen. Before us, where cattle once grazed, the land was covered by a sheet of water churned by thousands of shining, tail-flipping catfish. Several hands, who had exchanged chaps and lassos for hip boots and seines, were herding the fish across the partially drained lake to a loading area, where a crane dumped the netted fish into a tank lorry.

Other ponds stretched far into the distance in rectangular patterns. In fact, more than 280 of Farmer's 1,200 hectares are now under water, and he plans to flood 120 more. He and his sons still raise rice, soybeans, cotton, cattle and horses, but for Edgar Farmer, and a few thousand other American farmers, the catfish is now their chief crop.

Fish farming has been practised in Asia for over a thousand years, but the commercializing of catfish in America started only about ten years ago. Since then, growth has been phenomenal. In 1960, a few bold pioneers—learning by trial and error—operated about 80 hectares of ponds, producing more than 90,000 kilograms. In 1970, farmers harvested an estimated 9 million kilograms of catfish from 21,600 hectares: gross sales were 27 million dollars (more than Rs. 20·2 crores). Today, everywhere you look in catfish country—the central Mississippi Delta area—bulldozers are digging new ponds.

Why do these farmers prefer catfish to other species? Primarily because pampering catfish with hearty

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meals yields amazingly bounteous harvests. Every 700 grammes of high-protein food pellets (especially concocted of soybeans, alfalfa, fish meal and a dozen other nutritious items) is converted into 450 grammes of catfish meat—a better "conversion ratio" than farmers get from feeding cattle or chickens. Moreover, the delicate flesh of catfish is so popular in America that it commands a higher price than most other freshwater fish.

Catfish are marketed in various ways. For several years, most fish were sold alive for stocking so-called pay lakes, where people pay a small amount of money for the right to fish. Then Farmer and his fish-growing neighbours decided that the future of the industry lay in large-scale distribution and set up a co-operative catfish processing plant —the nation's first.

I saw it in operation at the height of the harvest season. Tank lorries backed up and poured their flipping loads on to a moving conveyor. An electric shock quieted the fish and kept them from jumping around and stabbing worker's hands with their sharp little horns. Next, a line of some 35 workers skinned and cleaned them. Some of the product was packed in plastic bags bearing a "Mr. Catfish" label and shipped to wholesalers, retail shops and catfish restaurants that have sprung up throughout the Southern States of America; the rest was deep-frozen and sold to supermarkets. There are now more than 20 such catfish-processing plants and a number of ingenious semi-automatic machines are being tested that may speed the work and cut costs.

"Quality control is our chief concern," says Farmer. "People who catch catfish in rivers sometimes get one that is off-flavour. We raise our fish in clean water from our own wells, we control what they eat, and there's hardly any chance of contamination." Recent discoveries of fish contamination and the increasing pollution of fresh water add weight to such views. "Many lakes that used to be great for fishing are now almost killed out because of agricultural chemicals," adds W. F. Anderson, of Yazoo City, Mississippi. "Even wild catfish can't breed well under such conditions."

Operating some 525 hectares of ponds, Anderson and his partner, Robert Thompson, are probably America's biggest catfish breeders. They have developed ingenious devices for spawning, hatching and raising the fish to saleable fingerling size. They found, for example, that catfish like to mate in close quarters, so each mating season they sink 2,000 cylindrical milk cans in their ponds, stocking them with food as a lure. After the eggs have been deposited and fertilized, the cans are lifted out and the spawn incubated in a metal tank where fresh water is constantly circulated. The tiny fish are gently siphoned through a succession of brooder tanks, where they

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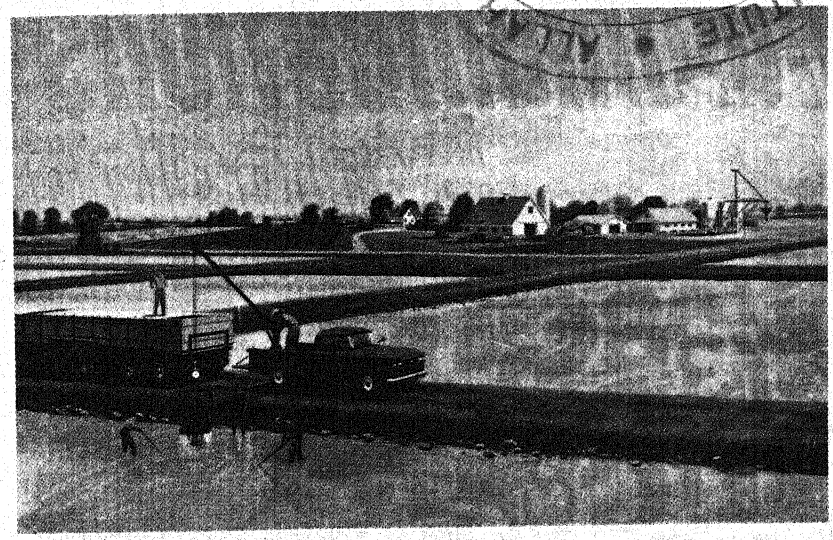
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are fed by automated machines until they are 12·5 to 15 centimetres long. The partners raised 50 million fingerlings last year, and Anderson calculates that more than half of all the pond catfish raised in Mississippi start out in their tanks.

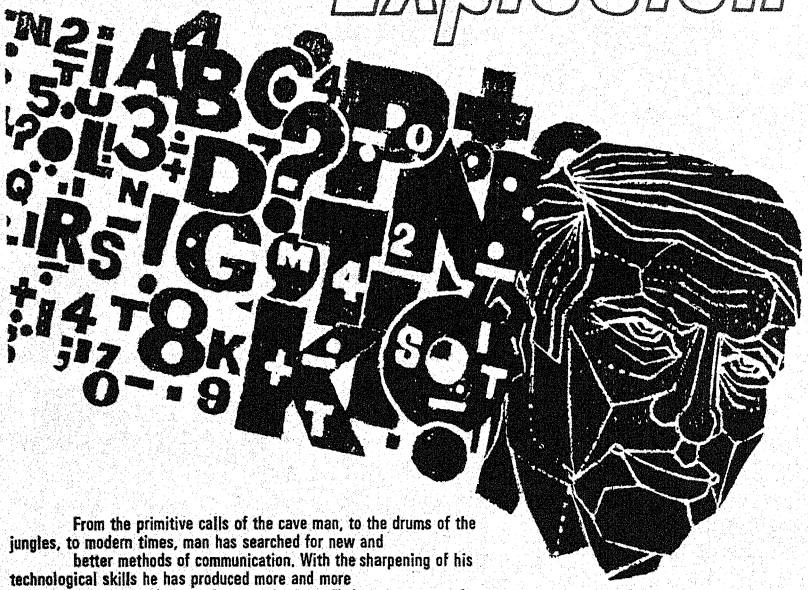
Catfish culture today is bristling with such innovations. For example, William Lewis, director of the Cooperative Fisheries Research Laboratory of Southern Illinois University, has been growing catfish in wire-mesh cages buoyed up by plastic floats. The fish don't mind being crowded together, and by being kept practically immobile they put on weight faster.

Lewis sees no reason why commercial farmers using cages can't raise as much as 1,350 kilograms per hectare. And he suggests that many strip-mine ponds, gravel pits and abandoned quarries can be converted into attractive and profitable cage fisheries.

Important catfish research is also being done by U.S. corporations. In Louisana, one company recently launched a programme to supply growers with high-yield brood fish, hatching fry and fingerlings. Four different strains of fish are being crossed in search of superior varieties, producing two or three crops a year (catfish usually reproduce only once a year). A dozen-odd other firms are now converting idle land into catfish farming.

Recently the State of Oklahoma and Imperial Valley in California have joined the Mississippi Delta as

Communications Explosion



From the primitive calls of the cave man, to the drums of the jungles, to modern times, man has searched for new and better methods of communication. With the sharpening of his technological skills he has produced more and more sophisticated tools of communications. Today, the tempo of modern life is maintained with the help of instant communications.

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commercial producers of catfish. But though the fish do grow best in warm water and in the Southern U.S. States, fish experts point out that catfish ponds might help solve the problem of "thermal pollution," the discharge of heated water from nuclear power plants. That wasted heat, they estimate, could be used to raise the temperature of cold water to the right temperature for raising catfish. The idea is now being tested at power plants in America, Germany and Britain.

Surveys have shown that few people outside America like eating catfish. But the catfish herders will not be happy until the whole world pays homage to—and buys—what one journalist from America's South has called "that delectable staple of back-country *haute cuisine*."

Watch It!

THE FRENCH philosopher Fontenelle was once asked by his hostess, "What is the difference between me and my clock?"

Fontenelle, his poise unshaken, answered gallantly, "Dear madam, the clock reminds us of the hours, while you make us forget them."

—Armand Isnard

"I HATE appointments," says Italian actor Paolo Stoppa. "If you arrive early you show anxiety, if you turn up late people think you are aggressive, if you turn up on time you seem too exacting and if you don't show up at all they say you are bad-mannered!" —*Tempo*, Italy

A PORTRAIT of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, presided for years over the fire-place in the Blue Room of New York's City Hall. Nobody paid much attention to Monroe until John Lindsay, who is 190 centimetres tall, took over as mayor in 1966. Then it was noticed that when Lindsay posed for pictures in the Blue Room, Monroe's shapely white-stockinged legs sexily intruded themselves into every picture background, from the knees down. Monroe's curvaceous calves could have been those of Brigitte Bardot in hot pants.

They painted the room recently. Reporters later discovered that Monroe has been relegated to the Governor's Room on the second floor of City Hall. In his place, equally regal, stands a splendiferous portrait of Martin Van Buren, eighth President of the United States. Martin is wearing full-length trousers. —Edward O'Neill

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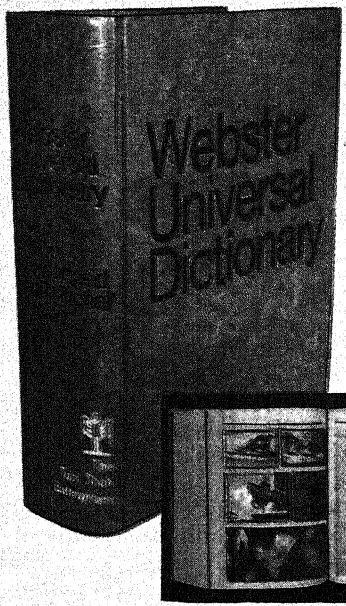
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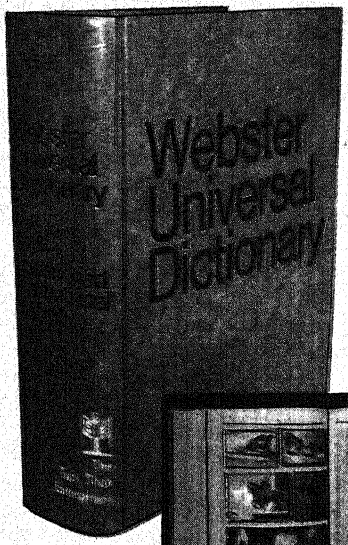
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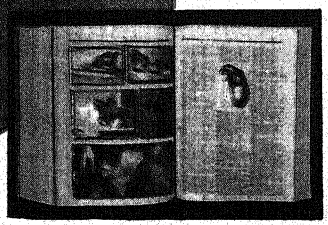
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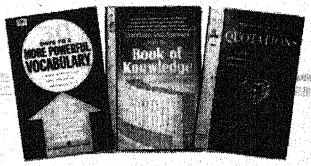
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Are computers friend or foe? Here is a report from Sweden on how they can affect the life of every citizen

Hallo, 430825-6488

By Robert Skole

In the race towards 1984 Sweden has a head start. First, everyone is given a number. Next, these number-people are put on to a computer bank. Then the fun begins.

As a matter of fact, it began more than 20 years ago when Sweden's "numbers" system was instituted. For a computer, it was ideal. The number consisted of your year, month and day of birth—written as a six-digit unit—followed by a three-digit group of numbers. (When the system was computerized a tenth figure was added.) This was called your "personal number," and was entered on the official record of every Swede. Nobody objected because it made sense. Everyone knew that with 20 *pages* of Anderssons in the Stockholm telephone book the chances of getting the Anderssons' records mixed up were great.

Sweden's computer story started in the early 1950's, when the first local computers were built—primitive machines that have long been attractions in the Stockholm Technical Museum. They served their purpose, however, and launched Sweden into the computer age before most other countries. The steadily rising costs of labour—Swedish workers are the highest paid outside America—created the perfect climate for computers to flower. By 1968 the country had about 440 computers, including those used by business, industry and governmental agencies. Today there are close to 700.

Computers started reaching into the daily life of the average citizen when the old system of parking tickets was replaced by punch cards. Tucked under the windscreen wiper of an illegally parked car, the new ticket was evidence that 1984 was just around the corner. The punch

CONDENSED FROM "SWEDEN NOW" (JULY-AUGUST 1970)

card and payment was dutifully relayed by the post office to one of the computers at the National Police Board, which read the card and was satisfied. However, if the fine was not paid, the computer would search its memory and print out a polite letter telling you to pay up. If payment was still not forthcoming, court action might follow. And if you doubted it up to then, suddenly you were convinced: computers were taking over.

Closed Circuit. Actually, this could have been seen earlier—in electricity and telephone bills or car insurance. Even income tax forms became computerized. The machines handle everything except the part that gives most people problems: explaining the charges. A tax bill is issued—neatly printed by a computer. Most Swedes pay, since trying to get an explanation of the charges is not easy. And the tax office people don't think it's funny when, after going through the usual red tape, the taxpayer says, "Let me talk to the computer."

Meanwhile the computer doesn't know that its bill is being questioned, and it automatically places those taxpayers on an arrears list. This list is forwarded to the police and soon the taxpayer is involved in further difficulty. In a country with only eight million people, you wonder if it hasn't gone too far.

Evidently not, for an even bigger computer system for use by Parliament and all government agencies is now under consideration. The computers will be used for supplying MPs with information and passing data back and forth between Parliament and various public agencies and offices. It could also be used for such things as analysing economic trends, where information from a wide number of sectors is needed.

As worried as some Swedes are over the growing dominance of computers, most critics will concede that there are some benefits to be gained. One obvious example is medical record-keeping. [See "Blood Bank Shortages—a Swedish Solution," RD June 1971.] Today, computer information systems are being put into operation in a number of hospitals in Sweden. One such system, developed by Saab-Scania AB, enables radiologists to record, retrieve and transmit information about X-rays by means of computer.

Saab is also producing computers for use in one of the biggest financial networks ever planned: a system that will link banks in Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden. It will put all offices of savings banks "on line" to central computers. Each cashier will have a terminal, consisting of various data-input devices and units for printing out receipts and registering deposits and withdrawals in the customer's bankbook. The cashier will be able to "talk" directly to a small local computer, which will handle most of the local transactions, and will also be able to communicate with the bank's

large central computer if necessary.

Eventually, a bank in the south of Denmark, for example, will be able to communicate with a bank in northern Norway, far above the Arctic Circle. Similarly, Sweden's two largest commercial banks—with 880 branches between them—will link most branch offices in Sweden to central computers in a system almost unique in the world.

With these plans already in hand, the Swedish Banks' Association, the Swedish Savings Banks' Association, the Agricultural Credit Association and the Postal Bank got together and formed SIBOL, which stands for System for Integrated Banking On-Line. The aim of SIBOL is to see if a single, nationwide data communication network is feasible for payment transactions in a wide range of services.

Old-fashioned Cash. Terminals located in shops and department stores could be linked to the network; thus, when a purchase is made, the customer's card number and the sales data are fed to the computer, and his bank account debited almost instantly, without cheque books or money being touched.

But what about the dangers of 1948 and the all-powerful state? Who is worried? Åke Pernelid, a computer specialist, is, for one. He is the former chief of computer purchasing for Sweden's National Office for Administrative Rationalization and Economy, which buys all government computers. "We are now dealing with privacy and we don't really know what we are doing," he says. "This could create a dangerous reaction if things get out of hand." A Parliamentary Royal Commission is studying the problem of safeguarding privacy. Most Swedes, even those in the computer business, know the legal question must be solved before it's too late.

The various computer systems are not yet linked, but the military already has its own system that tells much about each Swede, his military specialty and assignment; another system in Stockholm has medical data on the residents of the surrounding area, and a land-registration system will register all land titles and deeds. More could be added to the list. Hook them all together, and it's "Hallo, 430825-6488."

"We need computers," says Gunnar Lindström, head of Saab's data-electronics division, "and we need data-based systems. But we must fix some goals for society—we must make certain we protect the individual. Now is the time to do it."

Better Late than Never

RUSHING into the lift one morning, I bumped into my boss.
"Late again!" he exclaimed.
"Y-yes, sir," I stammered, "so am I."

—H. E. Waite in *the Sun*, London

Drama in Real Life

Ordeal on Mount Kenya

By Lawrence Elliott

For eight days the crippled climber lay helpless—as brave men from ten countries struggled to save him

The afternoon of Saturday, September 5, 1970, suddenly cleared. The two young Austrians who had just climbed to the top of Mount Kenya, higher than the highest of their Alps, looked out over the green land over 5,000 metres below and exulted at the magnificence of the moment.

Both were doctors—Gerd Judmaier, 29, studying at the Innsbruck University Hospital, and Oswald Oelz, 27, engaged in medical research in Zürich. They had been climbing together for four years, but never had they triumphed over a mountain of such immensity, such solitary splendour. So sharply does Mount Kenya rise up from the East African jungle that each year only a handful of climbers attain the 5,199-metre summit of Batian, the taller of its twin peaks. Just the day before, a party of four Zambians and two Americans had been turned back from the top by a blizzard; they were still resting in a shelter about 750 metres below.

At the top of Batian, the two Austrians took some photographs and then, at about 2 p.m., started the climb down. Roped together, they descended the mountain's sheer face about 30 metres to a patch of flat ground at Shipton's Notch. Here Oelz searched for a solid rock around which to fix the rope tied to his waist. Judmaier, also bound to the rope, leaned out over a massive boulder to study the route down.

Suddenly there was a sharp cry. Oelz spun round—and was alone. The boulder had given way beneath Judmaier. Oelz dived for the rope as it paid out over the edge. It went ripping through his palms, and he felt first the shock of knowing that his flesh was burning, then the pain. Desperate, he dug in his heels and managed to turn the rope on his arm and check Judmaier's fall down the mountain's steeply pitched face.

Heart pumping fiercely, Oelz

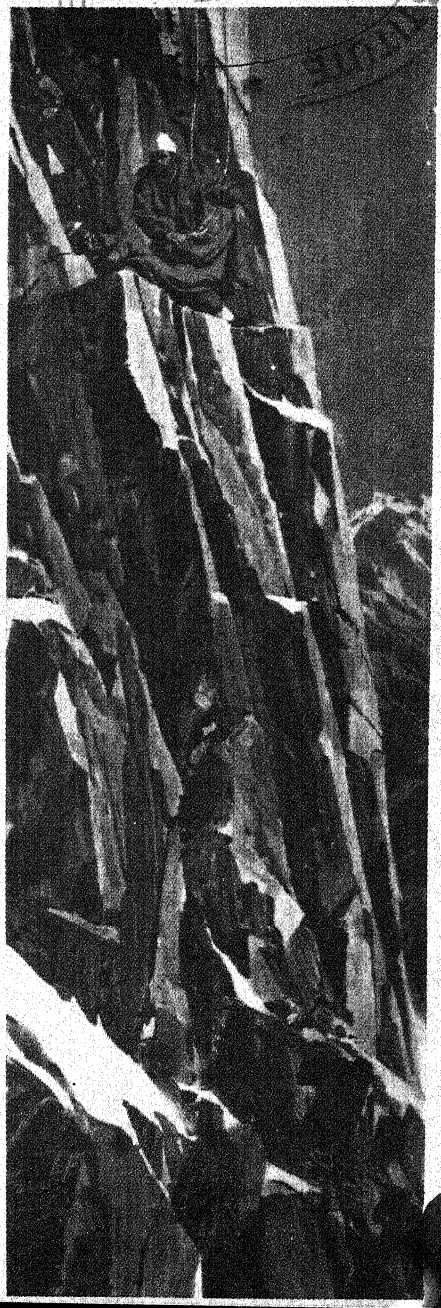
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found a place to tie the rope and scrambled down to his friend's side. Judmaier lay on a sliver of rock shelf that tilted out towards the void. His head was bloodied, but Oelz saw at once where the real trouble was: his right leg had been so badly shattered by the tumbling boulder that a jagged end of bone had torn through his trousers. Another piece of bone, perhaps five centimetres long, lay on the ground beside him. The wound was bleeding badly.

Working swiftly, Oelz used an elastic bandage for a tourniquet and tightened it round Judmaier's right thigh. "I'm done for," Judmaier said.

Oelz didn't answer. He went on working, cleaning the abrasions on Judmaier's head and tying him to a rock so that he wouldn't slip off the ledge. He could not disagree with his friend's bleak assessment. If this were Switzerland or Austria, where there were many skilled climbers trained in rescue techniques, he might have had a fighting chance. But this was Kenya, where no professional mountain-rescue teams existed. Even if there had been any, it seemed clear that long before Oelz could round them up his friend would be dead of shock, blood loss or exposure.

Having considered the realities, Oelz put them out of his mind. There must be something a man could do. "I'm going to get medicine and some people to carry you down," he said. "There is a



chance." Judmaier nodded weakly. "Maybe if they are quick," he said, "and if you are lucky . . ."

It had begun to snow. Although Mount Kenya stands only 15 kilometres from the Equator, the disappearance of the sun at that great altitude can, in minutes, bring on freezing temperatures. Oelz put their two down jackets and a blanket on Judmaier and zipped him into a sleeping-bag. He left him their only food—a tin of fruit. Then he fixed a rope, touched his friend's shoulder in farewell, and slid over the ledge.

The descent was harrowing. Oelz's burned palms kept shredding on the rope, and often he had to stop because the pain was so frightful. The rocks were slippery with ice, and the snow fell so thickly that he could not see more than a step or two ahead. But he kept thinking of Judmaier, alone up there in the cold, and he pushed on. At about 6 p.m. he stumbled into Kami Hut, where he found the Zambians and Americans and told them what had happened.

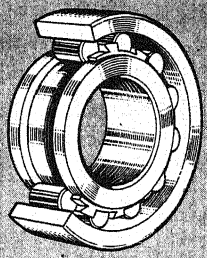
One of the Zambians, an expatriate Briton named Bev Burrage, volunteered to set off for the 4,800-metre-high shelter at Top Hut, where there were emergency medical supplies and a solar-powered radio. After a hazardous two-and-a-half-hour night climb, he reached it and alerted the police at Naro Moru, a village at the foot of the mountain.

Burrage's SOS set in motion a rescue plan evolved by officials of Mountain National Parks, the Kenya police and the Mountain Club of Kenya, an association of climbing enthusiasts (mainly Europeans), residing in and around Nairobi. Within five hours, Mountain Club president Robert Chambers was speeding to the mountain with rescue gear. Police and Parks officials were setting up support services, and all available climbers were being marshalled. Unfortunately, few of these men had done any serious climbing for months, and were neither fit nor acclimatized for the task. "But we can't just leave him there," they decided. "We'll have to try."

Action Stations. Meanwhile, Burrage was on his way back to Kami Hut with the emergency medicine, arriving at about 4 a.m. Oelz, who had slept a little, now asked if anyone would climb back up to Shipton's Notch with him. One of the Americans, Richard Sykes, stood up and said, "Let's go."

They started the climb at first light. It snowed steadily all that morning; they were heavily loaded, and Sykes' courage exceeded his experience. Within 90 metres of Judmaier, they had to turn back. By the time they struggled into Kami, 18 climbers were on the way there, as well as 20 Kenyan porters. In the evening, Chambers and four other climbers reached the shelter. They brought with them radios and a cacolet (a rucksack-like contraption

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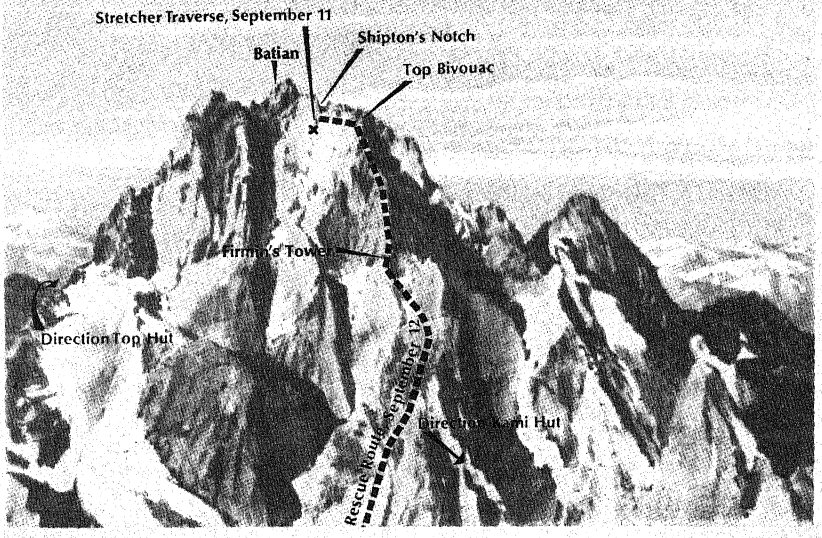
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for carrying injured men). A helicopter was also en route to Kami.

With Monday, September 7, dawning clear and warm, Oelz and an Italian, Silvano Borruso, started climbing towards Shipton's Notch with a radio. One of the other two teams following had a cacolet.

At 4.30 that afternoon, with snow falling hard, Oelz and Borruso cleared a height above Shipton's Notch and called down to the still, dark heap on the ledge. No answering stir; no sound. For Gerd Judmaier—alone there for 50 hours—the two nights had been bitterly cold. He had been haunted by the sensation that he was slipping off the ledge. By day the equatorial sun sapped precious body fluids and left him unable to fight off the agony which was spreading up from his shattered leg.

Oelz and Borruso clambered down. To Oelz, Gerd mumbled weakly, "At least *you're* alive. I thought you'd fallen, too." While Oelz gave Judmaier an injection of a morphine-like pain suppressant, Borruso tried to radio Kami to tell them that Judmaier was alive and to urge all speed. But the set would not transmit. They settled down to wait for the stretcher.

Early the following morning, a helicopter piloted by 38-year-old American Jim Hastings, who had volunteered for the flight, landed at Kami with plasma, glucose and other vital medical supplies. A climbing team started up with these, while Hastings took off again to get some badly needed rope.

Shortly after midday, an Englishman named John Temple finally hauled the cacolet up on to the

ledge. He took one look at Judmaier's ghastly pallor and said, "We'd best start down right away. I'll carry him." Oelz gave Judmaier another injection and immobilized the broken leg, using a camera tripod for a splint. Then he and Borruso bundled Judmaier into the cacolet and heaved it up on to Temple's back. But spasms of unbearable pain tore at the injured man, and Oelz cried, "Put him down—he's dying!" Only the arrival of the team carrying the plasma and glucose saved Judmaier that afternoon.

Another Victim. On Wednesday, the urgent beat of the helicopter's rotors was heard reverberating up towards Kami, and a surge of hope ran through every man on the mountain. They knew the helicopter hadn't the power to lift Judmaier off a ledge at 5,000 metres, but if it had brought rope and other equipment, and if it waited at Kami to fly him out, there was a chance. But even as they listened, they heard a terrible crash. One moment, Hastings was manoeuvring for a landing; the next, perhaps caught by an updraught, he was flung against the mountainside and killed. Spent, heartsick, Judmaier turned his face into the sleeping-bag.

Meanwhile, the injured man's father, Professor Fritz Judmaier, was en route from Austria, having alerted a crack mountain-rescue team in Innsbruck to stand by in case of need. The elder Judmaier learned how the polyglot band in Kenya had tried valiantly to save his son, but seemed thwarted by exhaustion and inexperience. After landing in Nairobi on Thursday, Professor Judmaier telephoned Innsbruck, 6,500 kilometres away. "Please come at once," he said to a member of the Austrian rescue team. Within two hours, six expert Austrian climbers had gathered their gear and were airborne. They were led by Dr. Raimund Magreiter, a medical colleague of Oelz and Judmaier.

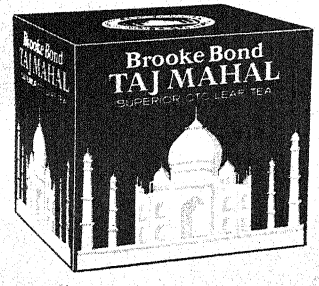
Wednesday night was the worst of all for the critically hurt man on the ledge. Feverish, frostbitten in all ten toes, he cried out of a tortured sleep for water, but threw it up when Oelz put some to his lips. In the morning, however, Judmaier was still stubbornly alive. He muttered, "If I die now, that American's life is wasted."

Against All Odds. That day and the next, there were 34 climbers on the mountain working to bring Judmaier down. Sapped by any exertion in the rarefied air, lashed intermittently by blizzard and biting cold, they worked in relays. They managed to move Judmaier about 120 metres to a small natural rest at the junction of the two ridges, which they called Top Bivouac. They got no further that night.

On Friday morning, the Austrians had arrived in Nairobi. They climbed into a police aircraft and flew to Nanyuki, where they began

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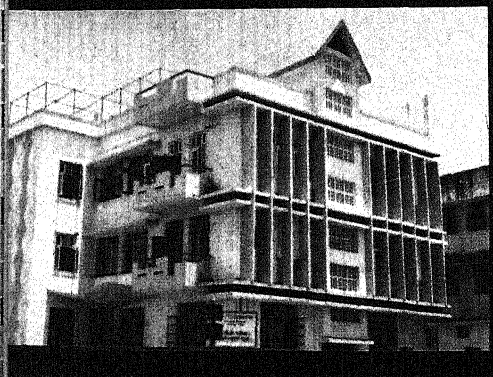
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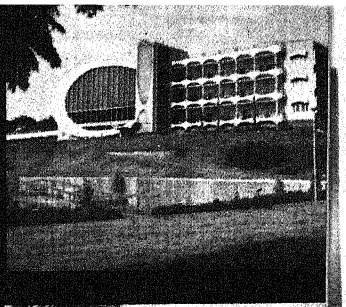
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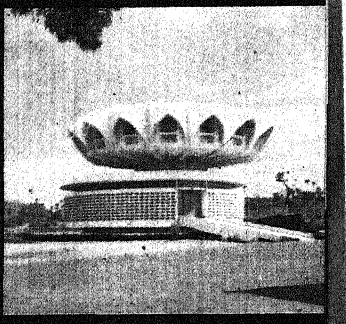
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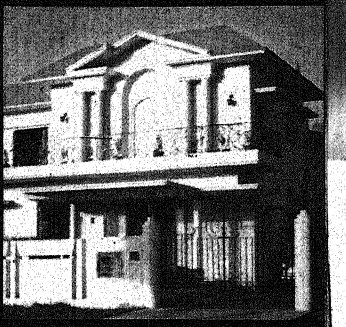
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Zoos by Moonlight

Where visitors discover the secret world of nocturnal animals

By Jonathan Roberts

It's like the inside of a darkened cinema. Illuminated arrows direct you through the gloom. On every side are cages whose jungle settings shimmer in the eerie light of artificial moons. A badger-like ratel from the tropics plays a brisk game of football with his dinner-plate. Two little fennec foxes push up sandcastles with their noses. Senegal bush-babies leap and twist their way through an elaborate acrobatic routine.

This is London Zoo's "Moonlight World." Here day and night have been reversed so that visitors can watch nocturnal animals, whose activities are normally shrouded in darkness. Since it opened four years ago, it has attracted seven million fascinated spectators. "Our Moonlight World shows people what they would never otherwise see," says Dr. Michael Brambell, the Zoo's Curator of Mammals. "And it's one of our most popular exhibits."

Newly opened exhibits of night



Two Senegal bush-babies on the alert in their cage at the London Zoo

creatures are captivating visitors to zoos in Britain, on the Continent and in the United States. New York's Bronx Zoo has an elaborate nocturnal house complete with detailed settings, amplified tape-recordings of night hootings and whistlings, and a device called a "bat translator" which brings the ultrasonic calls of bats down to the range of the human ear. Highlight of Antwerp's nocturnal house is the raccoon exhibit: visitors watch the animals at play through the mock-up window of a hill-billy cabin.

Zoo directors have long known that the best animal "shows" go on at night, after the public have gone home. Thus, over the years, many zoos have attempted to reverse the wake-sleep cycles of small mammals, hoping to induce night-time activity during daylight hours. Such experiments, most of them involving dim light that simulated moonlight, failed because visitors simply could not see the animals clearly enough.

Finally, in 1954, zoologists at Bristol Zoo pioneered the world's first successful nocturnal house. Their technique was simple: to cover ordinary white fluorescent tubes with successive coats of blue paint until they achieved a balance between night conditions and spectator visibility.

"Before opening, we experimented for six months with bush-babies, kinkajous, pottos and a genet cat," says Zoo director R. E. Greed.

Experience gained at Bristol came in useful at London's Regent's Park, where, in the children's zoo, a two-year pilot study was made of the wake-sleep rhythms of nocturnal animals. Finally, in May 1967, came the opening of the Rs. 45-lakh Charles Clore Pavilion for mammals in the basement of which is the Moonlight World.

Here, in 58 separate cages set into the walls of spacious bays round which the public can move freely, live more than a hundred species of nocturnal mammals—including bush-babies, hog badgers, bats, flying squirrels, Siberian weasels and leopard cats. Each cage has its own "moon": a strip of three fluorescent tubes which switch on automatically to daylight-strength after the public have gone home at night, revert to "dusk" at about 9 a.m. and "moonlight" an hour later. The "moons" provide the only illumination in the house, but it is enough for visitors to see the animals clearly.

Inside the cages, wild habitats of forest, desert or swamp are carefully simulated. This is more for the benefit of the animals than the public. Says Dr. Brambell: "In the tropics, lorises and angwantibos live in low bushes and scramble through them searching for berries, nuts and grubs. In the Moonlight World they clamber around the bushes just the same, hardly aware of being in captivity."

London Zoo is constantly planning improvements. Last year an

"annual light cycle" was introduced: the time of the animals' sunrise is advanced or retarded to suit the time of year. "The idea," says Dr. Brambell, "is to encourage breeding. And we were delighted when our fennec foxes produced two babies—the first ever born at the Zoo. We hope eventually to introduce seasonal variations in humidity, diet and temperature."



A slow loris, one of the London Zoo's family of four, holds firm to a branch with its specially adapted hands and feet

Zoo visitors are often curious to know exactly what are nocturnal animals and how they acquired their contrary habits.

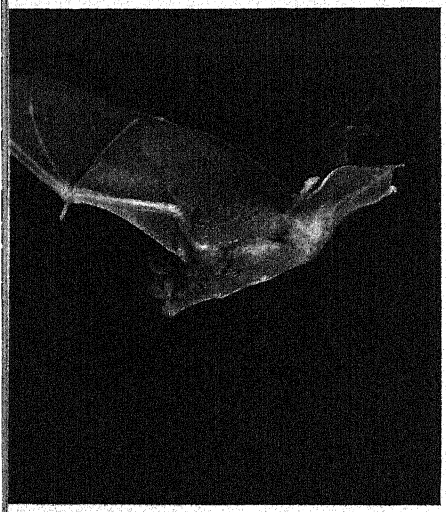
The kingdom of beasts is roughly divided into four general categories: those most active by day (diurnal), by night (nocturnal), in twilight hours (crepuscular), and a few opportunists that work both day and night shifts intermittently (arhythmic). The division probably started ages ago when certain simple, preyed-upon creatures learned to feed and move about in the dark, a safer environment than the daytime.

Today two-thirds of the world's mammals are nocturnal. Anyone who stands outdoors in the dark, listening to the countryside, knows that more goes on by night than by day. And in the darkness many mammals, birds and reptiles find their way about through senses and abilities baffling even to scientists.



The fennec fox, whose large pointed ears are sensitive even to the breathing of other animals as it hunts by night

The eyes of the more highly developed denizens of darkness, for instance, contain in the retina a plethora of rods, or nerve cells, that



S. C. BISSEROT

A Noctule bat photographed flying in the wild after dark

are extremely sensitive to dim light, and a special membrane behind the retina that reflects light back on to it, giving it a "double dose." Experiments indicate that owls can see a white mouse on dark soil in what is probably less than one millionth of a foot-candlepower of light.

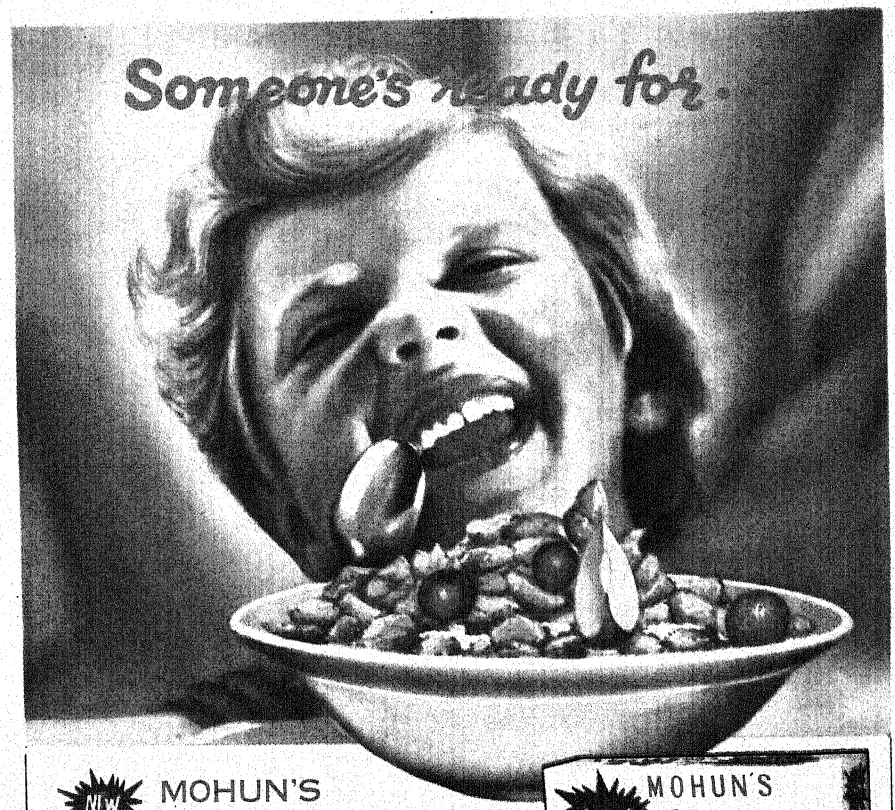
Many snakes and lizards, in darting around, use a sense that is a combination of taste and smell. Forked tongues, flashing, pick up particles of dust, gas and chemicals and insert them into two holes in the roof of their mouths. The organs there guide the animals through the darkness with unerring accuracy; quite literally, they follow the "flavours" of the night.

All the pit vipers, including rattlesnakes and copperheads, can "see" heat in the dark. Two pits in the snake's head contain organs that record the heat which all warm-blooded animals emit. Using these cells, the snake can actually focus on objects—and certain species have such depth perception with this "sight" that they are able to strike in the dark with the accuracy of a hawk by day.

But the night is not all stalking and killing. Much of the time is spent in play. A pair of hog badgers in the Moonlight World can be seen mock-wrestling with each other; mice and hamsters scuttle happily round their glass-fronted, cut-away warrens, then emerge cautiously above ground, just like their wild counterparts. Two brush-tailed kangaroo rats have their own solution to the accommodation problem: they can use their long tails to carry around bundles of bedding.

Courtships in the night are also intriguing. The male garden spider woos the female out of her web on to a "mating thread" with a series of tugs and tweaks on her lines. If she does not indicate acceptance, he dashes away before she tries to eat him. Male British common toads leap vigorously on almost any toad that moves near by. If the jumped-on toad croaks the jumper departs, for only the male toad will object when seized.

Just as zoo-goers are seeing the night rolled back, so are naturalists in the wild. Zoologist H. N. Southern used a torch masked with red

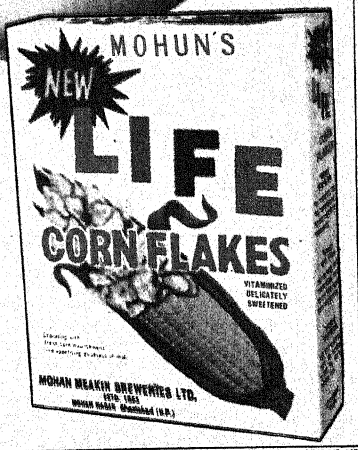


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cellophane to study mice feeding after dark on a pile of oats in a Berkshire wood. The "red-blind" mice—normally such creatures of darkness that even moonlight keeps them in their holes—completely ignored the torchlight as they scuttled to the food.

Even suburban back gardens yield endlessly fascinating glimpses of night creatures. You can attract them with bait: oats for mice, milk for hedgehogs, bread for crickets, honey for badgers. Switch on a red-masked torch—the eyes of most nocturnal animals do not respond to red light—and wait quietly. Soon, creatures will come slipping out of the darkness.

When amateur bat enthusiast Andrew Watson wanted to watch bats at night roosting in barns near his Basingstoke home, he made his own infra-red telescope to penetrate the pitch-darkness.

"I've used the telescope to watch bats in a barn operating a crèche system," he says. "At night the adults collect the babies together in a cluster and leave them hanging in the barn's rafters while they fly off in search of food."

Alone in a deserted barn, quietly observing the nocturnal comings and goings of his bats, Andrew Watson is one of a growing number of people to fall under the spell of the night's creatures. In the past, their world was rarely entered by diurnal human beings. Now, in zoos or in the wild, more and more watchers are discovering its magic.

ADAPTED FROM AN ARTICLE BY JEAN GEORGE IN OUTDOOR WORLD

Tent Flaps

A MAN describes his wife on a camping trip: "When she screams, I never know whether to grab my rifle or a fly swat." —Bette McElroy

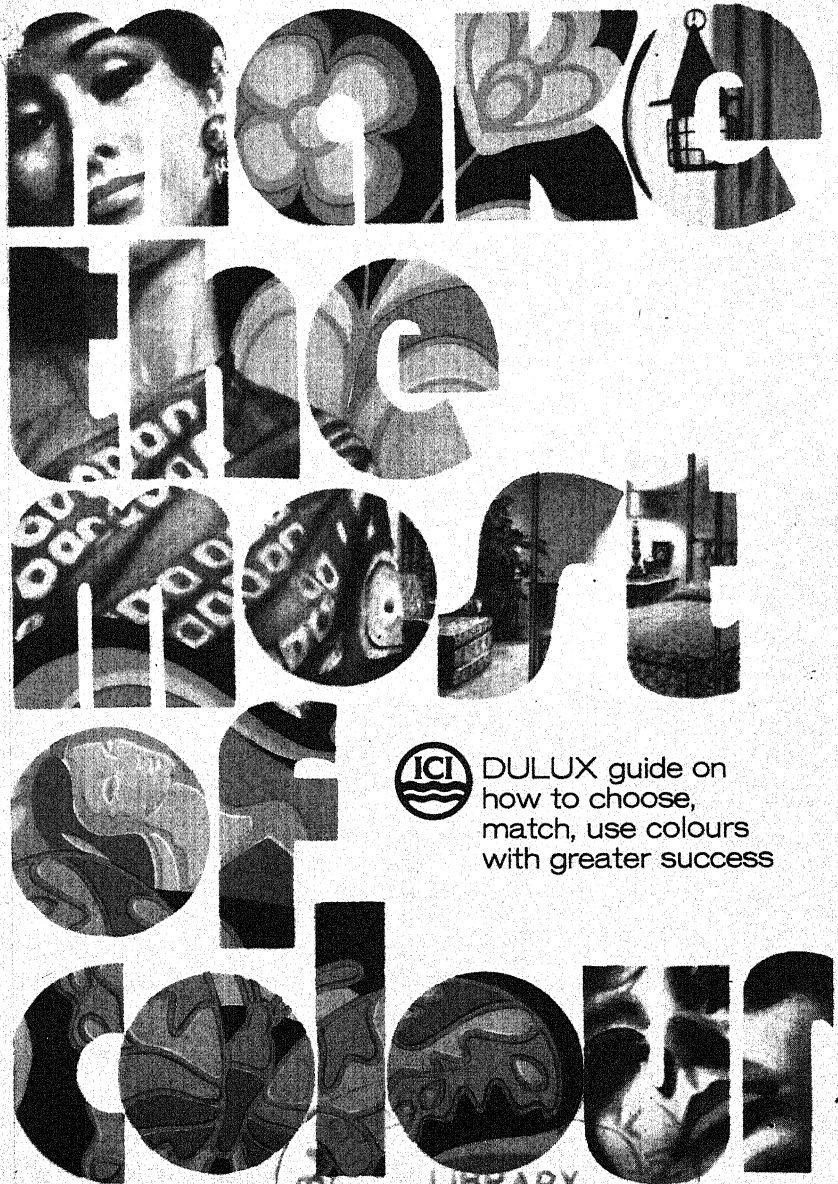
I'VE MADE a valiant effort to enjoy camping, but after I had complained to my husband of another sleepless night curled around rocks, fighting claustrophobia and trying to keep our sons covered, he shook his head and said, "We'll never make a camper out of you."

"But I *love* camping," I protested, "except for the sleeping!"

"Darling," he said sadly, "without the sleeping it's called a picnic."

—Judith Colvin

DURING the long drive home from a week-end camping expedition, my bride broke the weary silence by announcing flatly: "I hope you're not going to ask me what I'm thinking about, because I don't know how I'm going to explain that I was thinking about what to say if you asked me what I was thinking about." —Robert Spain



ICI DULUX guide on how to choose, match, use colours with greater success

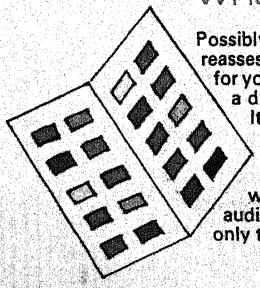
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Colour it happy— get to know what colour can do



Possibly the first step in successful colour planning is to reassess your beliefs about colour. Knowing what it can do for you, to you, and to each other, helps. Colour gives you a dramatic, vibrant, bold background or a serene one. It can make a house bright and airy, or rich and heavy, casual or formal—exactly as you want. Whatever scheme you ultimately choose, remember, it must match your personality. You must feel happy living with it. Colours that might look good in an imposing auditorium foyer will look gaudy in a small flat. It is not only the combination that matters, it is where you use it, why, and what mood it creates.

TO BLAZES WITH WINTER!

By Russell Baker

Family and fireside—what more could a man want?

What is so sweet as the first cold night of winter? Outside, the temperature has fallen; inside, a great fire crackles merrily in the fireplace. How it makes the heart leap as it springs to life at the first touch of a match! One settles into the great armchair by the hearth, anticipating a pleasant bout of self-satisfaction and blessing-counting, and the first distraction intrudes.

What is this? The great armchair by the hearth is covered with cat hairs. "Why is everything in the house covered with cat hairs?"

"Everything in the house is *not* covered with cat hairs. Merely the great armchair by the hearth. Why don't you sit on the sofa?"

The fact is that sitting on the sofa when there is a great fire crackling in the fireplace is not the best way to get the most out of the first cold night of winter. Still, nobody can have everything. The sofa it is.

But something more is needed to extract the utmost pleasure from the situation. What more fitting than a glass of beer?

"Why is there never any beer in the house?" The question is not spoken aloud, because the answer is inevitable: "Those who want beer

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can go to the shop and get it." Little poisons are beginning to sap the zest from the evening.

Then, despair. The crackling fire is losing its crackle.

"Fire's going out, Dad."

"The fire is not going out. It's just that the kindling has burnt down."

And yet—and yet. Yes, the fire is going out. The kindling is gone, and the logs just sit there, cold and sullen.

"Wood's too green, Dad. That man sold you unseasoned wood."

"How would you like to go to the shop and get some beer, boy?"

"On a night as cold as this? You're joking."

"Then be quiet. I'll show you how to fan a fire back to life."

Crouched, nose in the fireplace, blow until the wood starts to glow. Blow too hard and the ash of newspaper and kindling whirls up, flies backwards, lands on face and rug.

"I don't see what everybody's laughing about!"

"Why don't you go and wash your face while I clean the rug?"

The first cold night of winter is turning out to be just another first cold night of winter. After a wash, back to the drawing-room, brain swimming with visions of first-cold-night cosy-family-all-together feelings. Not a chance.

"You'll have to go outside and get the cat down out of the pear tree, or she'll freeze to death." Scaling the tree in my overcoat, getting clawed by the cat, ripping a hole in the overcoat—that's my cosy evening.

"You don't have to sit around looking miserable all evening just because you've torn your overcoat." The cat settles into the great armchair by the hearth, full of reproach. "Why did you let the fire go out?" she is thinking, and sheds a few hairs out of pure malice.

The children hate the sense of despair that oozes off evenings like this. "Dad, I'll go and get some beer for you."

"Never mind, son. Daddy's decided to have a little gin instead."

"Oh, surely not gin, darling! It can't be that bad."

But it is. In the gloom one becomes aware of an expensive rumble elsewhere in the house. The boiler is alight. And it's burning fuel at a rate that would depress even a multi-millionaire.

Rover and Out

My uncle's black-and-white spaniel took great interest in the first Apollo space flight. Every few minutes he'd run eagerly towards the television set, look underneath and behind it, and then trot back to sit at his master's feet.

It took us some time to realize that the exploratory missions of Roger, the spaniel, were in answer to the oft-repeated "Roger" in the astronauts' exchanges with Earth.

—Mrs. S. B. Bennett

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When Faced With Grief

By Max Wylie

In 1963, American writer Max Wylie was happily married, the father of two bright young women. Then tragedy struck. His daughter Janice, 21, and her flat-mate were murdered by an intruder. In 1968, Wylie's wife died of cancer; his daughter Pamela, 30, died of pneumonia. Wylie tells what he has learned about living with overwhelming misfortune

"If you come to the end of your rope," someone once advised, "tie a knot in it and hang on."

This suggestion is another way of saying that life must be lived. Morally, you have no choice but to go on, no matter what your circumstances. Socially, your obligation is stronger still. Even if there seems to be no reason to go on living, you cannot repudiate your connexion to those about you. Call it love, sympathy, concern or involvement, your tie to the rest of mankind can never be cut.

To retreat into oneself is a common response in the face of misfortune. But the more a man is preoccupied with himself, the more he diminishes himself. If he becomes totally self-immersed, he becomes totally reduced and is nothing. He is blocking his own way to any form of happiness, to any plane of sanity.

Immediately after a loss, when the shock is most acute, there isn't much one can do. No one, when stranded by sudden loss, will believe that time heals. All you can do is stand still and hurt, insensitive to all pain but your own.

But if you want to get your nerve back after any disabling catastrophe —whether it's job loss, crippling illness, death in the family, an agonizing divorce, betrayal, rejection or sudden loss of normal powers— there are certain affirmatives to remember. However formidable your situation, you are not alone in it. You are not the first to go through it. Many others are in it with you, right this minute. Misfortune is the

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only true international currency the world has ever had.

The day after my younger daughter was murdered in New York City, I learned by cable that my oldest friend had suddenly died in London, that his widow was returning with his ashes and wished me to serve as a pallbearer. For some hours, the meaning of the telegram didn't even register. But before the day was over I began dimly to see the widow's hurt bewilderment, perhaps some of the intense confusion running through the family. Though hardly at a conscious level, I answered the cable, "Yes"—but I did not truly believe I could manage the ordeal of those two funeral services in the space of two days.

Now, in retrospect, I know that I learned something of value. Some of your own grief departs when you take on that of another. It becomes a bit more bearable. Your own pain will never entirely go away, but a true sharing of the perplexities of someone else will do much to push aside the monopolizing and suffocating fog of great personal loss.

In the course of months, I found that the more you can be concerned with the harsh condition of another, the less you will be concerned about your own. Today I find myself involved once again with other people. My focus on life began to clear as soon as I turned my back, not on memory, but on despair. The tide of grief turned when I began thinking not about the matter and manner of death, but about the matter and manner of life.

Our family was so intensely alive during the days we were together that my mind is today flooded with a thousand recollected triumphs my daughters secured for themselves as they grew toward maturity. I refer to the invisible, quiet triumphs of development, the tiny but tremendous victories that came to them after long practice, or hard study: conquest of fear; conquest of algebra; discovery of poetry, rhythm, natural beauty, and of the world's variety, fascination and torment. And I think it is equally important to remember the fun. Few families ever had more spontaneous laughter than the Wylies.

To those people fortunate enough to be surrounded by those they love most, I would like to put this question: Right now, in your every speech and action, *what kind of memories are you building?* It is the quiet, day-by-day interchange that makes the richest part of all living. Right now, day by day, it is you who fill the well you must draw on when alone.

If the sight and sounds of old surroundings—familiar possessions, faces, voices, shops, restaurants—keep alive a painful aura of memories, move out. When there was no one left of my family, I closed the New York City flat and moved 130 kilometres away. Now I live and do my writing in a country community. I believe that the sudden change,

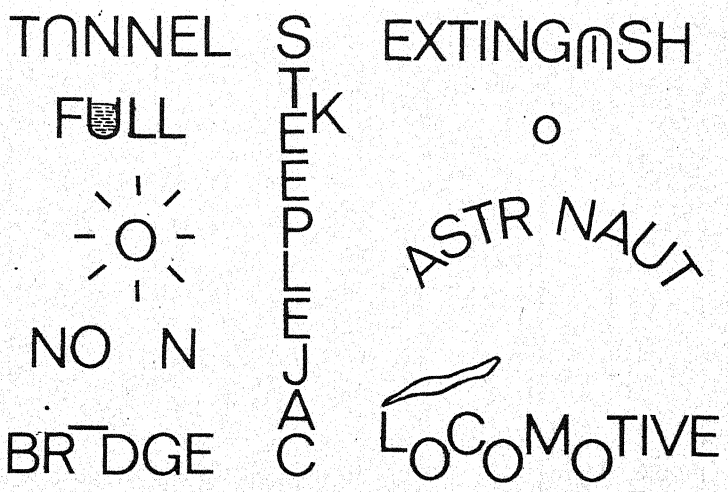
after 30 years of living in a large city, to the quiet and stunning beauty of my new country home, with new faces, new problems, new demands, new sounds and odours, is having an affirmative and healing effect.

I get up early. I go to bed early. A wedge of wild Canadian geese which have adopted a near-by lake wake me each morning as they fly over my house, honking their way in. I watch their landing on the lake outside my window, see them begin to arrange their day. I get up and begin to arrange my own.

It is imperative to keep busy, to give your best to your work and friendships. It is important to keep expanding the range and variety of your acquaintances. A passage in the theologian, Paul Tillich's, book *The Courage to Be* illustrates the point: "When the Roman Stoic experienced catastrophes, he took them with the courage of resignation. But the present day man, after he has lost the foundations of his existence, works for new foundations."

One thing more: forget about the day's small accidents. I've read some useful advice about this: "Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in. Forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day."

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—P. A. Hiscox, Toronto, Canada



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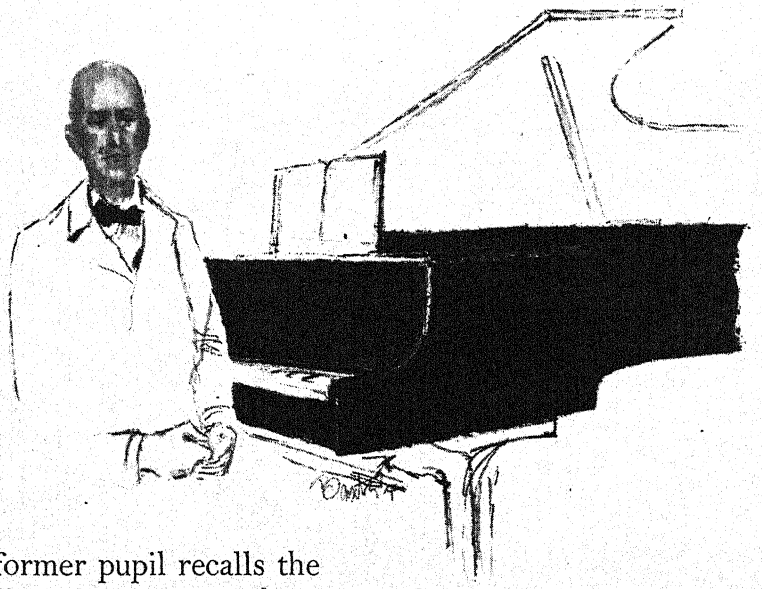
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Unforgettable Manuel de Falla

By Ernesto Halffter



A former pupil recalls the dedicated composer who captured and communicated the spirit of his native land

Sitting in his garden in Granada, Southern Spain, his ascetic face seemingly carved in marble, Manuel de Falla studied the score I had just brought him. I held my breath, praying that he would like it.

"This is good, Ernesto," the great composer said when he finally looked up. "If you believe it is the best you can do, there is nothing more to say. But if you think you can improve it, then it needs more work. Anything that can be improved is not finished." That was the creed by which he lived—the man I believe to be Spain's greatest contribution to the arts since Goya.

He would labour tirelessly on each composition. He always sat erect at his piano, as impeccably dressed as if he were in a concert hall, while

he tested notes, chords, combinations of sounds for the precise effect he sought. There were times when he struggled for hours until his fingertips cracked and began to bleed. Then his sister, María del Carmen, would hurry into the room, carrying bandages, scolding him for not taking better care of himself.

When I first met Manuel de Falla (pronounced Manwell day Fie-ya) he was, at 45, already world-famous. I was only 16, and to me he was an Olympian figure. I no more expected to meet him than to be summoned to appear before the Pope.

It happened that I had composed a few short pieces which had been played in Madrid. They had been heard by Adolfo Salazar, music critic of *El Sol* and a friend of my family. One evening Salazar came rushing to our home. He showed me a copy of one of my compositions on which was written, *"A fine talent. Manuel de Falla."*

Salazar said: "The Maestro came to Madrid to hear a performance of his works. I took the liberty of sending him this, and he wants to see you!"

When I went to call on Falla at his hotel, I was shaking. But he greeted me with the same politeness and cordiality he would have shown a contemporary.

At his request, I told him about my ambitions, and about my parents who were sceptical about the future of a musical career. When I had finished Falla said: "What I have seen of your work is impressive, but you require study. You will hear from me."

Strict Tempo. Within a few weeks I was climbing the hilly streets of Granada. Falla's villa was modest and small, set inside a walled garden. I found Falla seated between a tall cypress and an acacia, his favourite spot, working on a score. When polite preliminaries were over, he gave his instructions. "You will be here every morning at nine," he said. "You will take your meals with us, and be prepared to study every day till midnight."

I stared. "From nine in the morning till *midnight,* Maestro?"

"If you want to succeed you will have to devote every waking hour to work."

As he had warned me, our daily timetable was severe and it rarely changed. When I arrived in the mornings I would have to "analyse" the works of great composers. I sat at a little corner desk in the room where his piano was. His sister would bring me coffee, but of Falla there was never a sign until he was shaved, completely dressed, and finished with breakfast. I never knew him to utter a word to anyone, not even to his sister, until he

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ERNESTO HALFFTER, an established composer in his own right, is founder and former head of the Seville Conservatory, Honorary Director of the Madrid Symphony Orchestra, Musical Consultant to the Spanish Television System, Director of the Bética Chamber Orchestra founded by Falla and the Maestro's only disciple.

had swallowed his morning coffee.

Then we would stroll together in the Alhambra park, while I reported the results of my morning's analysis. His slight, aristocratic figure was always erect, his eyes bright and attentive. When he agreed with my findings, he nodded. If he felt I had not gone far enough in my analysis of, say, a Beethoven sonata, he suggested that I look again at this or that passage.

With every passing day I came to have greater respect for his knowledge of the laws that govern composition, of the part every instrument can play to enrich an orchestra's brilliance. One day, commenting on a difficult passage I had written for the bassoon in my *Sinfonietta,* Falla said: "You will be disappointed, because only a *French* bassoon could play the part as you see it. The Spanish bassoon has a different capacity." He had a studied, logical reason for every note and every musical direction he ever wrote; and he tried to impart to people of my generation the same principle—to know our craft thoroughly.

Obvious Talent. Manuel María de Falla y Mathieu was born in Cádiz in 1876. His first piano teacher was his mother, and from childhood he showed such promise that his family decided to send him to Madrid to study at the Conservatory. There, composer and musicologist Felipe Pedrell showed him the beauty, the passion and the power of Spain's traditional music and Falla captured its essence as no other man could. Everything he wrote was rich with the spirit of Spain.

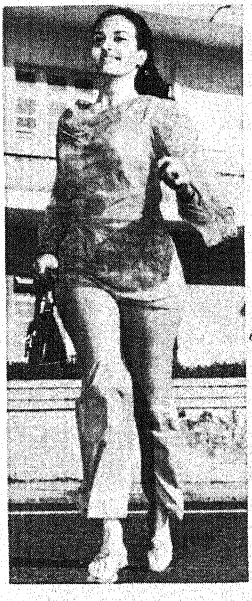
In 1904, when he was 28, the Royal Academy of Fine Arts announced a contest for "the best lyric drama submitted by a Spanish composer." Falla worked night and day composing music to a libretto called *La Vida Breve* (The Short Life), written by his friend Carlos Fernández Shaw. Completed in just one year, his opera won the contest. Shortly after this triumph, he entered and won a national competition for the Ortiz y Cussé prize for the most outstanding young pianist in Spain.

The quick fame won him several pupils in Madrid and two years later he had saved enough to gratify the ambition of every artist of his day, a visit to Paris. Falla's "visit" lasted seven years!

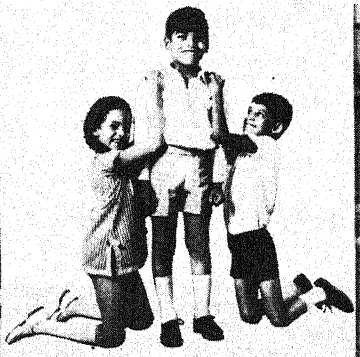
Musical Variations. During that period, inspired by men who were composing many of the masterpieces of their age—Debussy, Dukas, Albeniz, Ravel—he created operas, ballets, orchestral compositions, chamber music. At the same time, his fame as a concert pianist kept pace with his success as a composer. And, too, within a single year, he had the pleasure of seeing *La Vida Breve* staged twice—in Nice and at the Paris Opéra Comique.

Yet he remained unspoiled by success. For him the important thing was to learn, to work, to create, and

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JUST ONE VIMGRAN BUILDS YOU UP FOR THE DAY

years later he would still consider his time in Paris as the best education of his life.

In 1914, when France plunged into the First World War, Falla returned to his native land. His Paris friends often came to see him and the little Pleyel upright piano sang under the fingers of the world's leading virtuosi. One afternoon Artur Rubinstein sat at that piano, fingers idly running over the keys. He was to give a recital in Granada that evening. Suddenly he turned to the Maestro.

"I know you are planning to come to my concert," he said. "I want you to promise to leave before the second half."

Falla looked stunned. "But you are devoting the second half to my *Fire Dance!*"

"Exactly. But I take a number of liberties when I play it and you might not like the result."

Performer's Privilege. Rubinstein had touched on a profound truth. While Falla knew—indeed, defended the fact—that every artist must be allowed to express his own emotions, he liked to hear his music played as he had originally heard it in his own heart and mind and it pained him to listen to deviations.

The two musical giants looked at each other in silence for a long moment, each respecting and understanding the other. In the end Falla nodded: "I will leave."

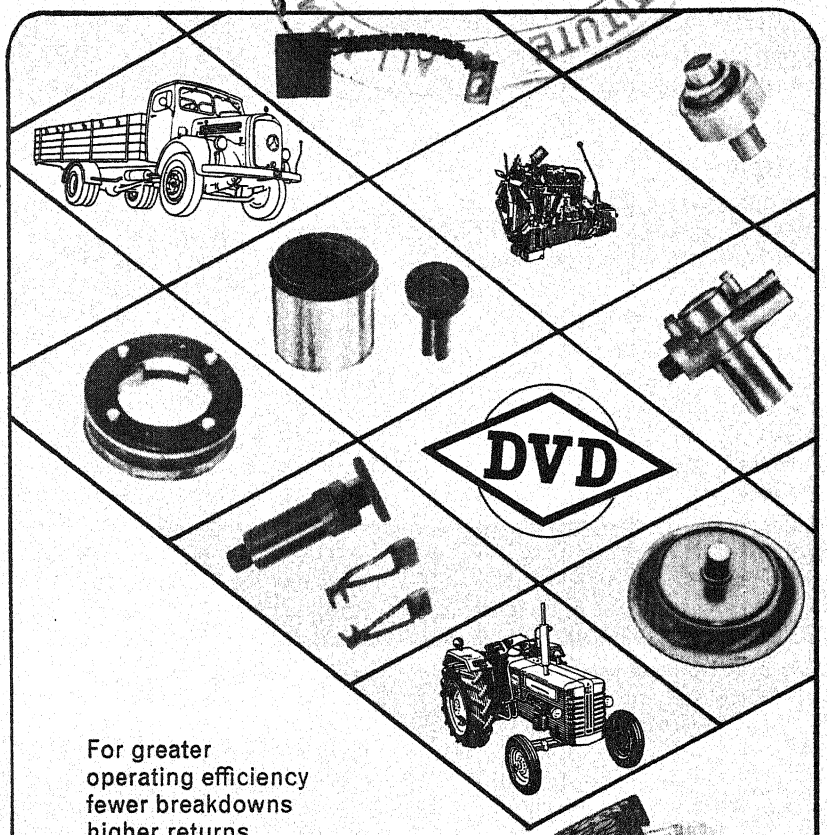
The Maestro would have liked to spend all his time in the tranquillity of his house and garden, but he was constantly being invited to conduct orchestras and give recitals of his own works at Falla Festivals all over Spain as well as in London, Paris, Vienna, and many other cities. He was also overwhelmed by requests for compositions. In the years between 1914 and 1921 he produced a number of his most famous compositions, including *The Three Cornered Hat* and *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*. Indeed, the period was staggering in its productivity. He worked at his little piano day after day, late into the nights.

But always on Sunday afternoons he rested. That was when one of his closest friends, Spain's brilliant young poet, García Lorca, came to the garden for a glass of wine and an hour or two of conversation. Their talk, ranging over art, poetry, politics, astonished me in its revelations of Falla's wide interests.

In 1926, Falla discovered Jacinto Verdaguer's epic poem, *L'Atlántida*—the story of the lost Atlantis, of Columbus' discovery of a new world beyond the sea. I can never forget the flames in his black eyes the day he said, "Ernesto, I shall compose *L'Atlántida!*"

A dream Falla had long cherished of creating something that would rank as his life's masterpiece was finally becoming a reality. I had never before seen him so enthusiastic. According to his design, the tremendous project would involve a full orchestra as well as a chamber

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group. It would require a wide complement of vocal soloists as well as two complete choirs, one composed of adults, the second of children.*

Engrossed in *L'Atlántida,* Manuel de Falla was happier than he had ever been before. But his happiness was soon shattered by two terrible blows. The first was the painful illness, later diagnosed as bone tuberculosis, that was to leave him physically incapacitated for the rest of his life. Yet he went on working.

Sound of Gunfire. The second tragedy occurred during the Spanish Civil War. By that time Falla was able to walk again. He would limp about the garden, aided by a cane, wincing every time he heard shots in the streets of Granada far below. For the first time in his life he had no desire to compose.

One day in 1936 Falla received the shocking news that his close friend García Lorca had been arrested. Falla set out, white-faced, to protest to the Governor. The official listened in silence while Falla demanded and pleaded that Lorca be released, then told him the terrible truth: Lorca had been shot that very morning. No one knew who had given the order.

Falla went home and wept for Lorca and for Spain, his spirit broken. When, in 1939, he received an invitation to conduct a festival of his works in Argentina, he seized the chance as he might have welcomed any escape from a world gone mad. To him, Buenos Aires was a haven of peace.

María del Carmen went with him and they settled in a lovely small house in Alta Gracia de Córdoba where, amid tranquil surroundings and flowers, Falla was able to work again. He became completely absorbed in *L'Atlántida* and continued to work on it until his death.

On a November evening in 1946 —exactly seven years after his arrival in Argentina—Falla was on his way to bed when he turned to his sister.

"María," he said, "could we pray a little more than usual tonight? I feel I need it."

And that night, in his seventieth year, Manuel de Falla died.

Fitting Tribute. His body was brought back in state on a Spanish warship, and the nation honoured him with a great funeral. The Pope made it possible for him to be buried in the Cathedral of Cádiz, reserved only for clerical dignitaries, by designating him "The Beloved Son of the Church."

To all of mankind Manuel de Falla left a heritage beyond price—a wealth of music that revealed not only the richness of *his* soul but the glowing spirit of all Spain.

* Unfinished at Falla's death, *L'Atlántida* was completed by Ernesto Halffter and staged in 1962 at Milan's La Scala Opera House.

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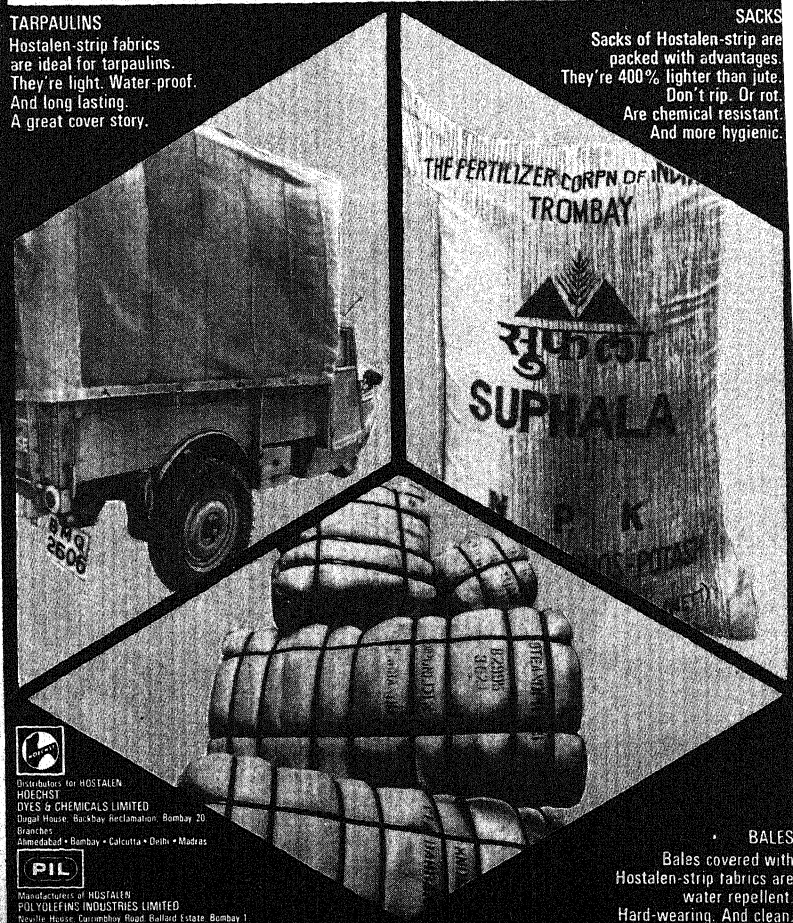
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The Christmas Present

It was a kind of magic, the old woman told the boy. And indeed it was: her gift would illuminate a great novelist's life



By James Michener

When I was a boy of nine, I used to mow the lawn of an elderly lady named Mrs. Long. She paid me very little for the chore for she had not much money. But she did promise me, "When Christmas comes I shall have a present for you." And she said this with such enthusiasm that I felt assured the present would be magnificent.

I spent much time wondering what it would be. The boys I played with had baseball gloves and bicycles and ice skates, and I was so eager to acquire any one of these that I convinced myself that my benefactor intended choosing from among them.

"It would hardly be a baseball glove," I reasoned with myself. "A woman like Mrs. Long wouldn't know much about baseball." Since she was a frail little person I also ruled out the bicycle, for how could she handle such a contraption?

On my last Saturday at work Mrs. Long said, "Now remember, because you've been a good boy all summer, at Christmas I'll have a

present waiting. You come to the door and collect it." These words clinched it. Since she was going to have the present in her house, and since she herself would be handling it, unquestionably she was giving me a pair of ice skates.

So convinced of this I became that I could see the skates and imagine myself upon them. As Christmas approached, it was with difficulty that I restrained myself from reporting to Mrs. Long and demanding my present.

On December 21, a serious cold spell froze all the ponds so that boys who already had ice skates were able to use them, and my longing to possess mine, even though I could not open the package for a few days, became overpowering. On the 22nd I could restrain myself no longer. I presented myself at the door of the house whose lawn I had tended all summer and said, "I've come for my present, Mrs. Long."

"I've been waiting for you," she said, leading me into her parlour, its windows heavy with purple velvet. She sat me in a chair, disappeared to another room, and in a moment stood before me holding a package which under no conceivable circumstances could hold a baseball glove or a bicycle or even a pair of skates. I was painfully disappointed but so far as I can recall did not show it, because during the week my advisers at home had warned repeatedly, "Whatever she has for you, take it graciously and say thank you."

What she had was an ordinary parcel about 25 centimetres wide, 30 centimetres long and no more than a centimetre thick. As Mrs. Long held it in her frail hands, curiosity replaced my initial disappointment, and when I lifted it from her the extreme lightness of the gift quite captivated me. It weighed almost nothing.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You'll see on Christmas Day."

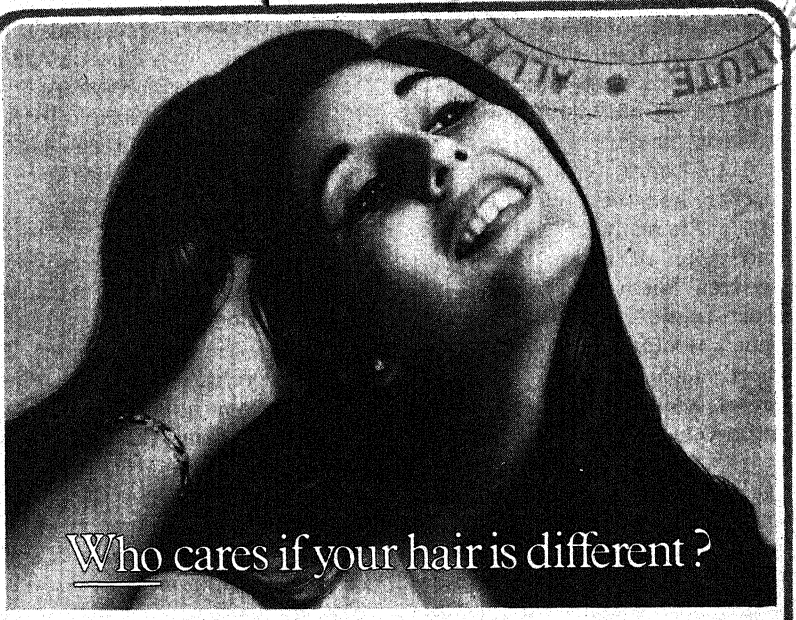
I shook it. Nothing rattled, but I thought I did catch a sound of some sort—a quiet, muffled sound that was somehow familiar but unidentifiable. "What is it?" I asked again.

"A kind of magic," Mrs. Long said, and that was all.

Her words were enough to set my mind dancing with new possibilities, so that by the time I reached home I had convinced myself that I held some great wonder. "She gave me a magician's set. I'll turn jugs of milk into rabbits."

On Christmas morning, before the sun was up, I had this box on my knees, tearing at the re-used coloured string which bound it. Soon the wrapping paper was off and in my lap lay a flat box.

With great excitement I opened its hinged lid to find inside a shimmering pile of ten flimsy sheets of black paper, each labelled in iridescent letters, Carbon Paper Regal Premium. Of the four words I knew only the second, and what it signified in this context I could not guess. Vaguely I remembered that the



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present had something to do with magic, and with this word on my lips I turned to the elders who had watched me unwrapping my gift.

"Is it magic?" I asked.

Aunt Laura, who was a schoolteacher, had the presence of mind to say, "It really is!" And she took two pieces of white paper, placed between them one of the black sheets from the box and, with a hard pencil, wrote my name on the upper sheet. Then, removing it and the carbon paper, she handed me the second sheet, which her pencil had in no way touched.

There was my name! It was clean, and very dark, and well formed and as beautiful as Christmas Day itself.

I was enthralled! This was indeed magic . . . of the greatest dimension. That a pencil could write on one piece of paper and mysteriously record on another was a miracle which was so gratifying to my childish mind that I can honestly say that in that one moment, in the dark of Christmas morning, I understood as much about printing, and the duplication of words, and the fundamental mystery of disseminating ideas as I have learnt in the remaining half-century of my life.

I wrote and wrote, using up whole tablets until I had ground off the last shred of blackness from the ten sheets of carbon paper. It was the most enchanting Christmas present a boy like me could have had. It was exactly the present I needed and it reached me at precisely that Christmas when I was best able to comprehend it. Because it enabled me to learn something about the reproduction of words, it opened vast portals of imagination.

I have received some pretty thundering Christmas presents since then, but none that ever came close to the magnificence of this one. The average present merely gratifies a temporary yearning, as the ice skates would have done; the great present illuminates all the years of life that remain.

It was not until some years later that I realized that the ten sheets of carbon paper which Mrs. Long gave me had cost her nothing. She had used them for her purposes and would normally have thrown them away, except that she had had the ingenuity to guess that a boy might profit from a present totally outside the realm of his ordinary experience. Although she had spent no money on me, she had spent something infinitely more valuable: imagination.

I hope that this year some boys and girls will receive, from thoughtful adults who really love them, gifts which will jolt them out of all they have known. It is such gifts—usually costing little—that transform a life and lend it an impetus that may continue for decades.

HURRY up and do today what you have to do today. There may be a law against it tomorrow. —A. I.



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A legendary hero crusades for today's cause: conservation

THE RETURN OF CHARLES LINDBERGH

By Alden Whitman

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Dressed in khaki shirt and trousers, the clean-shaven, pleasant-countenanced man was sitting in the sweet Hawaiian air, talking to a small group of conservationists and reporters. A horseshoe of silvery-grey hair fringed his head, but his face was hardly creased, save for some wrinkles at the outer corners of his blue eyes. Speaking in a near-flat voice, he was advocating a 2,000-hectare extension of the Haleakala National Park on the Hawaiian island of Maui. His words were not especially remarkable, but the speaker was.

Out of the public eye through his own choice for the last 25 years, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, at 69, is breaking his ban on personal publicity to speak out for a new cause: conservation.

Lindbergh has been flying over his own country almost ceaselessly since 1922—as a barn-stormer, mail pilot, adviser to the military, and consultant to an airline.

"Few men have seen with their own eyes, as I have in the last 50 years, the serious breakdown—catastrophic in some instances—of America's land surface," he says. "I have seen the fences enclosing once-open land. I have seen bird and animal life disappear. I have seen forestland converted to agriculture, farmland in turn become city suburbs, mountains slashed through by motorways, rivers and lakes fouled by pollution, the skies hazed by smog—all evidence

of human thoughtlessness about the environment."

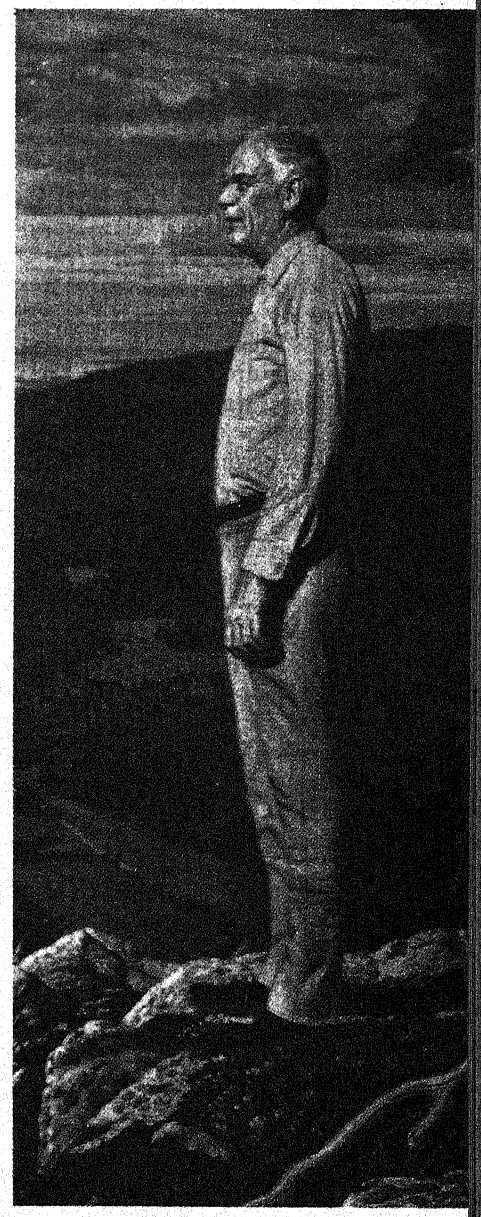
Early this year, Lindbergh undertook an intensive two-week journey with this reporter, from the U.S. East Coast to Hawaii, to point out some of the damage he has witnessed; to meet local conservationists along the way and become acquainted first-hand with their problems.

Throughout the trip, Lindbergh continually emphasized that he is against stopping civilization in its tracks and stepping backwards into some pastoral Eden.

"We must use our natural resources, balancing their use against availability and future needs," he said. "Some resources—oil and minerals and most soil, for example—are not renewable, and we have to mete them out carefully; others—our forests and game animals—can be renewed if we don't exhaust them. The pre-eminent task is one of balance.

"Our ideals, laws and customs should be based on the proposition that each generation, in turn, becomes the custodian rather than the absolute owner of our resources—and each generation has the obligation to pass this inheritance on to the future."

An understanding of Lindbergh the conservationist begins with knowing something of his attachment to the farm that was his childhood home. "I was brought up very close to nature," Lindbergh recalls. "I remember my father telling me



stories of his youth, when the woods were full of animals and the skies were 'black with ducks.' Of course, even in my boyhood, this wasn't so, and I've always felt how quickly —within a generation—the game animals disappeared."

His youth was filled with wonders, dreams and feats of mechanical ingenuity. He decided that more than anything else he wanted to be an aviator. "I remember lying in the grass, looking up at the clouds," he told me, "and thinking how much fun it would be to fly up there. I didn't think of the hazards—I was just interested in getting up there in those clouds."

But he was also torn by a strong yearning to go to Alaska, a temptingly wild frontier and the site of the legendary Gold Rush in the late 1890s. Rich gold discoveries in the Klondike region of the Yukon territories fired the imagination of the entire world. Hordes of prospectors passed through Canada on their way to the Klondike in search of quick riches. From the Yukon fields, the search spread rapidly into Alaska.

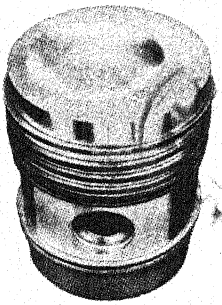
To reconcile these two objectives Lindbergh decided that he would first learn to fly, and then fly to Alaska. In 1920, when he was 18, he left the farm to study engineering at university for about a year and a half before starting his aviation career in 1922.

Then, as now, Lindbergh always acted from an inner imperative. Once set on a course of action, or an attitude, he is likely to hold to it obdurately. He recognizes this trait, saying, "I'm a stubborn Swede." It was an imperative, for example, that led him to attempt his epic transatlantic flight in 1927. He believed that such a solo flight ought to be made, and that he could succeed. Another imperative brought him to oppose U.S. entry into the Second World War—a conviction that Western civilization would be weakened, if not seriously impaired, by the conflict.

Fighting Fit. After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, Lindbergh stated he wanted "to contribute as best I can to my country's war effort." He became a consultant in aeroplane production—working primarily with B-24 bombers and the U.S. Navy Corsair fighter plane. To study them under battle conditions as well as to discuss with combat fliers the characteristics desired in the next generation of fighting aircraft, he went to the Pacific in 1944 —and, as a civilian, flew 50 missions against the Japanese.

After Germany's surrender early in 1945, Lindbergh, still a civilian, worked actively in military fields—as a consultant to the Secretary of the Air Force in Washington; in the reorganization of the Strategic Air Command; as a member of scientific ballistic-missile committees. He was commissioned a brigader-general in the U.S. Air Force Reserve, and he wrote *The Spirit of St.*

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Louis, an account of his New York-Paris flight.

Lindbergh wrote the book over 14 years in various parts of the world —a bit here, a piece there—before welding the whole together. Such a seemingly haphazard writing method is normal for him, for he is constantly travelling. An airline consultant for the last 43 years, he has been steadily on the go.

Today, the business of conservation accounts for much of his travelling. He is active in the World Wildlife Fund, the International Union for the Conservation of Nature, the Nature Conservancy and the Oceanic Foundation, a Pacific organization which promotes underseas conservation. President Nixon has appointed him to the Citizens Advisory Committee on Environmental Quality.

Lindbergh has long since fulfilled his early ambition of visiting Alaska and frequently returns there, exulting in its solitudes, its snow-drenched mountains, its animals. "Being relatively unexploited," he says, "Alaska has a grand opportunity before time runs out to enlarge her park space, save her wild rivers and protect her animals. Even modest efforts now will be repaid many times."

Here, as elsewhere, he made the point that parks and other preserves are for human protection, use and enjoyment—for recreation, camping, fishing, hunting. "I'm not against hunting," he went on, "so

long as endangered species are off limits and so long as the kill rate is kept below the reproduction rate."

For all his many activities, Lindbergh, a non-smoker and a non-drinker who has never had any but minor illnesses, is today in superb physical shape. One hundred and eighty-eight centimetres tall and weighing 84 kilograms, he can walk for thousands of metres over rough ground—which he often does on his son Land's Montana ranch.

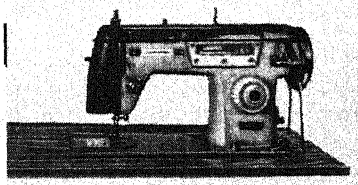
He seems indefatigable, with a capacity to drop off for short naps and wake up refreshed. It was calving time on the ranch when we were there, and the cattle were checked at two-hour intervals. Lindbergh insisted on taking the midnight watch and he seemed disappointed that no calves were born on his tour of duty.

Gentleman's Relish. A hearty eater, he polishes off whatever is given him, the plainer the better. Upon his arrival, Land's wife, Susan, baked and iced a sizeable chocolate cake. Before Lindbergh left, he ate more than half of it, washing the pieces down with draughts of cold, fresh ranch milk. He blended in well with family life, chatting with Land and Susan and with two of his grandchildren. He and his wife, writer Anne Morrow Lindbergh, have a total of ten grandchildren—six are the children of marine scientist Jon, while his daughter Anne, who lives in France, has two. (Reeve and her husband,

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Scott, who is studying in Europe, have no children.)

Though the adulation many feel for Lindbergh is almost tangible, when he flies commercially today he is rarely recognized. His ticket is made out to a pseudonym, and he registers under a pseudonym at hotels. He is known, of course, to airline personnel round the world, and often, at a captain's invitation, he goes to the flight deck where he chats with the crew about the performance of the aircraft, solicits suggestions and talks flying.

I listened one day while he matched flying yarns with Harlan Gurney, a retired airlines captain and a friend from the early 1920s when they barn-stormed together — stunting, wing-walking and parachute-jumping in flying circuses.

Talking of their dare-devilry of fifty years ago, they were looking out over the Los Angeles area from high up in the San Fernando hills. Lindbergh remarked sadly: "There you see Los Angeles, one vast protoplasmic mass of buildings, spilling out over the hills. Not so long ago—in 1927—it was a relatively small and beautiful city, with orange and grapefruit groves near by. Now it flows like lava into the canyons and on to the hills—megalopolis gone wild."

Lindbergh feels that to preserve his country's environment where it is satisfactory and to rebuild it where it is not is going to cost money—government money, certainly in the thousands of millions of dollars. "Few people value individual freedom more than I, but I have to say, reluctantly, that government must step in and monitor and guide how we use our environment. Individual volunteer action is grand—it should be encouraged—but it is not sufficient to meet national needs.

"Some say we can't afford it," he adds. "I think, though, our civilization is expanding so rapidly now that the alternative is disaster."

Sari—Read That Again

At a car repair shop in Madras—"Punctures made here."

At a cinema in Bangalore—"Patrons are requested to keep their counter parts with them till the end of the show."

At a shop in Delhi—"Ready-made garments made to order."

—Shankar's Weekly

The Last Word

A number of the old sayings make more sense if you just drop the last word. For instance: familiarity breeds; dead men don't; money is the root of all; fools rush in where angels fear to; beauty is only skin; hell hath no fury like a woman.

—Pipe Lines



Man's many moods reflected in the magnificence of colour

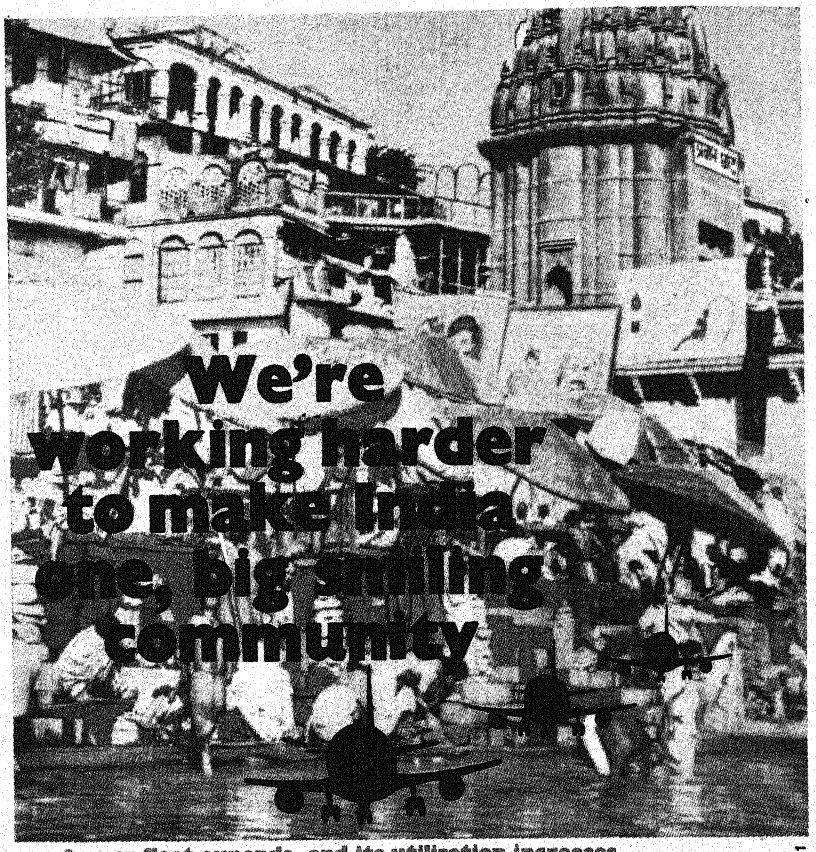
Archeological excavations at Mohenjo-Daro gave the world evidence of Man's first dyed fabric-a fragment of cotton-cloth blended in colour more than 5000 years ago. And as colour was added to Man's life his sensitivity knew no bounds. Red was the symbol of 'Suhag', Saffron the colour of spring season. Until as late as the 17th century A. D., Indians alone had mastered the complex art of cotton-dyeing. The spark had ignited. Now Man was poised to seek new fields to conquer.

What would he do next?

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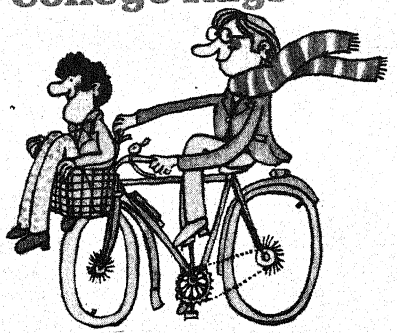
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College Rags



AT A student wedding, as the vicar asked the bride, "Do you take this man for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse?" I overheard one young girl whisper to another, "You know, I've never been too happy about those odds." —Louise Norris

MY MOTHER sent me long letters when I was at university which I didn't always answer immediately. In one letter she wrote: "I've enclosed a cheque for a new pair of shoes," but there was nothing in the envelope. I wrote back at length, ending with a carefully worded remark about her having forgotten to enclose the money.

Later, I received another letter mentioning a cheque for a shirt. There was no cheque. I replied that I didn't really need a new shirt.

Her next letter brought the answer to the puzzle: "Don't be annoyed, but I just wanted to hear from you once in a while." —S. Rosenstein

THE STATISTICS department in a university needed several pairs of dice for research. Since none were available, a purchase order for them was submitted. When it was turned down, the department resubmitted the order—this time requesting "multiple sets of cubic random-number generators." It was immediately authorized.

—Robert Coltrin

WORKING very hard for his Ph.D. in biology, my husband has little time for his family. I was impressed, therefor, when I heard him reading aloud to our two-year-old. Stealing a moment to listen, I heard him intoning: "Each zooid consists of two parts—the zooecium, or body wall, and the polypide, which can be retracted into the zooecium." —Elvie Fornshell

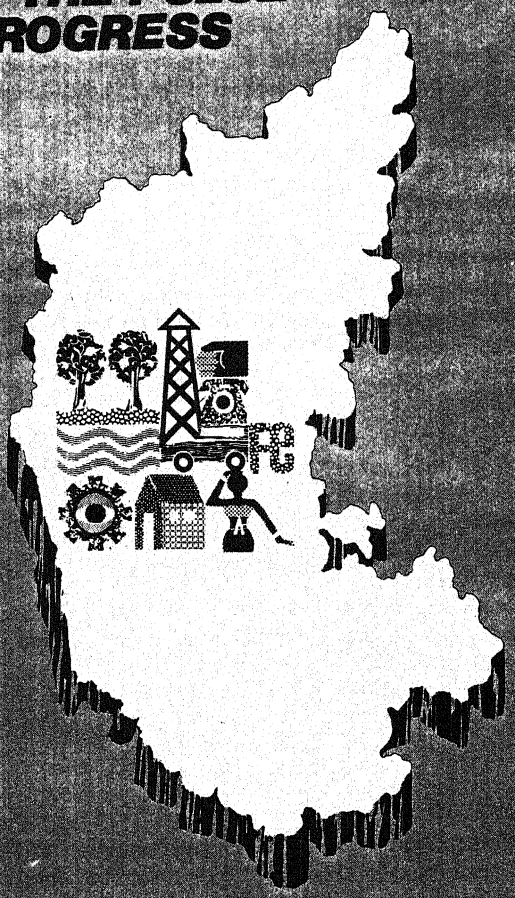
DURING term a friend of the family visited her son at university. When she arrived he told her that his room had been burgled the night before while he was out. To calm his horrified mother he added: "But don't worry, Mum, I was lucky—all my valuables are in my head!" —Rose Pflock

OPTOMETRY students at Indiana University called their spring dance "The Eye Ball." —Sharon Kopinski

STUDYING for my finals, I heard weird music coming from the room next door. When I entered I discovered my friend Mike with his ear to the record player. The cover from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony lay on the bed, and the record was racing along madly at 78 rpm instead of 33⅓. "Is something wrong with the record player?" I asked. Mike didn't move. "I'm cramming for music appreciation," he said. —James Medeiros

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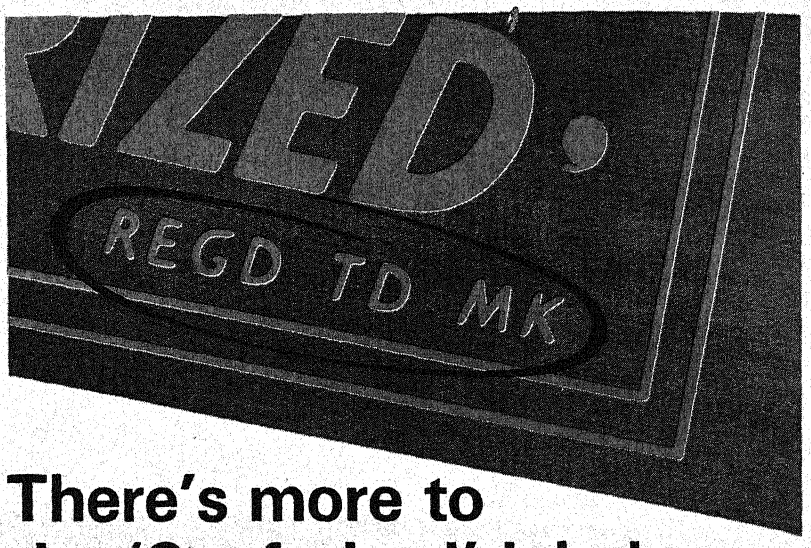
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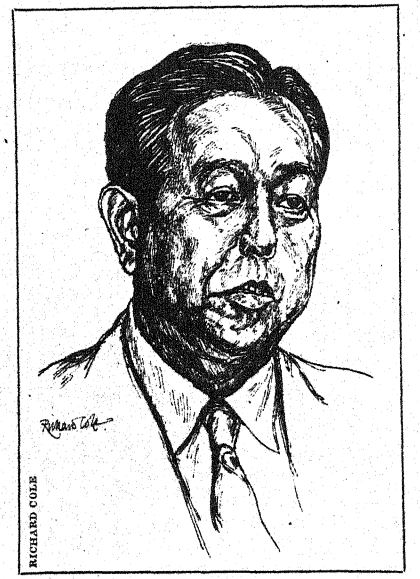
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The gentle, self-taught plastic surgeon has reconstructed the lives and bodies of hundreds of war victims

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Samaritan Surgeon of Hiroshima

By Leland Stowe

In decades of journalistic encounters across five continents I have met scores of illustrious people. But even among the most world-renowned, few remain as memorable as a self-taught Japanese plastic surgeon named Dr. Tomin Harada. With extremely limited equipment and despite a lack of specialized training in skin-grafting, he remoulded the bodies and lives of hundreds of victims of the Hiroshima atomic bombing, and he is now doing the same for casualties of the Vietnam war.

Recently, I watched as Dr. Harada, a soft-spoken, fatherly man, treated horribly burned patients in his Hiroshima hospital. Compassionately, he bent over a housewife whose skin had been completely seared from the waist to her feet by

third-degree burns from a gas stove's explosion. The lacerated, violently enflamed flesh was almost intolerable to behold. From its raw surface Dr. Harada, with tweezers firmly clasped in long, slender fingers, plucked bits of dead skin with amazingly feathery contacts. Finally, he warmly assured his patient: "You will improve every day." Inexpressible gratitude glowed in the woman's dark eyes. As we moved on, I understood why this doctor, whose heart is as sensitive as his magically healing hands, is beloved by thousands as the greatest single benefactor of the atomic bomb victims in the world.

The twentieth doctor in his family line, Harada was born just outside Hiroshima City in 1912. Following the family tradition, he entered Tokyo's Jikei Medical College where he graduated in 1936. He dreamed of ministering to the impoverished and afflicted like his cherished ideal, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, but while still doing research in the college's Department of Surgery, he was called up and dispatched to China as an army surgeon.

For most of the next seven years, his days and nights blurred repeatedly into live-or-die surgery under crudest field-hospital conditions. Thus, he evolved into a remarkably skilled surgeon. Then, shortly after the end of the Second World War, Dr. Harada saw photographs in *Life* magazine of the atomic holocaust which had incinerated his home city of Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. How many of the burned and mutilated could yet be saved? How could the terribly injured be restored to useful lives? The 33-year-old army surgeon vowed to devote his life to alleviating the sufferings and scars of Hiroshima's survivors.

When Harada reached home the following March, he learned that his sister had suffered an anguished death in the bombing. His wife, too, had lost her entire family, and while searching for them in the ruins, had unknowingly contracted radiation poisoning which eventually proved to be fatal.

The impact of these personal tragedies on Harada gradually shifted from paralysing grief to intensified determination. After scheming feverishly for weeks about building a clinic for atomic bomb victims, he burst into action.

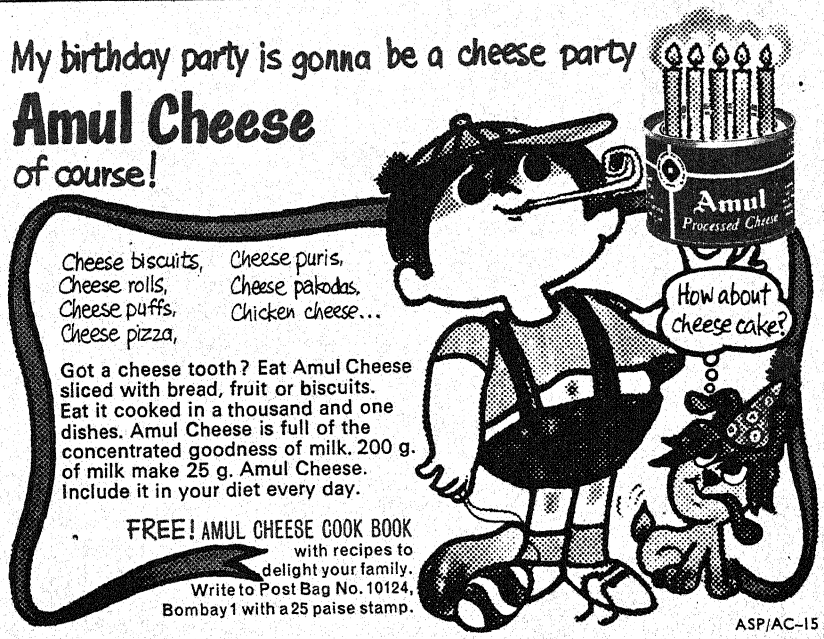
Phoenix Rises. On a rubble-heaped site donated by a friend, Harada wielded shovel, saw and hammer alongside workmen. Months later, a shed-like, two-storey structure—encompassing 15 small cubicles in its 20-metre length—etched a solitary roofline in a desert of charred devastation. In non-stop, 16-hour days, its creator scrounged desks, tables, chairs, firewood, stoves, oil drums for bathtubs, surgical equipment, sheets and medical supplies from many kilometres around. The scarred and crippled jammed the clinic. By 1948

two large wards had been added.

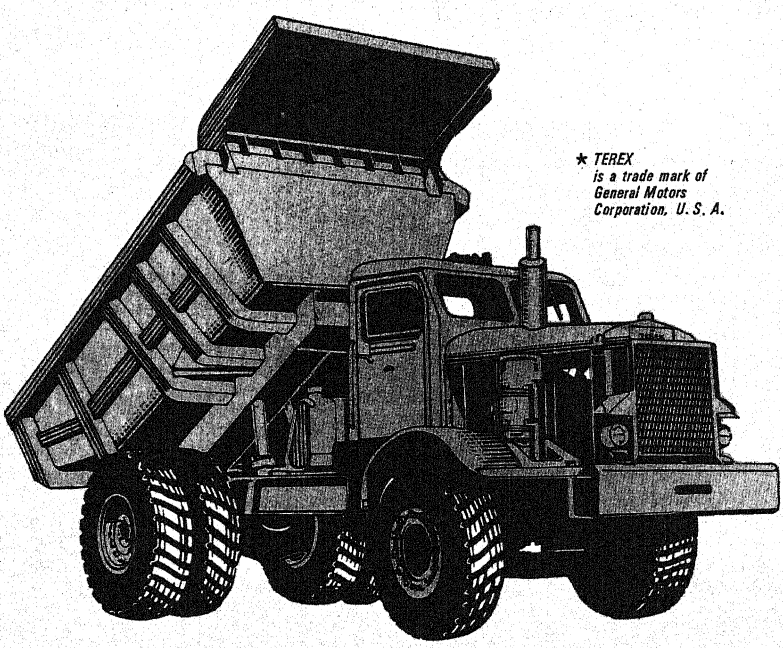
Spurred by the dire need of the *hibakushas* (atomic bomb casualties), Dr. Harada evolved into a most unorthodox phenomenon—a self-taught plastic surgeon. Army induction had deprived him of advanced studies and a pre-war ban on foreign books that might have guided him, was still maintained in Allied-occupied Japan. Yet, Harada was able to pioneer his techniques until successes became consistent.

Meanwhile, Harada's profound concern for survivors propelled him, in 1953, far beyond the confines of his operating room. Due to their impoverished state, hundreds of *hibakushas* still remained untreated. Shocked by their plight, he recruited local physicians and civic leaders into an Atomic Casualties Treatment Commission. Then he persuaded members of the Hiroshima Surgeons' Group and the Hiroshima Medical Association to take an unheard-of professional initiative. The result was that over a 15-month period, the Hiroshima Surgeons' Group offered atomic survivors free medical treatment.

Harada had long yearned to meet colleagues in the West, and in 1955 came another turning point in his career. Led by Norman Cousins, editor of *The Saturday Review,* a group of Americans raised funds to provide reconstructive surgery at



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New York's Mount Sinai Hospital for some of Hiroshima's most disfigured female survivors. Harada was one of four Japanese surgeons chosen to accompany the 25 "Hiroshima maidens." At Mount Sinai, he found a teacher in one of the world's foremost plastic surgeons, Dr. Arthur Barsky. Since he then spoke only a little English, his instruction was literally speechless! Day after day he hovered at Barsky's side to watch and learn.

Back home from America, Dr. Harada was invited to serve as consulting surgeon to the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, organized in 1949 to investigate blast-caused injuries and radiation after-effects. Because the ABCC's work had been widely misunderstood and criticized —even among local physicians—it took moral courage to accept the invitation, but Harada did so without hesitation.

Confidence Restored. At once he launched a one-man campaign to reassure the public. He presented several thrivingly normal infants of badly scarred survivors on television. Again and again, he returned with such informative facts and professional authority that the entire community was relieved of "radiation hobgoblins."

Dr. Harada's compulsion to alleviate human suffering continually deprived him of free time. Years before, he had been forced to renounce the treasured joys of mountain climbing, and he snatched time for a relaxing game of golf only two or three times a month. Somehow he finds time to read and listen to classical music.

"Dr. Harada's chief hobby is peace," says Kaoru Ogura, director of Hiroshima City's Peace Memorial Museum. So when Hiroshima's World Friendship Centre—dedicated both to building peace and aiding atomic survivors—was founded in 1965, the city's samaritan surgeon again found time to assume its chairmanship. Under his leadership, the Friendship Centre rapidly created a second home for *hibakushas*.

New Enterprise. Then came a dramatic extension of Harada's declared mission. For weeks he had been haunted by the plight of 80,000 Vietnam war orphans he had read about. "We in Hiroshima must extend a hand to others who are suffering terribly from war," Harada declared.

He recruited 28 of the city's civic, Buddhist and Christian leaders into to Hiroshima Committee for Aid to War Wounded Orphans of Vietnam. After collecting gifts of medicine, books and toys, he set out for Saigon in February 1967, on an orphan rescue mission.

In one month, Harada had operated on five war-crippled children in Saigon between visits to improvised orphanages. Everywhere he found them frightfully understaffed and overcrowded—as many as seven scrawny waifs sharing a single bed! But Harada's efforts to arrange

transfers of the tragically deformed orphans to Hiroshima were blocked by red tape. Permission from no less than seven different Saigon ministries was required—and that would take months or years to negotiate. With implacable persistence, however, he finally circumvented the bureaucrats by enlisting the help of nurse Masako Yamamouchi, who promised to find the most needy prospective patients. That September, a 20-year-old girl named Dao reached Harada's hospital.

Dao was the sole survivor of a village's bombardment during the French phase of the war. Her left cheek and jaw were so crushed that for 16 years she could not open her mouth, subsisting on a semi-liquid diet made possible by extracting her right-side teeth.

In five operations, Dr. Harada rebuilt her cheek and jaw and restored her lips with skin grafts. Then a Hiroshima dentist equipped Dao with new teeth. When I met her she was indeed a beaming, reborn young woman.

Dr. Harada's zeal to serve has brought him much praise. As a highlight of Hiroshima's recent eightieth anniversary celebration, Mayor Setsuo Yamada presented him with a special citation "for dedicated services and assistance to the atomic bomb victims over many years." Says General Secretary of Hiroshima's YMCA, Kazumitsu Aihara: "Dr. Harada makes an extraordinary contribution to our society, yet never seeks to get credit. He is the pride of Hiroshima."

Arriving at his home on a Sunday afternoon, I found Dr. Harada so haggard that I sought to postpone our interview. From midnight to dawn, he had operated on two critically injured accident victims. After only four hours' sleep, he had risen to complete a promised magazine article, and now responded to my questions for more than four hours —all with astonishing lucidity. This was not at all an untypical Sunday for him. I shall never forget his graciousness, and I realized again why friends say of Hiroshima's Samaritan: "He is a true humanitarian. He has a great heart."

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"You certainly got to the scene of my accident in a hurry," she said dejectedly. The policeman looked at the damage, and then at our unhappy friend, and said with ponderous dignity, "Madam, I *am* your accident."

—Margaret Warburton

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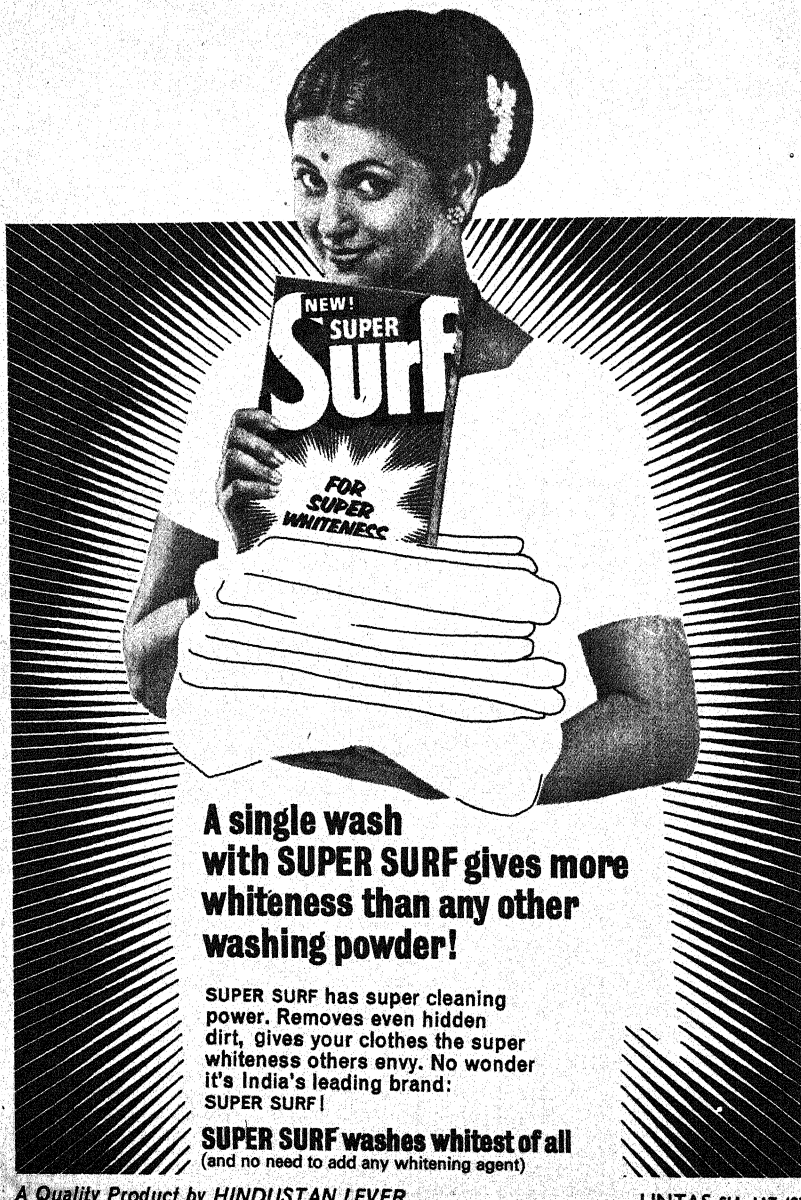
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REFLECTIONS—ON THE WATERFRONT

By Eric Hoffer

Eric Hoffer, the San Francisco docker philosopher, is unique: he possesses no university degrees, has worked all his life with his hands—yet is an intellectual in the classic sense. His ideas on the world 'grew out of my life the way a leaf or a branch grows out of a tree'

It is a paradox that in our time of drastic rapid change, when the future is in our midst devouring the present before our eyes, we have never been less certain about what is ahead of us. Thus we are addicted to forecasters and pollsters. Even when the forecasts are wrong we go on asking for them. We watch our experts read their graphs the way the ancients used to watch their soothsayers reading the chicken entrails.

We find it hard to apply our knowledge of ourselves to our judgement of others. The fact that we are never of one kind, that we never love without reservations and never hate with all our being, cannot prevent us from seeing others as wholly black and white.

People who bite the hand that feeds them usually lick the boot that kicks them.

The genuine creator creates something that has a life of its own, something that can exist and function without him. This is true not only of the writer, artist, composer and scientist, but of creators in other fields. A creative organizer creates

CONDENSED FROM NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE (APRIL 25, 1971), © 1971 BY THE NEW YORK TIMES CO., 229 W. 43 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

an organization that can function well without him. When a genuine leader has done his work his followers will say, "We have done it ourselves," and feel that they can do great things without a great leader. With the non-creative it is the other way around: in whatever they do, they arrange things in such a way that they themselves become indispensable.

RETRIBUTION often means that we eventually do to ourselves what we have done unto others.

A SAVIOUR who wants to turn men into angels is as much a hater of human nature as the totalitarian despot who wants to turn them into slaves and animals. Both the saviour and the despot want to deal with men as with things that are malleable and predictable.

LANGUAGE was invented to ask questions. Answers may be just grunts and gestures, but questions have to be spoken. Humanness came of age when man asked the first question. Social stagnation results not from lack of answers but from absence of the impulse to ask questions.

IT is the stretched soul that makes music, and souls are stretched by the pull of opposites—opposite bents, tastes, yearnings and ambitions. Where there is no polarity—where energies flow smoothly in one direction—there will be much doing but no music.

THERE is a spoiled-brat quality about the self-consciously alienated. Life must have a meaning, history must have a goal, and everything must be in careful order if they are to cease being alienated. Actually, there is no alienation that a little power will not cure.

IT is loneliness that makes the loudest noise. This is as true of men as of dogs.

ELITISTS never tire of repeating that only the chosen few matter; the majority are pigs. Yet it does happen that a he pig marries a she pig, and a Leonardo da Vinci is born.

A NATION declines when its people become too serious to set their hearts on toys.

THE end comes when we no longer talk with ourselves. It is the end of genuine thinking and the beginning of the final loneliness. The remarkable thing is that the cessation of the inner dialogue marks also the end of our concern with the world around us. It is as if we note the world and think about it only when we have to report to ourselves.

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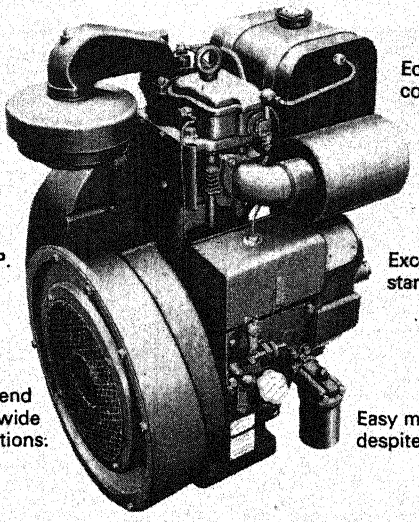
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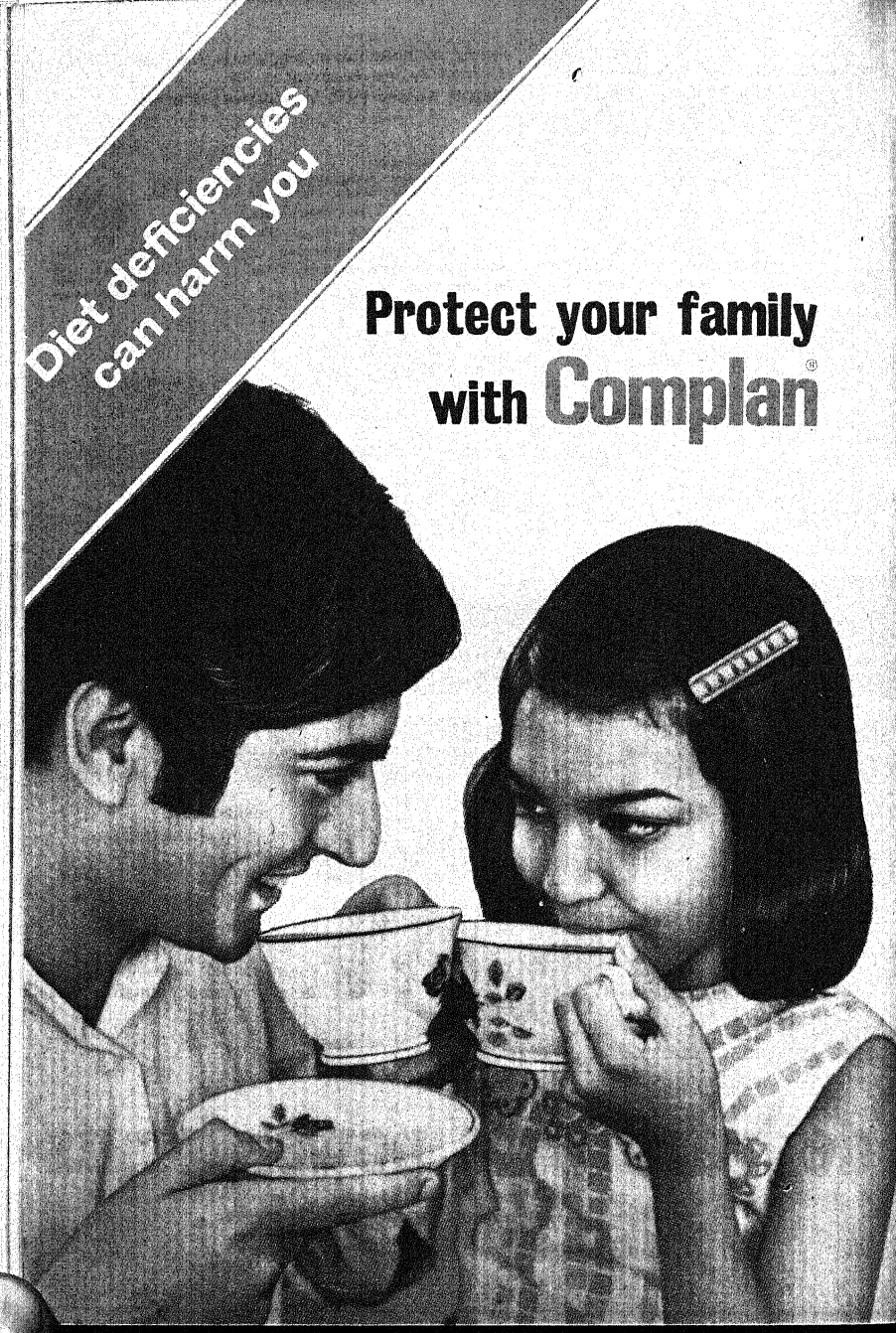
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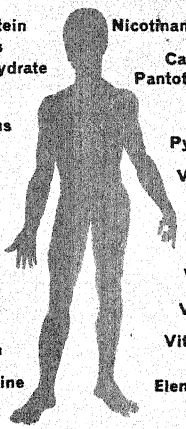
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Armchair Travelogue

The High Road to Rome



Built more than twenty centuries ago, the Appian Way takes travellers back to the time when Roman legions ruled the world

By Gordon Gaskill

Next time you drive down any of the kilometres of paved roads that lace this planet today, give a passing thought to an Italian highway now prosaically marked SS7 (Strada Statale—State Highway—No. 7) and to its creator, a blind Roman who died nearly 2,300 years ago. He was Appius Claudius Caecus, Censor of the Republic, who in 312 B.C. bullied the Romans into letting him build the first, and the greatest of all the roads that led to Rome—World Highway No. 1. Earlier roads, as in Persia, had a few patches of stone or tile on soft spots, but Appius Claudius' road was the first organized road-paving project. It bears and will bear for ever the name of its builder: Via Appia, the Appian Way, which Romans proudly called *regina viarum*, "queen of highways."

Beginning with the Appia, Roman engineers built a fantastic network of solid roads—totalling more than 80,000 kilometres. This mighty web of pavement spread over most of Europe and Britain, North Africa, Asia Minor and the Middle East and linked together one of the greatest empires of all times.

Appius Claudius never dreamed his paved-road idea would spread so wide. His own goal was limited and largely military. Suspicious of Capua, some 210 kilometres south and second only to Rome herself in power and population, he argued a *paved* road would let travellers,

food and other goods—but above all the Roman legions—move swiftly if need be between the two cities. Rome voted to let him have his way—the Appian Way.

He was a tough taskmaster, insisting on the best work and the best paving material. In the latter he was lucky; in the hills near Rome thousands of years earlier volcanic eruptions had poured a flood of molten rock. It cooled into one of nature's hardest stones, which Romans called silex and we call basalt.

Appius Claudius visited his cherished project almost daily. Since he could not *see* the quality of the work, tradition says, he *felt* it—by removing his sandals, and sliding his bare feet over the paving.

Nobody knows exactly how much of the paving Appius Claudius finished himself. Certainly he was long dead when the road reached Capua —which justified his suspicions by being one of the few important Italian cities that sided with Hannibal against Rome in the Punic Wars. Later builders extended the Appia up into the mountains to Benevento, south over rough country to Taranto, then east to Brindisi. There the great road ended, about 720 kilometres from Rome.

Recently I decided to follow the queen of highways from start to finish. It was a journey through history, often through great beauty, and famous ghosts rode along with me. For this was the spinal column of Roman Italy, the central nervous system that helped master nearly all the known world.

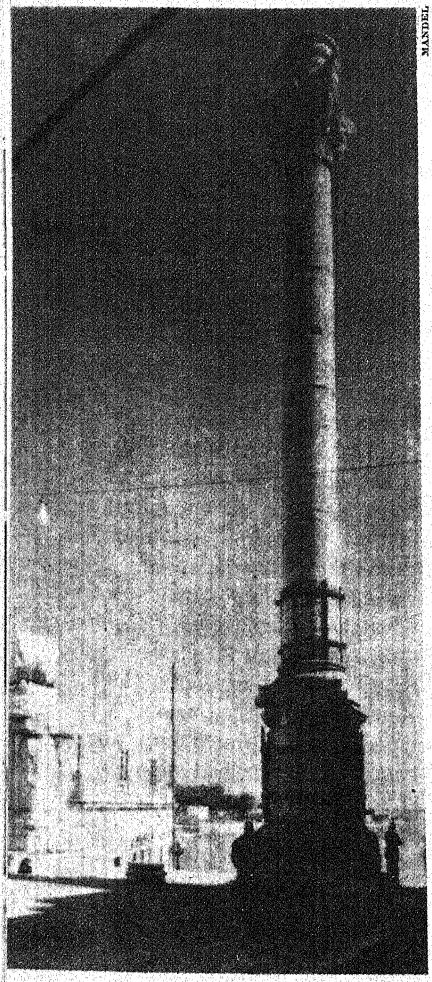
Let's start in Rome where the Appia itself started—at the Porta Capena (the Capuan Gate)—or rather at its site, for not a stone of it is left. The first stretch of the Appia was primarily a cemetery, for Roman law forbade burial within the walled city. Many tomb inscriptions are still legible and poignant: A jeweller's tomb asks passers-by not to forget him, for he gave good value for their money. Another boasts that its occupant was a contractor for the Via Appia itself.

But not all the Appia here was funereal; there were temples, race courses, villas. And, says tradition, this is the place where Saint Peter, fleeing from Rome, saw a vision of Christ and asked in awe: *"Domine, quo vadis?*—Lord, whither goest thou?" Christ answered: "I go to Rome to be crucified again." Chastened, Peter repented and turned back to be crucified himself. A church here commemorates his vision.

Near the fourth milestone, the philosopher Seneca was staying in a villa when he received Nero's order to kill himself. He did so calmly, cutting his veins, discoursing on philosophy with weeping friends as the life flowed away from him.

Much of the old Appia here has recently been made one-way—it's too narrow for modern two-way traffic —and most of the road-bed has been paved over. But every now and then

PHOTOGRAPHS: FAVOLE



The end of the Appian Way at Brindisi was marked by two columns of African cipolin surmounted by white marble capitals. The column which stood on the left collapsed in 1528 and was eventually presented to the town of Lecce where it stands reconstructed today

patches of the bumpy, original roadway are exposed to view. Hand-cut into many-sided shapes and weighing from 20 to 100 kilograms, the stones were set firmly but without cement into the underbedding, with sides matching nearly into a mosaic. Centuries of use have polished them.

Out here the old Appia is one of the loveliest, most evocative parts of all Rome. Families picnic under the flat-topped pines; children play around the ancient tomb-stones; lovers sit entwined in cars parked on the grassy shoulders.

But this beauty was nearly ruined —and is still imperilled—by a building boom in Rome. To save the area, a bill has just been introduced in the Italian Parliament to buy up all private land here for a stunning Appia Park—ten kilometres long, including some 2,500 hectares—that will preserve this beauty for ever. But the cost is great—an estimated Rs. 300 crores—and the pressure to ignore it, and to nibble away at the Appia, endures.

Almost 20 kilometres from its beginning, near the hamlet of Le Frattocchie, the old Appia merges with the modern State Highway 7, and together they head south down the boot of Italy, following almost, but not exactly, the route of the original road. Le Frattocchie is the site of an ancient town named Bovillae, a famous stop on the old Appia—and the native home of the great Julian clan that produced Julius Caesar. Pointed out to me,

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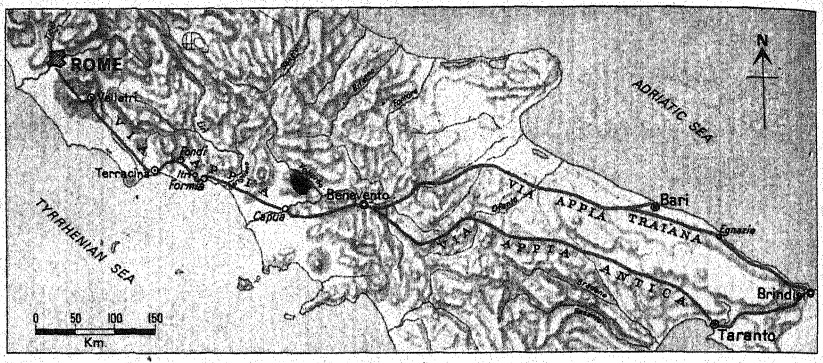
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The Appian Way stretches across Italy from Rome to Brindisi. Via Appia Antica is the original road, built in 300 B.C., some 400 years before Via Appia Traiana

near the road, were deposits of the same basalt rock Appius Claudius had used. "And we still use it today for road-building," said a highway supervisor.

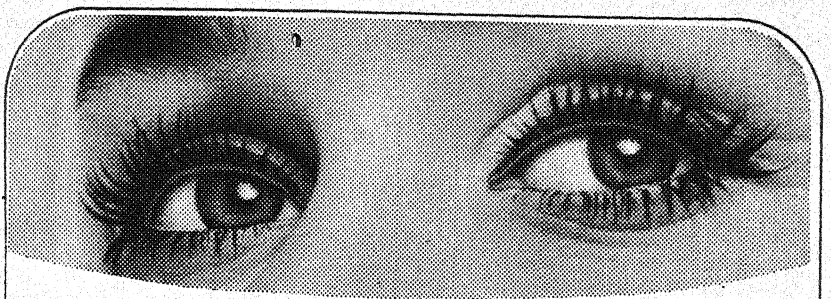
Somewhere south of here, in 71 B.C., the Appia saw perhaps the grisliest sight in all its long history. Some 70,000 rebellious slaves and gladiators, led by Spartacus, had finally been defeated. As a grim warning, the victorious Romans set up crosses at regular intervals along the Appian Way and on them they crucified captured slaves—*six thousand of them.*

From the heights of Velletri (the home of the Emperor Augustus) the route swoops down in wide gentle curves into an area where the Roman engineers faced a formidable challenge: how to get the Appia across the vast Pontine marshes—a tough job even with today's tools and skills.

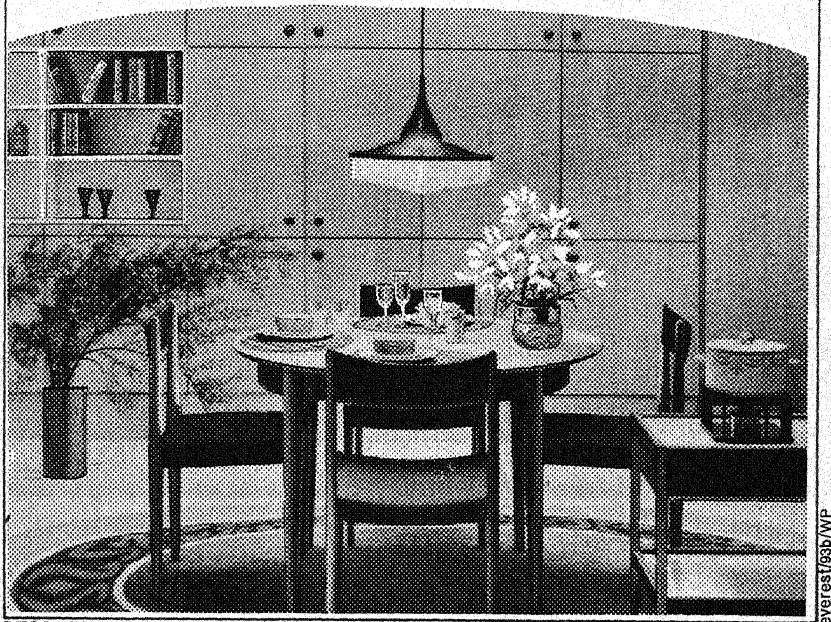
First, the Romans drove in mighty wooden pilings (some canal repairs a few years ago exposed a few of these timbers, still astoundingly well-preserved). Then they heaped on brush, stone of all sizes and shapes, filled with gravel, pounded it down, until they had a solid bed that protruded about two metres above high-water mark. And on this they laid the famous black paving stones.

This part of the road, for about 40 kilometres north of Terracina, is still the longest absolutely straight section of road in all Italy. Once we clambered down a grassy bank to look under what seemed a quite modern bridge. But it wasn't modern at all, except for a wider concrete slab laid atop the thing that really held it up: an ancient Roman bridge, with an inscription saying that Emperor Trajan had *re*built it over eighteen centuries ago. How old must it have already been then?

I sat on this ancient bridge in the



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warm sun letting my mind and imagination wander back through the centuries—to A.D. 60. I glanced back towards Rome, almost hearing the silver trumpets flourish, almost seeing the Appia clogged with baggage carts, wagons, carriages of all kinds. Ahead of them and beside them ride black bodyguards from Africa, weapons gleaming, bracelets on their arms. In the central carriage, blazing with silver and gold, lolls a fat young man of 23, bound for his villa on the sea near Naples. His name is Nero.

At Terracina, the Appia faced its second great challenge, a mountain rising straight from the sea, with no space for a road to pass around it. That mighty road-block baffled the earliest engineers and, surrendering, they took the Appia on a wide detour up and over the mountain. But the energetic Emperor Trajan decided the road must follow the sea-level route, cliff or no cliff, no matter the trouble or cost.

I went to see the famous cut, and got a crick in my neck staring up with astonishment at the work Trajan's engineers had accomplished with nothing more than hammer and chisel. In the cliff-face Roman numerals mark their downward progress, right down to CXX or 120 Roman feet (some 35·520 metres)!

Thanks to Trajan, the road now sweeps easily round the cliff to the town of Fondi where begins what was long the most dangerous stretch of the whole Appia. Here the road must climb steeply and sharply over mountains, through narrow ravines used for centuries by bandits to ambush travellers. And in this same winding part I turned off the modern road to bump carefully down what seems an abandoned country lane. In fact it is a few kilometres of the original, ancient Via Appia, by-passed by the modern road.

I remember one springtime visit there, when the road banks were clothed with judas tree, hawthorn and ilex; the air was rich with the scent of salvia and forget-me-not, with arum lilies, cyclámen, snapdragons and clover. Bees hummed among the flowers, birds sang in the wild fig trees.

Here it was easy to dream. I thought of the fast hoofbeats here in 49 B.C. Julius Caesar has just cast the die, crossed the Rubicon, seized Rome. His rival, Pompey the Great, caught off balance, is hurrying south along these very stones, towards Brindisi at Appia's end, where he will take ship to the East to collect armies to fight Caesar. He clatters by in haste. Not many hours later, here is Caesar himself, closely following Pompey, but too late to catch him—for now.

From here Appia squeezes through narrowing mountains at Itri, falls down towards the sea along a rushing mountain stream, past what's said to be the tomb of murdered Cicero [see "Lawyer With the Golden Tongue," RD,

August 1971] outside Formia. It runs past the aqueduct, theatre and ruins of ancient Formiae and reaches the Garigliano River.

Here Saracen invaders landed in A.D. 846 and moved up to loot St. Peter's at Rome; here, in 1944, in the face of murderous German fire, American and Free French soldiers managed to cross, and dyed this swift and muddy river with the red of their blood.

Just across the Garigliano, the Appia turns sharply east, towards Capua, which, as far as Appius Claudius was concerned, was the end of the line. As Roman power spread southward, however, Capua became just another halting-place on the great road that later builders pushed much farther, still calling it the Appia.

Following it, I drove up into the mountains and through the mountain country south of Benevento. Soon the Appia began dropping. Down, down, down, from mountain snow into sudden springtime, with the almond trees a cloud of pink blossoms, with grapevines showing green tips, with olive leaves showing silvery undersides. Next ancient Taranto—and now the road enters the home stretch, across flat country, through more vines and olives to the town of Brindisi.

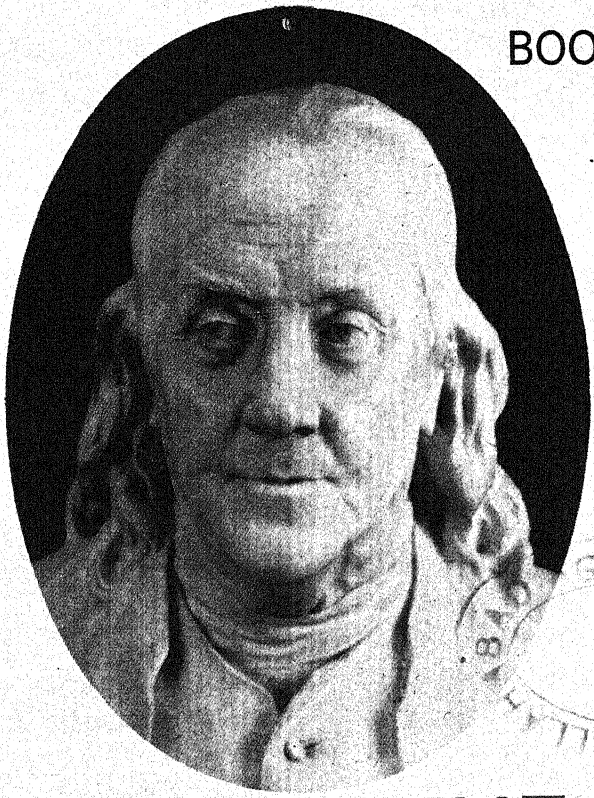
I had to slow down in the heavy city traffic, where the Appia was lost in a tangle of new avenues. Then it emerged, for just a few more metres, in a street about five metres wide (like the original), named Via Colonne—"street of the columns." Here in a quiet little square, with steps leading down to the seafront, stood a white marble column 19 metres tall. I let my car bump gently against its abutments, for this column marks the official end of the Via Appia.

I looked out over this ancient harbour, which has known ships for at least 2,700 years, and thought of all the men who had come here, down the Appia. Of the mighty legions that tramped along it and embarked here to conquer the rich East.

Then I headed back Romeward along this history book 725 kilometres long, my car once again taking me back through the long centuries. I made a sentimental stop in the outskirts of Caserta. Here Italy's greatest ancient road meets Italy's greatest modern one, the magnificent Autostrada del Sole which stretches all down the Italian boot. I wondered suddenly if old Appius Claudius would sneer at this new upstart road. I can see him slipping off his sandals and begin sliding his bare feet over this new smooth black wide—to him incredibly wide—surface, testing it, testing it. I can see him nodding his arrogant old head with a faint smile. He'd love it.

THERE's something odd about civilization when a woman wears a real fur hat perched on top of synthetic hair. —Bill Vaughan

BOOK CHOICE



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THE MAN WHO DARED LIGHTNING

by THOMAS FLEMING

BOOK CHOICE

THE MAN WHO DARED LIGHTNING

by THOMAS FLEMING

Scientist, statesman, philosopher, inventor, author, diplomat—few men have possessed such genius. But Benjamin Franklin's greatest gift was his character, which could touch the hearts of children or of kings. Now, in a remarkable biography, Thomas Fleming tells Franklin's tragic story—of a father who placed patriotism above the most personal love in his life

As THUNDERCLOUDS began to darken the sky above Philadelphia, windows slammed, tradesmen shut their doors and mothers called to their children. People hoped a storm would bring relief from the hot afternoon, but at the first rumble of thunder there were also some who felt a shiver of apprehension. They knew those glowering clouds carried deadly bolts of lightning.

Only one man welcomed the gathering storm with wholehearted delight. Benjamin Franklin had been waiting for weather like this

for days. Seeing the clouds from his house on the outskirts of the city, he called excitedly for his son William.

A moment later, Franklin's son William appeared, his face aglow with excitement. At 21, Franklin's son was a handsome, husky man, 180 centimetres tall, taller than his father, but lacking the muscular, almost bear-like bulk of Benjamin's chest and shoulders.

"Is everything ready?" Franklin asked.

William nodded. Then both men slipped on coats and entered a room where Franklin had spent almost all his days for the last four years. It was a laboratory devoted to the mysteries of electricity.

On a long table stood glass tubes, globes and some peculiar tin-encased bottles, called Leyden jars, in which electrical charges could be stored. In one corner of the room there was a strange-looking kite, made of a large silk kerchief, with a long wire fastened to the top of the vertical stick. William took the kite, Benjamin picked up a Leyden jar, and the two men left the house.

Through scattering raindrops they hurried to the Commons, or pasture grounds, of the city. Benjamin waited inside a shed that served as a shelter from bad weather. William raced across the field and got the kite aloft in the ever-changing wind. Then he joined his father.

It was a moment of hope and tension for Franklin. Until he had begun his experiments, little was known about electricity. In a series of classic demonstrations, Franklin had raised the mysterious force from a curiosity to a full-fledged branch of science. He had discovered the existence of plus and minus charges and invented such terms as battery, conductor and condenser. Now he was about to test a daring hypothesis: that electricity and lightning were identical.

In a few minutes, the kite was a dancing dot in the sky. William gave the string to his father. To the lower end of the twine, just above Franklin's hand, was tied a silk ribbon. Silk does not conduct electricity; it is an insulator. The ribbon was Franklin's only safeguard against the chance of a massive discharge of lightning from the clouds.

A small house key was fastened to the point where the twine and silk joined. This was where Franklin hoped an electric spark would appear. He touched the key with his knuckle. He felt nothing.

The storm increased in fury. The sky blackened, and suddenly there were glints of lightning. William pointed to a big cloud that passed right over their heads, booming thunder. The kite whirled and dipped in the turbulence, but the key remained cold and inert.

Close to despair, Franklin stared at the sky. His mind raced across hundreds of experiments, as he tried to think of what might have gone

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Panel from a fire wagon depicts, inaccurately, the kite experiment. Actually, Franklin was 46 at the time; his son William 21

wrong. Then he looked at the string above his hand. With a whoop, he clapped his son on the back and pointed to the twine.

Each of the loose outer fibres stood eerily and separately erect. Franklin eased his knuckles towards the key, then touched it. Through his hand rushed the familiar tingling of an electric shock.

Now the rain began in earnest. As it drenched the string, Franklin picked up the Leyden jar. A wire pierced a cork at the top of the jar, and Franklin touched this wire to the key. Electricity from the charged air in the cloud poured into the jar.

This was the moment of maximum danger. If the kite had been struck by lightning at that moment, scientists agree that the charge might have leaped the strip of silk and turned both Franklins into charred corpses. But the storm passed. Enraptured by their triumph, Franklin and his son went home.

Ironically, a few weeks later, Franklin received letters informing him that three Frenchmen had tested his theory successfully, using methods he had proposed in a paper written two years before. The paper, he learned, had been translated into several languages and was now a sensation in Europe.

But Franklin was already thinking of the practical significance of his discovery. Later that year, he published the first description of a lightning rod. Typically, as he did

with the Franklin stove, bifocal lenses and other inventions, he gave the idea to the world without any attempt to secure a patent. Before long, Franklin's lightning rods began to change the skylines of Philadelphia, Boston, London and Paris.

In the 1750s, most men still believed there was something divine about lightning. Striking with arbitrary, devastating force, it was easily associated with the vengeance of an angry God, and the man who tamed it acquired an awesome image. Immanuel Kant, the greatest philosopher of his time, called Franklin a modern Prometheus, who had brought down fire from heaven. The king of France sent Franklin his personal congratulations. Yale and Harvard Universities gave him honorary degrees, and he was elected to the Royal Society, the *élite* of England's scientific world.

The "philosopher of electricity," as he began to be called, had become one of the most famous men on earth.

Philadelphia Boyhood

THE MAN who had astonished the civilized world had completed his formal education in the second year of primary school. Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston in 1706, the youngest son of Josiah Franklin, a candle- and soap-maker who fathered 17 children. Josiah realized that he could never send even one of his sons through university, and at first he apprenticed Benjamin to himself. But the boy made it plain that he hated the business of candle-making, and threatened to run away to sea.

So, at the age of 12, Benjamin went to work for his brother James, who published a newspaper. During off-hours, Benjamin began a programme of self-education, reading every book he could find. By 16, he had developed such a witty prose style that he decided to play a joke on his brother.

Benjamin suspected that James would never print anything that his young brother had written. So Benjamin disguised his hand, wrote an anonymous essay, and slipped it under the door of the printing house one night.

It was a satirical work filled with scathing comments on the manners and morals of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. James published it—and 13 other pieces like it—in his *New England Courant* before Benjamin told him that he was the author.

The satires were a success, and James Franklin resented the attention his literary friends now gave to Benjamin. Soon the two brothers were quarrelling incessantly, and often James settled the arguments with a blow. Before long, Benjamin asserted his independence. He departed for Philadelphia, then the most thriving city on the continent.

With courage born of 17-year-old innocence, he sailed to New York,

hiked across New Jersey, and arrived in the Quaker metropolis hungry and exhausted. He bought three huge bread rolls and trudged around eating them, walking at one point past his future wife, Deborah Read, who was standing in the doorway of her house.

Young Benjamin found a job as a printer, and he soon met Deborah, a shopkeeper's daughter. She fell in love with him, but at first Benjamin flirted callously with her. There were more exciting matters than marriage on his horizon.

In 1724 he met the new governor of Pennsylvania, Sir William Keith, who promised to set him up in his own business if Franklin would go to England and purchase printing equipment. So, ignoring Deborah's patently broken heart, Franklin left as quickly as he could.

The trip was a fiasco. Keith had told Franklin to buy the equipment on credit, but Benjamin quickly discovered that the governor's credit was non-existent. Stranded, without funds, he was forced to take a job as a journeyman printer. He remained there for 18 months, and when he returned to Philadelphia he was a far wiser young man.

Until this time, Franklin had been a religious sceptic, and many of his friends were cynical freethinkers. But now he began to re-examine his beliefs. As he later wrote in his *Autobiography*, "I grew convinced that truth, sincerity and integrity in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance." He drew up a list of moral resolutions and tried to practise them faithfully.

Benjamin Franklin, painted from life

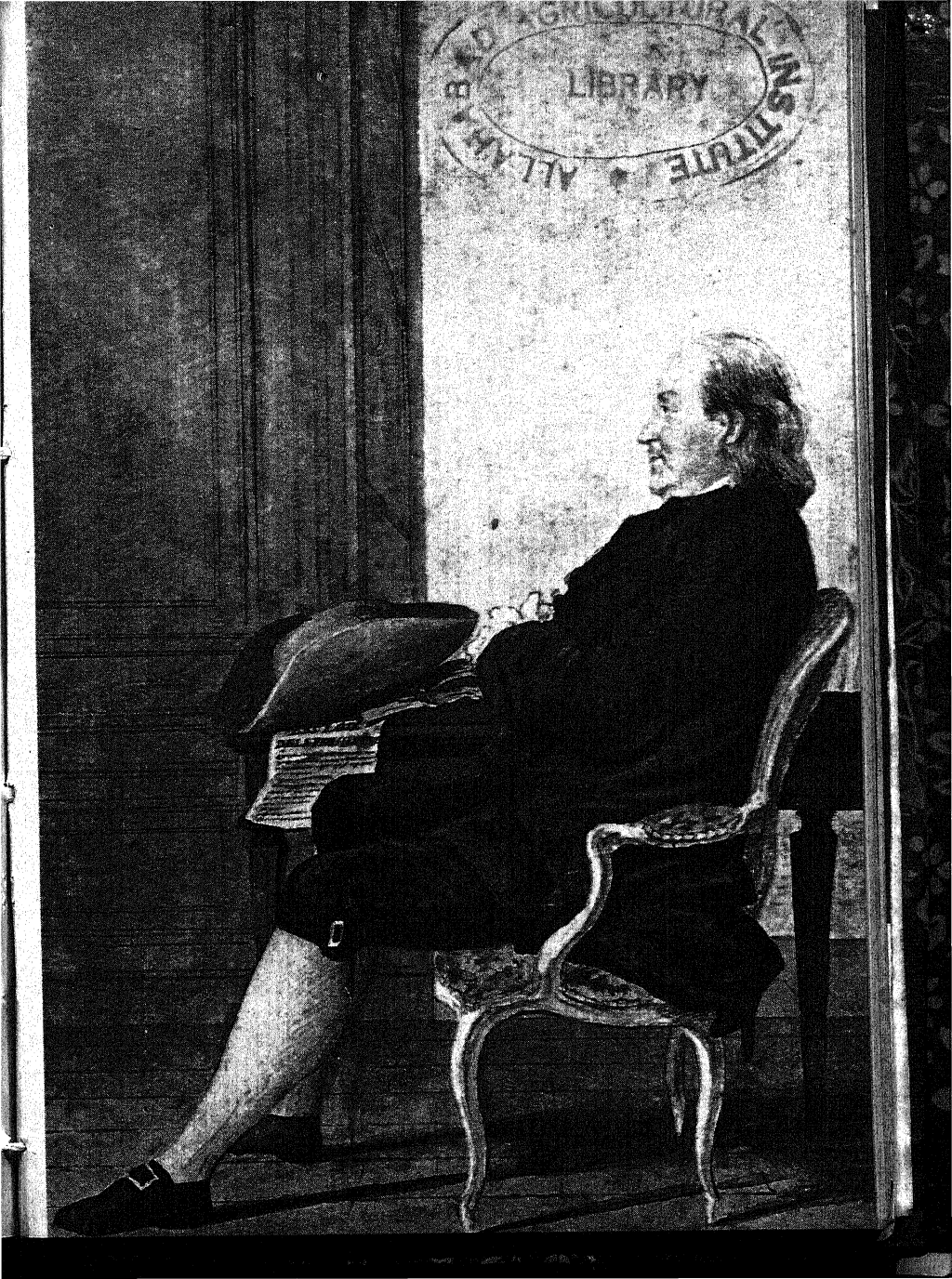
It was far from easy. Too poor to afford a wife, he became involved in an affair with a lower-class woman, who bore him an illegitimate son. Franklin took full responsibility for the boy, whom he named William, but the experience made him realize that he must marry before he succumbed to more of the same temptation.

By now he had opened his own print shop, and he desperately needed a wife who would be a helpmate. Gradually he realized that his best possible choice was Deborah, who had become a grass widow, the victim of a ne'er-do-well who had abandoned her. When Franklin proposed, Deborah was overwhelmingly grateful, and after their marriage she permitted her husband to bring William into their household.

Flourishing Business

WITHIN a few years of his marriage, Franklin became the most successful publisher, editor and writer in America. The cornerstone of his business was the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which swiftly gained the largest circulation of any paper in the colonies.

Equally successful was *Poor Richard's Almanack* which sold an astonishing 10,000 copies a year. Both


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were full of Franklin's flashing wit.

The *Gazette* regularly featured correspondence from imaginary characters, who won an affectionate following: Anthony Afterwit, whose wife spent him into bankruptcy; Celia Single, a shrew; and Alice Addertongue, who ran a kind of stock exchange for female calumnies and slanders. Poor Richard Saunders, the most famous of Franklin's characters, made predictions that were delightful burlesques of other almanacs:

> Of the Diseases This Year
> The stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but poorly; and the dumb shan't speak very plain.
>
> Of the Fruits of the Earth
> The orange trees in Greenland will fare the worse for the Cold. As for Oats, they'll be a great Help to Horses. . . .

Franklin also larded his pages with dozens of glittering proverbs. He took them from many sources —La Rochefoucauld, Rabelais, the Bible—and often improved them. More than a few had the wry wisdom of a man of the world:

> Fish and visitors smell in three days.
>
> The worst wheel of a cart makes the most noise.
>
> Keep your eyes wide-open before marriage; half-shut afterwards.

But humour was only one side of a remarkable personality that was to make Franklin Philadelphia's foremost citizen. He had already organized the Junto, an informal discussion group; and a list of 24 questions, which he had composed, was read at every meeting. One example: "Have you lately observed any encroachment on the just liberties of the people?" The club later became a political powerhouse.

With the help of the Junto and the *Gazette,* Franklin founded Philadelphia's first volunteer fire department and America's first subscription library. He was also the guiding spirit behind the Pennsylvania Hospital and the Philadelphia Academy, which became the University of Pennsylvania. He helped to organize the colony's first militia, and played a leading role in the creation of its paper currency.

For 16 years he served as postmaster of Philadelphia, a job that he took to protect his newspaper. (It was the habit of postmasters to permit the mailing only of newspapers they owned.) Then, in 1753, he was appointed Deputy Postmaster General for North America, and began to reorganize the entire postal system.

His improvements were spectacular. He reduced the travelling time of a Boston-Philadelphia letter from six weeks to three. He opened the service to all newspapers. On the post roads, Franklin had milestones erected, so that riders could pace themselves better. He planned new

roads, fords and ferries. In three years, the service was completely overhauled. In the fourth year, it paid a profit for the first time in its history.

Franklin's engaging personality often made him look like "an easy man" to casual observers. But there was an underlying toughness in him. Once, early in his newspapering career when he was duelling with a rival paper, the *Mercury,* a delegation of his friends came to warn him to moderate his political views. The *Mercury* was siding with the Proprietary Party, those who supported the rule of William Penn's sons. Franklin was against the politics of the Penns.

As soon as he saw what the delegation had in mind, Franklin said he was too busy to listen at the moment, but would be happy to hear them out if they would join him for dinner at his house. That night, the Quakers were seated at Franklin's table. They were baffled when Deborah served them nothing but a bowl of strange-looking mush, and a pitcher of cold water.

Franklin spooned the mush on to his dish and began to eat. The visitors followed his example, but every time they tried to argue their position, they found themselves choking on the food. Franklin, meanwhile, continued to eat without so much as a grimace. Finally, the men could stand it no longer and bluntly asked what they were eating.

"You see upon what humble food I can live," Franklin snapped. "He who can subsist upon sawdust pudding and water needs not the patronage of anyone."

Like Father, Like Son

His business thriving, and his profits invested in valuable real estate, Franklin approached David Hall, one of his printers, with a proposition. If Hall agreed to run the business and pay him an equal share of profits, Franklin would sign the whole thing over to him—paper, almanac and print shop—at the end of 18 years. Hall agreed, and Franklin devoted the next four years of his life to the study of electricity.

His experiments not only won him an international reputation, but also made him a local legend. Franklin delighted in entertaining his friends with electrical showmanship. He created miniature bolts of lightning, made metals glow and wires dance.

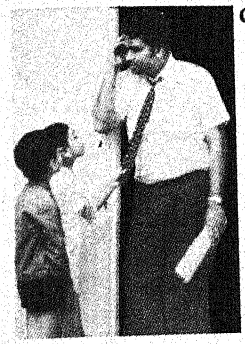
He placed a lightning rod on his chimney and connected it to two bells on his staircase. Between the bells was a little brass ball suspended by a silk thread. When the wire from the rod was charged, the ball danced back and forth, striking the bells and announcing that the house was electrified.

But, much as he loved science, Franklin was even more devoted to the ideal of public service. It was almost inevitable that he should become involved in politics. In 1751 he was elected to the Pennsylvania

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Cheer him up with some tea and Anacin—it will give him fast relief. If your husband gets headaches due to tensions and overwork he'll find Anacin very effective because it contains more of the pain-reliever doctors most recommend.

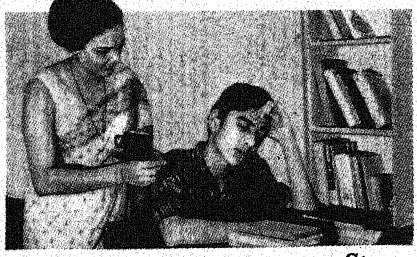
When your daughter wakes you up in the middle of the night with sudden cramps and an uncomfortable backache, don't panic...

Help her with a hot water bag and Anacin. It not only fights off pain, but banishes the depression that accompanies pain. Anacin reduces the discomfort of those certain days, and helps your daughter to be relaxed and cheerful once more.



Tomorrow's the test and your son's feeling miserable, with a heavy head and a cold coming on...

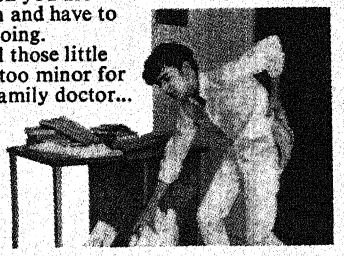
Comfort him with a hot drink and Anacin. Fast-acting Anacin relieves the aches and pains of colds and flu. It's safe too, because it is a combination of medicines like a doctor's safe prescription.



The season's begun and your sportsman son is a mass of aches and pains...

Remember, Anacin relieves muscular pain fast. Anacin contains more of the pain-reliever doctors recommend most all over the world. Yes, strong and safe Anacin is a good thing to have in the medicine chest when your family turns to you in pain.

Or when you are in pain and have to keep going.
For all those little crises too minor for your family doctor...



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Assembly, and began the career that has left an imperishable mark on his country.

He quickly became the leading figure in the struggle against the Penns, who lived in England and whose sole interest in Pennsylvania was to get as much money from it as they could. In 1757, when the French and Indian War raged along Pennsylvania's frontier, the Penns refused to pay any taxes on their lands to help the colony defend itself. The Assembly promptly voted to send Franklin to London to stop this ruinous policy.

It meant a long trip away from home, but Franklin accepted. Over the years he and Deborah had grown slowly apart. She remained the shopkeeper's daughter, almost illiterate, and she resented the time Franklin gave to public affairs. In addition, she despised Franklin's son, William.

It was a situation beyond Franklin's power to change. Deborah had given her husband two children. Sally Franklin was the image of her mother. A son, Francis Folger Franklin, had died at four of smallpox. After the child's death, Deborah made life so miserable for William that he was forced to move out of the house.

Franklin loved Deborah, but it was obvious that William held the central claim on his affections. He had inherited his father's brains, and was a ready companion in all of Franklin's work. When he left for England, Benjamin took William with him.

For six years they worked together in London, fighting a legal battle with the Penns and making powerful friends. The bond of love between father and son grew stronger each year as they shared moments of personal triumph and trouble. When William confessed that he, too, had become the father of an illegitimate son, Benjamin assumed the financial burden for the boy's upbringing and education. After that indiscretion, William settled to work and earned a law degree. Both men pleaded the colony's case against the Penns, and at last the Proprietors capitulated, agreeing to let their lands be taxed.

This was a tremendous victory, but it was overshadowed by another master stroke of Franklin's diplomacy. In 1762, largely through his father's influence, William was named the Royal Governor of New Jersey.

A few months later, Franklin stood in the courthouse of Perth Amboy as William placed his hand on a Bible and swore to uphold the authority of George III in the king's province of New Jersey. It was a moment of great joy for Franklin.

Before his journey to England, William had suffered snubs and sneers in Philadelphia society because of the circumstances of his birth. Now his future seemed to be secure. He had returned to America with a bride, Elizabeth Downes,

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pink cheeks and soft toes, i want
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and was entering a career of power and prestige.

Once William had been installed as governor, Franklin returned to his political life in Pennsylvania. He had been elected to the Assembly in absentia during his stay in London, and now a new Indian war raged along the western borders of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Within a year of Franklin's return, the old question of taxation for defence rose again.

This time Franklin prepared a tax bill in strict accordance with the agreement that had been reached in England. Then, to his disgust, he learned that the Penns refused to pay any tax on their vast land holdings that exceeded the *lowest* taxes paid on the poorest land in the colony.

Infuriated, Franklin rammed through a bill petitioning the king to take the government of Pennsylvania out of the hands of the Penns and to place the colony under the rule of the king. Again the Assembly voted to send him to England. Determined to resolve the matter once and for all, he agreed, assuring Deborah that he would be back within twelve months.

On November 7, 1764, escorted by 300 friends on horseback, he rode to Chester on the Delaware, where the ship *King of Prussia* awaited him. Cannon, borrowed from the Philadelphia armoury, boomed as he went aboard, and the crowd sang an improvised version of "God Save the King."

God save great George our King
Prosper agent Franklin,
Grant him success. . . .

When he sailed the next day, Franklin could have had no idea of the long adventure that lay ahead.

Letters From Home

WHEN he reached London, Franklin hurried to No. 7 Craven Street, the house where he had stayed during his last visit to England. It was a convenient lodging near the Houses of Parliament, and it had become a centre where all his friends gathered.

But now the visitors who came to Craven Street brought ominous news. American agents—the men appointed by colonies to act as their representatives in London—reported that Parliament was about to pass a stamp act that would require Americans to pay direct taxes to Parliament. A royal stamp would be required on every legal document, from lawyers' certificates to marriage licences.

Franklin was appalled. External taxes—duties on imports and exports—had always been imposed on the colonies, but this was the first time that Parliament had ever planned to tax Americans internally. Word of such an act had been drifting around the colonies, and Frankin knew that Americans were solidly united against the idea.

The petition to get rid of the Penns suddenly vanished in this



CHARLES MILLS

Deborah Read Franklin

enormously important issue. Day after day, Franklin followed the debates in Parliament and conferred with his influential friends. But little of the news was good. Mournfully, he wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, even before Parliament confirmed the bill: "The Stamp Act, notwithstanding all the opposition we have been able to give it, will pass."

But he did not foresee then how swiftly the colonies would react. In mid-1765, news came to London that the Americans were not accepting the new tax. From Boston to Virginia, assemblies and newspapers denounced it. Mobs attacked, and in some cases destroyed, the homes of the stamp commissioners, and forced them to resign.

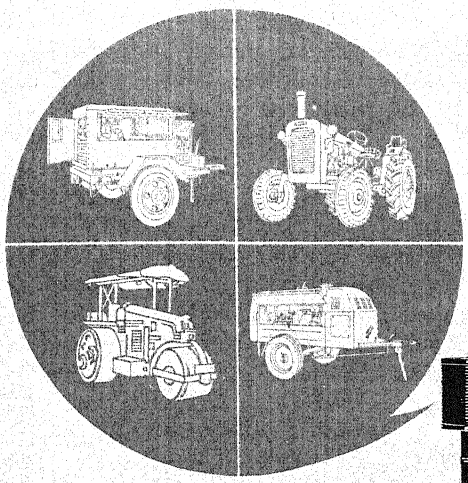
A series of letters warned Franklin of the violent tempers that were brewing. David Hall, his printing partner, wrote: "I wish you was on the Spot, and yet I should be afraid of your Safety, as the Spirit of the People is so violent against every One they think has the least concern with the Stamp Law, and they have imbibed the Notion that you had a Hand in the framing of it." Governor William Franklin deplored the "outrageous conduct" of the mobs in Boston, and ruefully reported that the stamp commissioner in New Jersey had resigned.

The climax to these letters came from Deborah Franklin, who told her husband in vivid, if badly spelled terms, how she had been forced to defend herself. A crowd in Philadelphia had begun talking about pulling down the houses of those whom they blamed for the act. High on the list was Benjamin Franklin.

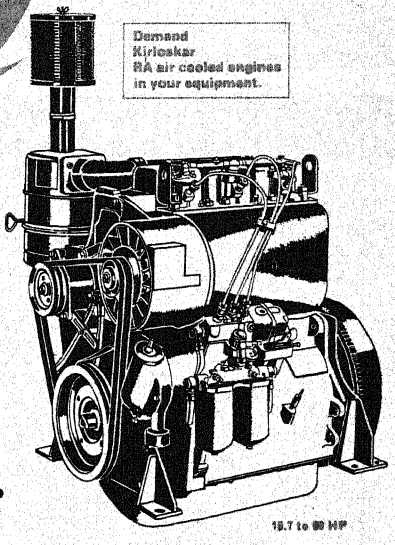
"We made one room into a magazine," Deborah wrote. "I ordered some sort of defence upstairs such as I could manage myself." When neighbours advised her to flee, she was adamant. "I said I was very sure you had done nothing to hurt anybody." Fortunately, many of Franklin's friends rallied to protect his family. They discouraged the mob, and no houses were pulled down in Philadelphia.

If Franklin had any doubts about the wisdom of repealing the Stamp Act, they soon disappeared. Under

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a variety of pseudonyms, he answered the attacks on Americans that began to appear in the English press. Every hour of the day, he wrote to one correspondent, was spent "informing, explaining, consulting, disputing" with the empire's lawmakers.

When there was a change in the ministry, and the Marquis of Rockingham came to power, Franklin rejoiced. Rockingham was an outspoken opponent of the Stamp Act, and soon Franklin was writing that he and the other agents were planning an "endeavour" to get the Stamp Act repealed.

Although chance for repeal looked dim, Rockingham decided to argue against the act in the House of Commons, and Franklin was one of the witnesses asked to testify. He made sure that his performance would have a climactic impact. With the help of several Rockingham supporters, he drew up and carefully rehearsed a list of questions and answers. There would, of course, be questions from hostile members, but Franklin was prepared to take his chances with them, relying on his native wit. He stood before Parliament on February 13, 1766.

"To Wear Old Clothes"

"WHAT is your name and place of abode?"

"Franklin, of Philadelphia."

The calm, quiet voice carried clearly across the packed benches of the House of Commons. Members and their guests added splendour to the ordinarily drab room, giving it a holiday atmosphere. Nobles, glittering with the blue stars and gold ribbons of the orders of the Garter and the Bath, their faces gleaming beneath their powdered wigs, were almost the equal of the duchesses and ladies-in-waiting, gorgeous in their satins and laces, who packed the galleries.

In contrast, the man at the bar wore no orders or ribbons. His clothes were in the style of a well-to-do English merchant, and his white wig was a little old-fashioned. But there was a serene self-possession about Franklin that made the niceties of high fashion inconsequential.

Franklin of Philadelphia. The words must have tolled in his mind like a solemn bell. All his life, Ben Franklin had thought of himself as a loyal subject of the king. He considered his native land as an essential part of that magnificent empire known as Great Britain. He had gloried in England's triumphs. But now, events forced Franklin to face an inescapable fact. After almost 150 years, a new nation, or at least a new people, had arisen on the other side of the ocean.

James Hewitt, a Rockingham member, rose to begin the questioning. "Do the Americans pay any considerable taxes?" he asked.

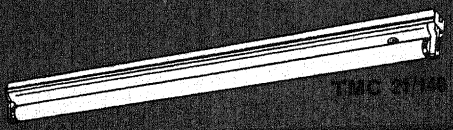
"Certainly many, and very heavy taxes," Franklin replied.

"Are not all the people very able

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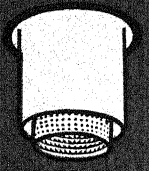
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to pay those taxes?" queried Hewitt.

"No. The frontier counties, having been ravaged by the enemy and greatly impoverished, are able to pay very little tax."

John Huske, one of the few men in Parliament who had been born in America, rose to speak. He asked Franklin about the distribution of the stamps. In a casual, almost humdrum way, Franklin made it clear that the act was not only unjust, but totally impractical. In the thinly populated back settlements there was no mail service, he said, and people could not get stamps—which meant they could not marry, make their wills, buy or sell property without taking long journeys and "spending perhaps three or four pounds, that the Crown might get sixpence."

Suddenly the performance was interrupted by harsh questions from the opposition: "Don't you know that the money arising from the stamps was all to be laid out in America?"

"I know it is *appropriated* to the America service; but it will be spent in the conquered colonies (Canada and Florida) where the soldiers are, not in the colonies that pay for it."

The Rockingham faction asked about the population of America, and how much the people imported from Britain. Franklin replied that there were 300,000 white men in America between 16 and 60—more than enough to make a formidable army. Pennsylvania alone imported 500,000 pounds sterling of British goods each year. The implication was obvious. Not only would war with these people be dangerous; it would be uneconomical.

A Rockingham member asked, "What was the temper of America towards Great Britain before the year 1763?"

"The best in the world," Franklin replied. "They submitted willingly to the government of the Crown, and paid, in all their courts, obedience to acts of Parliament. Numerous as the people are, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons or armies to keep them in subjection."

"And what is their temper now?"

"Oh, very much altered. . . ."

"If the act is not repealed, what do you think will be the consequences?"

"The total loss of the respect and affection the people of America bear this country."

Finally, his friends asked two questions which were obviously designed to bring down the curtain on his performance:

"What used to be the pride of the Americans?"

"To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain."

"What is now their pride?"

"To wear old clothes over again, till they can make new ones."

A week later, the House of Commons voted to repeal the Stamp Act. By his performance, Franklin had

helped delay the revolution that would erupt ten years later.

In America, news of the repeal created a wave of euphoria. Franklin's testimony was widely reprinted, and he was hailed as a hero. But Franklin himself was by no means optimistic, and Parliament soon demonstrated why he remained on his guard.

First, it passed a Declaratory Act, stating that it had a right to enact laws binding the colonies "in all cases whatsoever." Then, in 1767, the Townshend Acts imposed extra duties on a long list of items imported by the colonies. One bill gave British agents the right to invade a man's house, warehouse or ship without a search warrant.

As the discord grew, Franklin found that he was becoming more and more a spokesman for all of America. By 1769, the legislators of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Georgia had appointed him to be their agent. (The tribute from Georgia took Franklin completely by surprise. He wrote to William that he could not think of a single person he knew in that colony.) In 1770, the Massachusetts Assembly, the most rebellious in America, also made Franklin its agent.

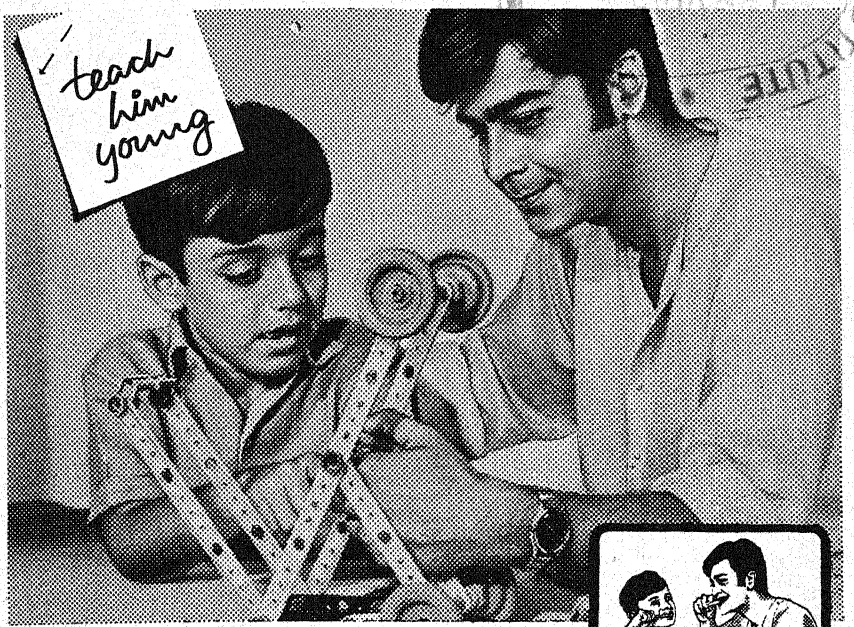
He began to take a bolder line in the propaganda articles he wrote for English newspapers. Before long, Lord Hillsborough, Secretary of State for the American Colonies, was declaiming against Franklin at London dinner parties and clubs. Franklin, he thundered to one man, was "a factious, turbulent fellow, an enemy of the king's service!"

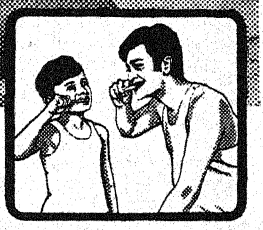
But Franklin was never without a warm and wide circle of friends. He met regularly with a group of liberal scientists, including Joseph Priestley, who discovered oxygen, and enlisted them on America's side in the battle for public opinion. He also maintained close friendships with many influential noblemen. Among these was Lord Shelburne, who often invited Franklin to his estate outside London.

During one visit there, Franklin met a distinguished group of guests: Colonel Isaac Barré, a defender of American rights in Parliament; David Garrick, the noted actor; and Abbé Morellet, a freethinking French priest. With two such potent talkers as Barré and Garrick, Franklin at first said little. Then he quietly upstaged even the great Garrick with a performance of his own.

During a stroll through the Shelburne grounds, Franklin mysteriously declared that his study of science had given him powers that he seldom revealed. For instance, he said, pointing to a stream where a breeze was causing a good deal of turbulence, he had learned to calm storm-tossed waters.

The remark inspired instant scepticism. Leaving the men about 200 paces from the water, Franklin advanced to the edge of the stream, and made a series of magical passes over the water with his cane. The





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surface suddenly became smooth. Morellet, Shelburne and the others rushed to the bank, but they saw nothing that explained the miracle. A workman standing near by was so awestruck that he was convinced Franklin had supernatural powers.

Later, Franklin revealed his secret. In the hollow bottom of his cane he had hidden a small vial of clear oil. For years he had made experiments, calming water with oil, he said. He had discovered that it worked quite well on small bodies of water but, unfortunately, trials in the ocean inclined him to think that it would not preserve a ship during a storm.

Practical Joke

DURING these years, Franklin found time to nurture an old dream —the founding of a new colony in the wilderness of the Ohio Valley. The idea was one of the strongest passions in his life, and it was closely bound to his love for William. Together, they had planned to petition the king for a charter, and Franklin hoped that the establishment of a great colony on the western frontier would be the crowning glory of his old age.

William and a group of speculators raised money in the colonies, met with Red Indian chiefs and established tentative boundaries. Benjamin worked behind the scenes in London.

It is a mark of Franklin's diplomacy that the idea survived at all.



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For, as the tension between England and America increased, Franklin stepped up his propaganda in British newspapers. When Parliament repealed the Townshend duties but stubbornly maintained the tax on tea, he wrote a devastating satire entitled "Rules By which a Great Empire May Be Reduced to a Small One." It contained a list of 20 points, which were actually a review of the worst British policies.

A few days later, a sensational story appeared in the *Public Advertiser:* AN EDICT BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA. In regal language, Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, proceeded to proclaim that it was "well known to all the world" that England was a colony of Germany. Since the colony had "yielded little profit," Frederick announced a 4·5 per cent duty on all goods exported from or imported by England.

The edict declared that all ships bound from Great Britain would henceforth stop at the port of Königsberg "to be searched and charged with said duties." Further: "All thieves, robbers, forgers, murderers and villains who have forfeited their lives to the law in Prussia but whom we, in our great clemency, do not think fit to hang, shall be emptied out of our gaols into the said island of Great Britain, for the better peopling of that country."

For a final biting touch, the king blandly declared that "all persons in the said islands are cautioned not to oppose the execution of this edict, such opposition being high treason, of which all who are suspected shall be transported in fetters from Britain to Prussia, there to be tried and executed according to the Prussian law."

Franklin absented himself from London when these articles appeared. He had become friendly with Lord Le Despencer, and now visited his estate in West Wycombe. Franklin was in the breakfast room with his lordship and several guests when the London papers arrived. Paul Whitehead, a well-known poet of the time, burst into the room.

"Here's news!" he cried. "Here's the king of Prussia claiming a right to this kingdom!"

Everyone stared in total disbelief. Franklin, no mean actor, managed to look as amazed as the rest. Whitehead had read a few paragraphs aloud when one of the listeners interrupted with a violent denunciation of the Prussian king: "Damn him and his impudence! I daresay we shall hear that he is upon the march with a hundred thousand men!"

But, as Whitehead read on, he began to note the exact correspondence between Prussia's claims and the rights that Parliament asserted over America. Suddenly he looked Franklin in the eye.

"I'll be hanged if this is not some of your jokes upon us," he said. Franklin confessed, and Whitehead finished the article amid roars of laughter.

For days the satires were the talk

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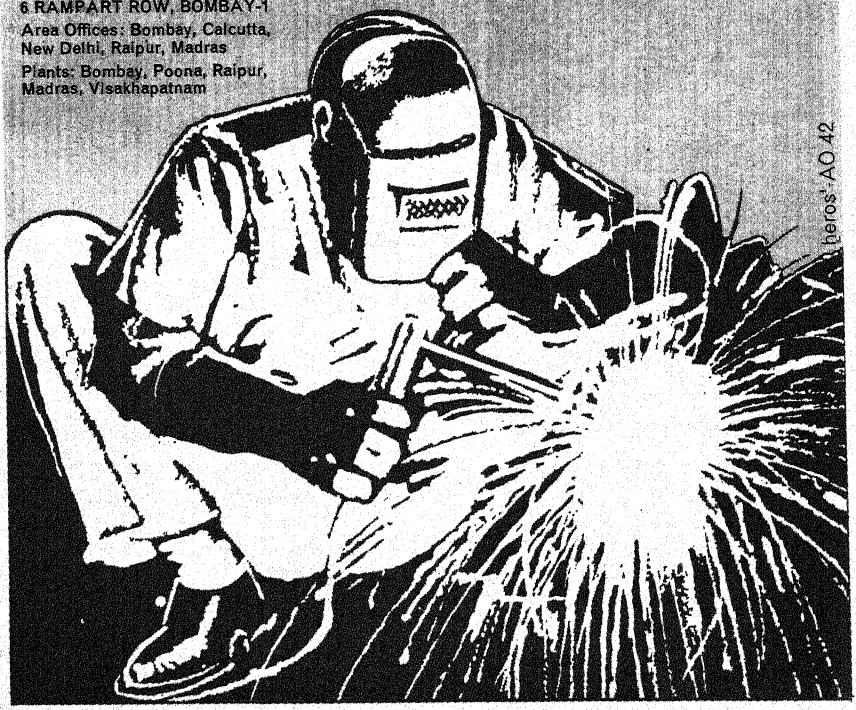
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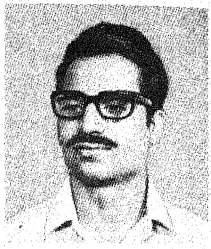
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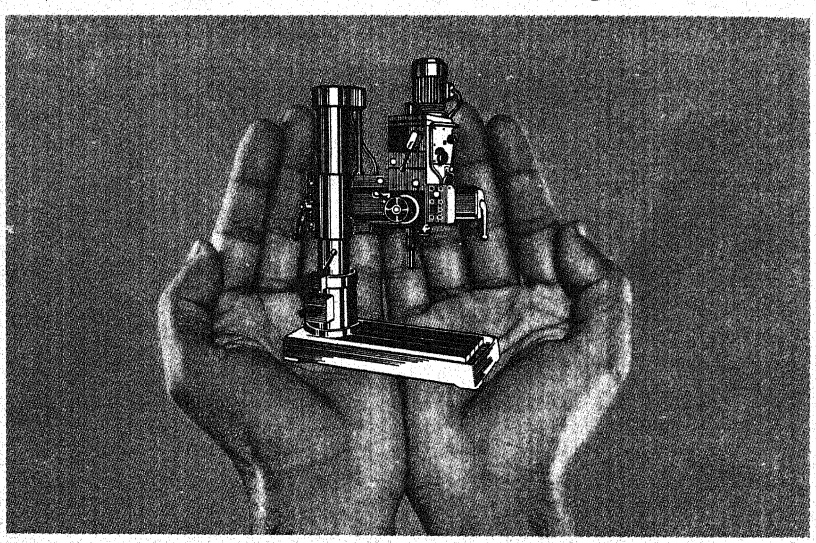
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of London, Franklin wrote to William that one of the chief anti-Americans in the government, Lord Mansfield, had called the edict "very able and very artful," but gloweringly predicted that it would "do mischief by giving a bad impression of the measures of government."

But mischief, for Franklin, was already coming from the colonies.

The Purloined Letters

LATE IN 1772, in a letter to his friend Thomas Cushing of Boston, Franklin had written the following fateful words: "I think it fit to acquaint you, that there has lately fallen into my hands part of a correspondence that I have reason to believe laid the foundation of most if not all of our present grievances. . . . I have engaged that it shall not be printed. . . . In confidence of your preserving inviolably my engagement, I send you the original letters."

The correspondence had been written by Governor Thomas Hutchinson of Massachusetts and his lieutenant governor, Andrew Oliver, during the riots that had occurred in Boston over the Townshend duties. It described the state of the province in terms that suggested anarchy was imminent, and urged the Crown to send troops to cow the Boston mobs.

Franklin's motive in sending the letters to Boston could only have been what he stated in his covering letter—the hope that the Boston patriots would find less reason to hate England when they discovered that the British government had been acting on the misrepresentations of Hutchinson and Oliver.

But the Boston patriots disregarded Franklin's instructions. They made copies of Hutchinson's letters, and arranged to have them printed.

When he learned of this, William Franklin wrote to his father, expressing the natural distaste that he would feel at seeing a fellow governor's private correspondence made public in such a manner. Hutchinson, he reported, was accusing Franklin of advising the Bostonians to insist on independence. Anxiously, he asked for an explanation.

In a tense letter, Franklin assured William that he could "justify every thing I have written"; he had "uniformly" advised the people of Boston to avoid "every violent measure."

Then he bluntly told William where he stood in the historic argument: "I am indeed of opinion that the Parliament has no right to make any law whatever binding on the colonies; that the King, and not the King, Lords, and Commons collectively, is their sovereign; and that the King, with their respective Parliaments, is their only legislator."

Then came the point of tension: "I know your sentiments differ from mine on these subjects. You are a thorough government man, which I do not wonder at, nor do I aim at converting you."

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Boston, the smouldering dispute between the governor and the people was set aflame. In a formal resolution forwarded to Franklin, the Assembly petitioned the king for the removal of Hutchinson and Oliver.

Franklin had the ticklish duty of submitting this petition to Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State for American Affairs. But there were to be far more serious consequences. The letters were printed in the London papers as well, and Franklin was forced to declare publicly that he had obtained them and sent them to Boston.

Early in 1774, Franklin learned that the petition to oust Hutchinson was to receive a formal hearing before the Privy Council committee. He had assumed that the king would consider it in private consultation with the Council. Then, the day before the hearing, Franklin was told that Hutchinson and Oliver would be represented by a lawyer. "This very short notice seemed intended to surprise us," he observed.

At noon on January 11, 1774, Franklin walked to the Cockpit, a section of Whitehall Palace which had actually served as an arena for fighting cocks in the days of Henry VIII. It was now the building in which the Privy Council regularly met, in a narrow chamber with an open fireplace at one end. The long table at which the nobles sat, ran from the fireplace to the opposite end of the room.

When Franklin entered, a single

glance told him that the atmosphere of the hearing would be frigid. Standing beside the chair of the Council's Lord President was Alexander Wedderburn, the King's Solicitor General. He was the lawyer who would defend Hutchinson and Oliver. A lean, cold-eyed Scotsman, Wedderburn had a reputation for a savage tongue that would serve any cause for a price. Wrote one observer, there was "something about him that even treachery cannot trust."

Franklin, who had not had time to hire a lawyer, asked if the opposition would waive the right to legal counsel. The answer was no, and the Chief Justice asked Franklin if he wished to continue.

"I desire to have counsel," Franklin replied, almost curtly.

"What time do you want?"

"Three weeks."

The hearing was postponed until Saturday, the 29th of January.

In the Cockpit

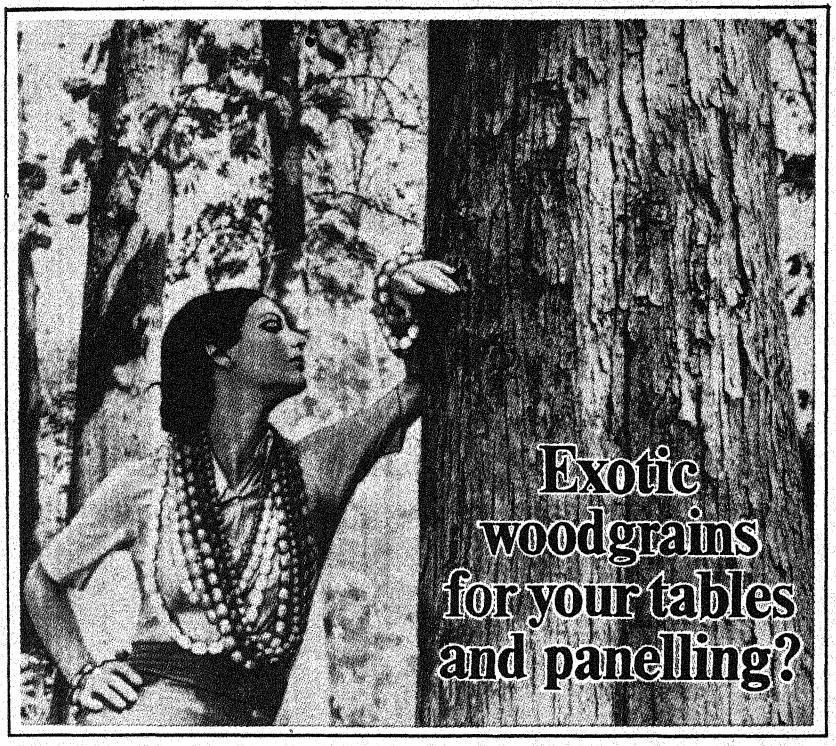
LONDON was soon aswirl with excited rumours about Franklin's fate. Wedderburn proclaimed his intention to tear him apart. "Hints," as Franklin called them, reached Craven Street that some members of the Council were recommending that he be seized as a common criminal.

Then came an event that turned the blaze of wrath over the Hutchinson letters into an uncontrollable conflagration. On January 19, the British ship *Hayley* arrived in England with news that a mob of Bostonians disguised as Red Indians had stormed three British ships in Boston harbour and dumped some 300 chests of tea overboard. The next day, the ship *Polly* docked in England with news that its cargo of tea was still in the hold; the people of Philadelphia had refused to allow it to land. Franklin, agent for both Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, hired two lawyers to represent him before the Privy Council.

On the 29th of January, when he arrived at the Cockpit, Franklin was astonished. Never before in the history of any living Londoner had so many lords attended a Privy Council meeting—35, all in their most gorgeous finery. Around the table swarmed a crowd of courtiers, most of them with excited looks on their faces. Obviously, as Franklin later wrote, they had been invited "as to an entertainment."

Franklin's lawyers opened the meeting by pleading that the question before the Council—the petition—was not a legal matter. It was an appeal to the wisdom and goodness of the king and his councillors. When the lawyers were finished, there was a moment of silence. Then Alexander Wedderburn stepped forward.

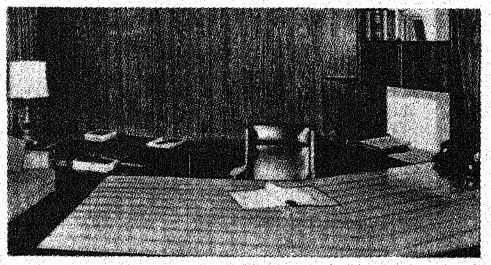
This was no simple petition, no request for a minor favour from the king, he declared. No, the question went to the very heart of Britain's imperial policy. Could the British government now or in the future



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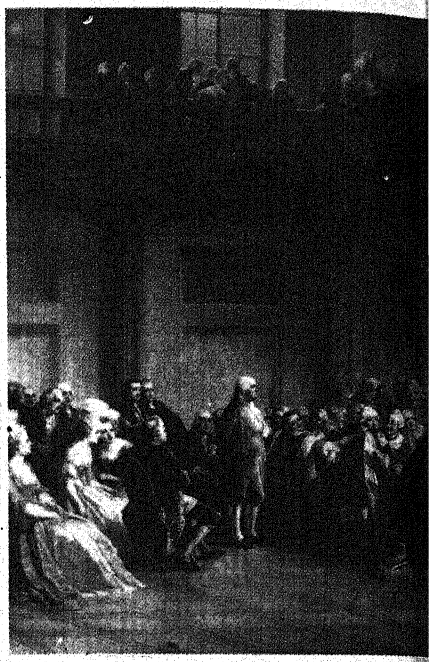
hope to employ men of proven loyalty to administer its colonies?

The answer, Wedderburn thundered, was "No!" if the Privy Council seriously entertained the petition which Dr. Franklin was presenting. There was not "one single act of misconduct" to which the Massachusetts Assembly could point; yet they were asking the king to dismiss Hutchinson and his lieutenant governor, "because they have lost the confidence of the people."

Why had they lost this confidence? Wedderburn ignored the fact that Hutchinson and Oliver had been feuding with the Assembly since they took office. The sole reason for this loss of confidence, he shouted, was the letters Franklin had sent to Boston.

Wedderburn now turned on Franklin the full force of his savage rhetoric: "Dr. Franklin, therefore, stands in the light of the first mover and *prime conductor* of this whole contrivance against His Majesty's two governors." What made his tactics especially odious, Wedderburn roared, was the use of private letters. "How these letters came into the possession of anyone but the right owners is a mystery for Dr. Franklin to explain," he cried.

"I hope, my lords, you will mark and *brand* the man, for the honour of this country, of Europe, and of mankind," he urged. "He has forfeited all the respect of societies and of men." Pounding the table, sneering and roaring through his attack,



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Wedderburn described Franklin as a man who had become drunk with notions of power, who thought of himself as the minister for "the great American republic," an independent power for whom he alone was qualified to speak.

For almost an hour, Franklin had to endure this torrent of abuse, while the Cockpit rocked with laughter at Wedderburn's sharpest sallies. Many of the spectators did not believe any man could remain silent during such an attack. Yet Franklin achieved the seemingly impossible. Jeremy Bentham, not yet famous as a philosopher, said that Franklin stood "the whole time like a rock, in the same



In the Cockpit, before England's Privy Council, Franklin stands, "the whole time like a rock," silently receiving a torrent of abuse

posture, abiding the pelting of the pitiless storm."

It was more than a storm for Franklin. It was a political and emotional catastrophe. He was seeing the death of all his hopes of reconciliation between England and America. The deep affection for England and Englishmen which he had acquired over so many years was being demolished in front of his eyes. That these men, most of whom he knew personally, could scheme to make him the spectacle of such a crude sideshow was almost beyond belief.

But this masterful silence did not mean that Franklin intended to forgive or forget the outrage that had been perpetrated against him. As the meeting broke up, and the crowd flowed out of the Council chamber, he found himself walking beside his tormentor, Wedderburn. Gently, Franklin took the orator by the arm and whispered, "I will make your master a *little* king for this!"

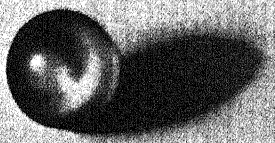
Tearful Farewell

FRANKLIN remained in England for two more years. After his humiliation in the Cockpit, he was stripped of his job as Deputy Postmaster General. But he continued to serve as agent for four colonies, and when the newly formed American Continental Congress drew up a petition listing America's grievances, Franklin was asked to submit it to Parliament.

For a time it seemed that reconciliation might be possible. After the Boston Tea Party, Parliament had passed a series of punitive acts which the extremists predicted would quickly bring the Massachusetts colony to its knees. But precisely the opposite had happened. Massachusetts was united in defiance.

During this crisis, Parliament was dissolved, and while a new election was being held, a number of unofficial envoys approached Franklin in secret. Apologies were offered for the ordeal he had suffered. Then Lord Richard Howe asked Franklin to suggest a plan that might

BIG SHOT

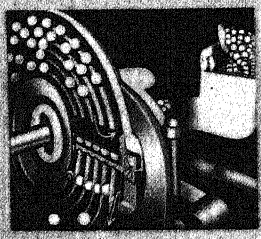


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serve as a basis for negotiations. He added that he did not think of influencing Franklin "by any selfish motives," but he could expect "any reward in the power of government to bestow."

The implication that every man had his price made Franklin recoil. Telling the story later, he called it "spitting in the soup." But he did prepare a plan in which the chief proposal was that England repeal all the measures the Continental Congress complained of in its petition. When the new Parliament was seated, however, the members refused to let Franklin submit the petition, by a large majority.

This rebuff was followed by the tragic news that Deborah Franklin had died in America. Franklin was deeply shaken. His wife had bitterly lamented his decision to remain in England, and he reproached himself for not having returned home sooner. He was also troubled by the growing gap between himself and William. Even after his father's appearance before the Privy Council, which was widely reported in American papers, William had remained loyal to the Crown. Grief and the steady drift towards war began to affect Benjamin's nerves. He decided to go home.

On his last day in London, he visited his old friend Joseph Priestley. It was an emotional, overwhelming moment for Franklin. The two men read a bundle of newspapers recently arrived from the colonies, and Franklin pointed out the articles that would do America the most good if they were reprinted. It was his last attempt in England to play the propagandist on America's behalf, a role in which he felt he had tragically failed. "He was frequently not able to proceed for the tears literally running down his cheeks," Priestley said.

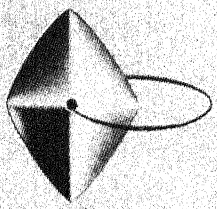
On the voyage to America aboard the Pennsylvania packet, Franklin studied the Gulf Stream. He had been fascinated by this strange ocean river during his previous crossings. Now he dropped thermometers over the side of the ship, and took samples of the water. Years before, one of his cousins had told him that American captains made better time than the British because they knew how to use the Stream's current.

Franklin now concluded that this was right, and he decided that the best way to discover whether a ship was in the Gulf Stream was to equip it with thermometers. This was a scientific discovery of the first rank, but Franklin waited a long time before publishing it. He did not want British warships to sail any faster.

Franklin reached Philadelphia on the 5th of May, 1775. The first news he heard was what he dreaded most. Fifteen days before, fighting had erupted at Lexington, Massachusetts. The war had begun.

The day after he arrived home, Franklin was made a member of Pennsylvania's delegation to the Continental Congress. He was 70,

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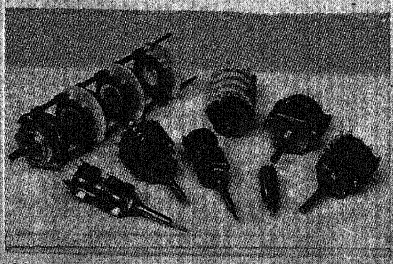
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but he began work at a killing pace.

In the Congress alone, he served on ten committees. He conferred with generals and engineers about supplies for the infant American army. He advised Congress on the disposition of Red Indian tribes and the means of protecting the colonies' trade. He opened inquiries about obtaining French aid in the war and was a member of the Committee of Safety, responsible for putting Pennsylvania in a state of defence against possible British attack. No wonder John Adams noted, during sessions of Congress, that Franklin was "a great part of the time fast asleep in his chair."

At his homecoming, Franklin received a joyous welcome from his daughter, Sally. She had married Richard Bache, a merchant, and now had three children. But news from other quarters was disturbing. Jane Mecom, Franklin's widowed sister, had to flee Boston with other refugees, for the port was now under siege. And William remained the royal governor of New Jersey.

Time and again, Franklin tried to persuade his son to join the American cause. At first he stated his own position with candour: he was for independence. William was stunned. Even in the Continental Congress there were few men who took such an extreme position. When Franklin asked his son why

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he had not resigned his position, William replied firmly that he felt obligated to the king.

Franklin tried to remain calm in the face of this growing rift. But as the conflict grew, and other royal governors fled or were driven from their posts, the tensions between father and son were stretched to the snapping point.

In November 1775, William Franklin addressed the New Jersey Assembly. Boldly, he explained why he had not followed the example of other royal officials by fleeing to British warships. He did not wish the king to think that New Jersey was in "actual rebellion" as other states obviously were.

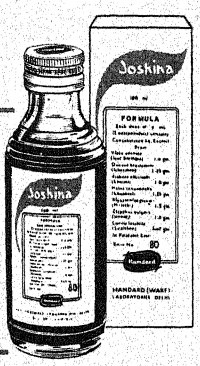
If they wanted him to get out, William told the legislators, all they had to do was tell him. Dazzled by his frankness, the assemblymen voted to petition George III. William suggested they express their desire for restoration of peace and harmony with the parent state."

This was a threat to the entire fabric of American resistance, and reaction in the Continental Congress was immediate. All agreed on the necessity of maintaining a united front. Congress resolved unanimously that it would be "dangerous to the welfare of America if any Colony should separately petition the King." A committee was then ordered to persuade the New Jersey

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Assembly to abandon its petition.

If there was a low point in Franklin's life, it was December 4, 1775, the day that this committee was formed to rescue the revolution from his Tory son. Fortunately, the Assembly agreed to set aside the petition, and William's power immediately declined, although he remained in the governor's house. Then, on May 10, 1776, in a sweeping declaration, the Continental Congress abolished all "oaths and affirmations" to the British Crown, and announced that the powers of government should be "exerted under the authority of the people."

William must have known that the end was near, yet he issued a defiant call for the Assembly to meet. Now the Provincial Congress of New Jersey—a revolutionary legislature—decided that the time had come to act against Ben Franklin's son. It demanded his arrest.

The orders urged the arresting officers to conduct themselves with "delicacy and tenderness." They were also to say that if Governor Franklin agreed to sign a parole, guaranteeing his good conduct, he would be permitted to live on the farm he owned in Burlington.

William contemptuously rejected the parole, and when he was taken before a committee of the Provincial Congress, he refused to answer any questions. The committee informed the Continental Congress that William was "a virulent enemy," and at last, on June 24, Congress resolved that William Franklin be sent under guard to Governor Trumbull (Connecticut)."

After William's detention, there is no evidence that Franklin corresponded with his son. Evidently he had decided that the political chasm that separated them could be filled only by cold, absolute silence.

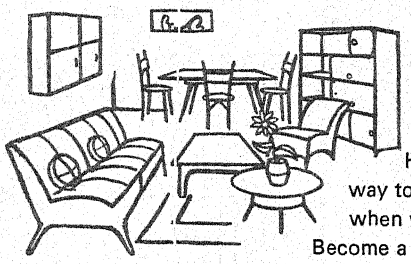
"Old and Good for Nothing"

DURING those difficult days, Franklin took little part in the furious politics that raged as Congress struggled towards the ultimate decision: a vote for independence. Franklin had been named to a committee that was to prepare a formal Declaration of Independence, and because of his worldwide reputation he might seem to have been the logical person to write it. But the embarrassment of his Tory son cast a shadow over his appeal as a revolutionary spokesman. The job went to Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.

With the talent for conciliation that made him a great politician, Jefferson showed his draft of the Declaration to the other committee members. Franklin made a number of minor changes. Perhaps the most important came where Jefferson had written, "We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable. . . ." For "sacred and undeniable" Franklin substituted "self-evident."

Once independence had been declared, Franklin returned to vigorous work in Congress. He was on his feet every day, urging the delegates

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to think clearly about creating a nation that would endure. But the victory of independence was followed by almost complete frustration on the question of union. After five weeks of debate, Congress agreed on nothing about taxation, representation or executive powers."

Then came appalling news from the fighting front. On August 27, Washington's army was soundly beaten by the British on Long Island and only narrowly escaped to Manhattan at night. Less than a month later, the Americans ran from the redcoats, leaving a stupefied Washington almost alone on the battlefield.

It was clear that America needed help, massive amounts of it. In an atmosphere of intense secrecy, Congress voted to send representatives to France. On the first ballot the American most likely to impress the Old World was unanimously chosen: Ben Franklin.

The decision filled Franklin's mind with gloom. It meant a winter voyage across the Atlantic which, in itself, might be a death sentence for a man of his age. If he were captured by a British cruiser, he knew he could expect a traitor's death at the end of a rope. But Franklin's commitment to the American cause was complete. After the vote, he turned to Dr. Benjamin Rush, who sat next to him.

"I am old and good for nothing," he said. "But as the storekeepers say of their remnants of cloth, 'I am but a fag end, and you may have me for what you please,' just so my country may command me in any way they choose."

A few days before his departure, Franklin pledged his property in Philadelphia and raised all the money he could borrow—some 4,000 pounds—which he loaned to Congress in the hope that others would do the same. He sailed aboard the sloop *Reprisal* on October 27, 1776.

Diplomatic Triumph

FRANKLIN's major mission was to create an alliance with France, and for more than a year he laboured at this task in vain. France did not want to be drawn into a hopeless war with England, and after Franklin's arrival almost all the news from the American front was bad. Then, late in 1777, came a crushing report: Major-General William Howe had taken Philadelphia.

On December 4, Franklin met with Silas Deane and Arthur Lee, the two other members of the American mission in France. A rumour had drifted into Paris that an American ship had arrived with a messenger carrying official dispatches for the three men. While they waited at Franklin's quarters in Passy, they discussed the latest news from America. Like drowning men, Franklin and the others grasped at a straw of hope: perhaps the story about Philadelphia was a British fiction.

The moment a chaise was heard

rattling over the courtyard cobblestones, Franklin rushed out. Before Jonathan Austin, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of War, could introduce himself, Franklin asked, "Sir, *is* Philadelphia taken?"

"Yes, sir," replied Austin. With a sigh, Franklin turned away. Then Austin spoke again: "But, sir, I have greater news than that. General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war!"

Franklin rushed Austin into the house, and with shaking hands ripped the dispatches from his bags. It was true. A major British offensive had been smashed at Saratoga! Immediately Franklin and his fellow commissioners prepared dispatches spreading the news. The most important message went to the French foreign minister, the Comte de Vergennes, at Versailles.

The count sent his congratulations to Franklin, and even declared that he thought the time was ripe to renew the proposal for an alliance. But when this was done, Vergennes coolly announced that France could do nothing without Spain. The king of Spain was Louis XVI's uncle. Their "family compact" forbade them to enter alliances without mutual approval and, a few weeks later, Franklin learned that Spain would not fight for America's independence.

Now there was only silence from Vergennes. Franklin decided to risk a desperate diplomatic manoeuvre. For weeks, Paul Wentworth, head of England's secret service in France, had been trying to see him. Both Vergennes and Franklin knew what he wanted. Burgoyne's defeat had caused a panic in the British ministry, and Wentworth was instructed to discuss the possibility of a truce. As the official French silence continued, Franklin suddenly agreed to an interview with Wentworth.

For two hours the secret agent tried flattery, argument and persuasion to get Franklin to agree to a truce. Franklin's reply was independence or nothing. Wentworth produced an unsigned letter from William Eden, the chief of Britain's secret service, declaring that England was ready to fight for another ten years rather than grant independence.

"America," Franklin snapped, "is ready to fight 50 years to win it!"

After he dismissed Wentworth, Franklin neglected to tell Vergennes about the interview. When the count's spies reported that the two men had met, the foreign minister remembered how faithfully Franklin had reported previous British overtures. He quickly convened the French Council of Ministers and warned them that England was clearly pressing for a truce, and that the prize of America's commerce and trade might be lost. It was time for France to act, he declared, and the Council instantly voted for an alliance.

The next day, Franklin was told

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that King Louis XVI had given his personal pledge to sign the treaty of alliance, no matter what his Spanish uncle thought. Franklin had proved himself the equal, if not the superior, of the best diplomats in Europe.

Price for Nationhood

UNDER the alliance that Franklin had secured, French guns and supplies, ships and soldiers were sent to America. In addition, Franklin was able to pry loans and gifts from the French treasury. Gradually, the balance of power in the war shifted, and on the night of November 20, 1781, Franklin learned of the British defeat at Yorktown. Three days later, he received a peace feeler from an old London friend.

"Your thirsty Nation has not yet drunk enough of our Blood!" Franklin wrote in reply. He knew that the king and most of his ministers were still against American independence. But then he added words that he knew would travel to the opposition party: "I am authorized to treat of peace."

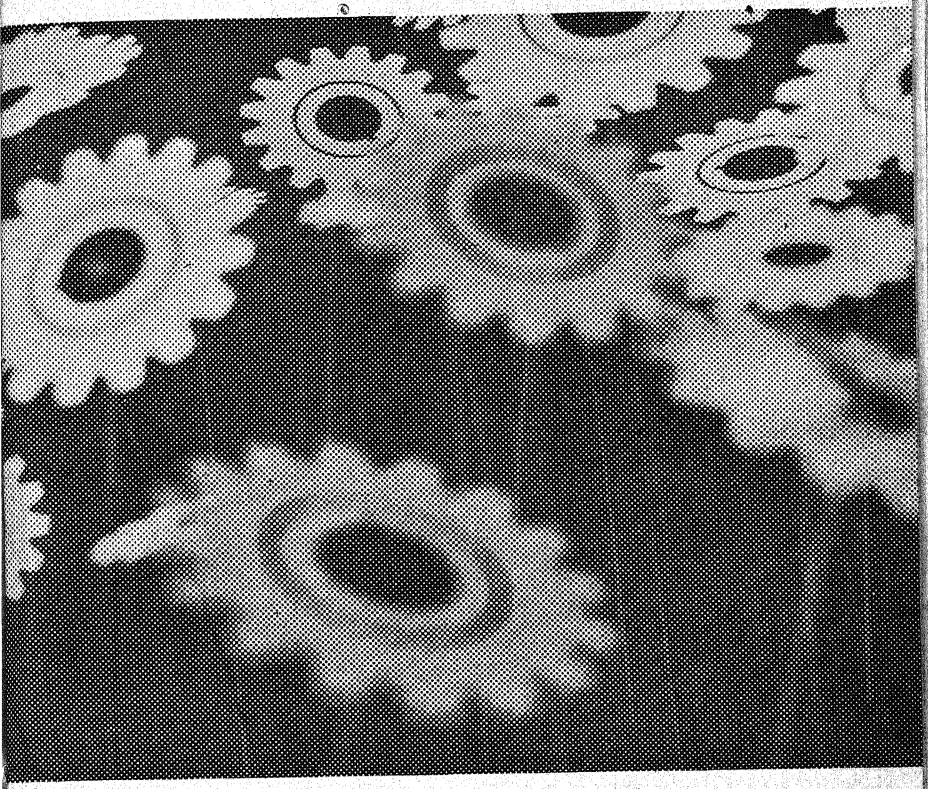
The Continental Congress had created a peace commission that included Franklin, John Jay and John Adams; and for more than a year Franklin bore a major burden of exhausting meetings with a series of British representatives. Tortuously, one by one, the major issues were settled: the recognition of America as a sovereign state, new boundary lines, payments of pre-war debts and the right of Americans to fish in the Newfoundland Banks.

Finally, only one single point stood between the negotiators and peace: compensation for what the loyalists had lost in America. Both Jay and Adams were willing to agree to some form of payment, but Franklin refused to countenance any form of compensation.

There was one explanation for his intransigence which no other biographer has noted. Franklin's son had arrived in London as a representative of a group of loyalists who were begging the king to make good their financial losses. When Franklin learned this, it was inevitable that he would hold out against compensation until doomsday.

For by 1780, Franklin had received news he was never to forget or forgive. William Franklin had been exchanged for an American prisoner and had become president of a "Board of Associated Loyalists." It was a guerrilla organization, and under William's direction it launched a series of savage raids in New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. William Franklin not only had become a political enemy, but was spilling the blood of fellow Americans who followed the cause to which Benjamin Franklin had given his heart. In the elder Franklin's mind, this destroyed all hope of bridging the gulf that had opened between them.

In the end, Franklin had his way: when the peace treaty was signed,



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the loyalists received nothing from America.

Franklin saw his son only once again in his life. In 1785, the Continental Congress finally appointed Thomas Jefferson to replace Franklin as ambassador to France, and the patriarch sailed for America. The ship stopped at Southampton, where he spent a few days saying farewell to old friends. Then William arrived.

Face to face, Franklin found it impossible to forgive his son. Their conversation was a cold and matter-of-fact discussion of business matters. When it was over, Franklin—after driving the hardest possible bargain—had purchased all the land that William owned in the colonies, thus severing his son's last bond with America.

Franklin paid a price, within himself and his family, for helping to lead America to nationhood. Like the Biblical Abraham, Franklin had been required to strike down his only son—and no intervening deity withheld his hand.

Rising Sun

All of Philadelphia was waiting for Franklin when he landed at the Market Street wharf. They lined the streets, roaring a joyous welcome for the only man who equalled George Washington in the hearts of his countrymen, and they watched with delight when Franklin's daughter, Sally, embraced him at the door of his home.

He had returned, he vowed to his friends, to spend his few remaining days in leisure, to work on his autobiography and scientific investigations. But, within 24 hours, he found that there was no hope of escaping from politics. Pennsylvania was torn by three factions fighting for control of the state, and each side rushed to lure Franklin into its camp. Within a month of his arrival, he was elected to the Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and became its president. The Assembly then elected him president of the state, an office which roughly corresponded to present-day governorship.

Franklin was disturbed to find that relations between the states had deteriorated alarmingly since the war. There was also a tendency for the states to ignore the new Congress almost completely, and to pursue independent economic and political paths. Gradually it became obvious that the Articles of Confederation that governed the new nation were almost as bad as no government at all. In April 1787, Franklin sent historic news to Jefferson in Paris: "Our federal constitution is generally thought defective, and a convention is to assemble here next month to revise it and propose amendments."

At the Constitutional Convention, Franklin rallied all his strength in a last expression of commitment to America. At the age of 82, for four consecutive months, he trudged

almost daily from his house to the Pennsylvania State House, and spent hours in the debates about poor states and rich states, large states and small states, and the hundred and one other questions confronting the men who made the American Constitution.

From the first day, Franklin personified the spirit of compromise that was so desperately needed. Only he could have challenged Washington for the chairmanship of the Convention, and he deliberately stepped aside. Once, when the arguing grew so intense that it looked as if the Convention might break up, Franklin rose to speak. He reminded the assembly that in this same room, when the Continental Congress met, prayers were offered daily—prayers that were "graciously answered." He urged the revival of the practice.

The motion did not carry, largely because men like Alexander Hamilton feared that the public would take it as a sign of "dissensions within the Convention," which indeed it was. But the suggestion did inject a note of profound faith into the acrimonious wrangling, and enabled Franklin to warn the delegates that if they allowed themselves to be "divided by our little partial local interests," they would become "a reproach and a byword down the future ages."

Throughout the debates, Franklin consistently fought measures that tended to limit freedom and implant a spirit of distrust among different groups of Americans. He opposed the suggestion that immigrants be barred from holding public office for 14 years. Franklin suggested four. He was even more opposed to the idea of limiting the right to vote to freeholders—men who owned property. He also defended the clause that gave Congress the power to impeach the President. Again, his stand was part of his intense desire to see Americans use, with responsibility and discretion, the freedom that they had achieved.

As the Convention neared a close, it became apparent that the real danger lay in the possibility that the document would be repudiated by the states. Most of the compromises had passed by thin majorities, and many delegates were still disgruntled and unreconciled. A formula was needed to create at least a façade of unanimity, and the leaders of the Convention turned to Franklin.

On September 17, 1787, the delegates assembled for the last time, and the Constitution was read aloud. Then Franklin rose with a speech in his hand. For some time, he had been suffering from a bladder stone, which now made it difficult for him to stand without pain. So he simply asked for permission to speak, and then handed the speech to James Wilson of Pennsylvania to read. It was addressed to Washington:

> I confess that there are several parts of this Constitution which I do not at present approve; but,

Sir, I am not sure I shall never approve it; for, having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being oblig'd to change my opinions. . . .

Thus I consent, Sir, to this Constitution because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its *errors* I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die.

Franklin then made a powerful plea that others follow his example. He knew that the majority in each state delegation favoured the Constitution, and he introduced a motion which called upon all the delegates to sign the document as witnesses to that fact. The motion carried 10 to 0, and the illusion of unanimity was achieved.

As the delegates walked to Washington's table to sign the Constitution, Franklin turned to those near him, and pointed at the President's chair, where a sun happened to be painted. "I have," he said, "often and often in the course of his session looked at that; now I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

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AFTER the Convention, Franklin's health declined steadily and in April 1790, at the age of 84, he slipped into a coma and died. The *Pennsylvania Gazette*, with a black border, announced his death. While bells tolled and 20,000 watched, his coffin was lowered into the grave in Christ Church burying ground, beside his wife Deborah.

Scientists and statesmen around the world pronounced eulogies about his incredible life. Perhaps the most moving was spoken by the Comte de Mirabeau before the French National Assembly. The liberal nobleman declared that it was time for governments to mourn, not only for kings, princes and generals, but for the benefactors of humanity. He called on the Assembly to join him in a "religious act," and wear mourning for three days to pay homage to this "mighty genius" who had freed men from the fear of both "thunderbolts and tyrants." The motion was passed by acclamation.

But the epitaph that best summed up Franklin's unique blend of humour and courage, faith and freedom, was written by himself:

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B. Franklin
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Quotable Quotes

THE OLDER I get, the more I judge people by their character and not by their ideas.
—Jawaharlal Nehru quoted by André Malraux in *Anti-Memoirs*

A STATUS symbol is an instrument you clash when you want someone to know you are there.
—William Sansom

NINE times out of ten, we are disappointed in life because we don't ask enough of it.
—Pierre Gaxotte

UNTRAINED intelligence is as much use as a bottle without an opener. —The Duke of Edinburgh in the *Sunday Times*

WITH every right there is a responsibility. Just once, I wish someone would demand his responsibility. —Paul Sweeney

THIS MONTH'S COVER

"Prickly Pear in Flower"

(Painted for Reader's Digest by André Durenceau)

The Reader's Digest

VOL. 96 No. 573 JANUARY 1970

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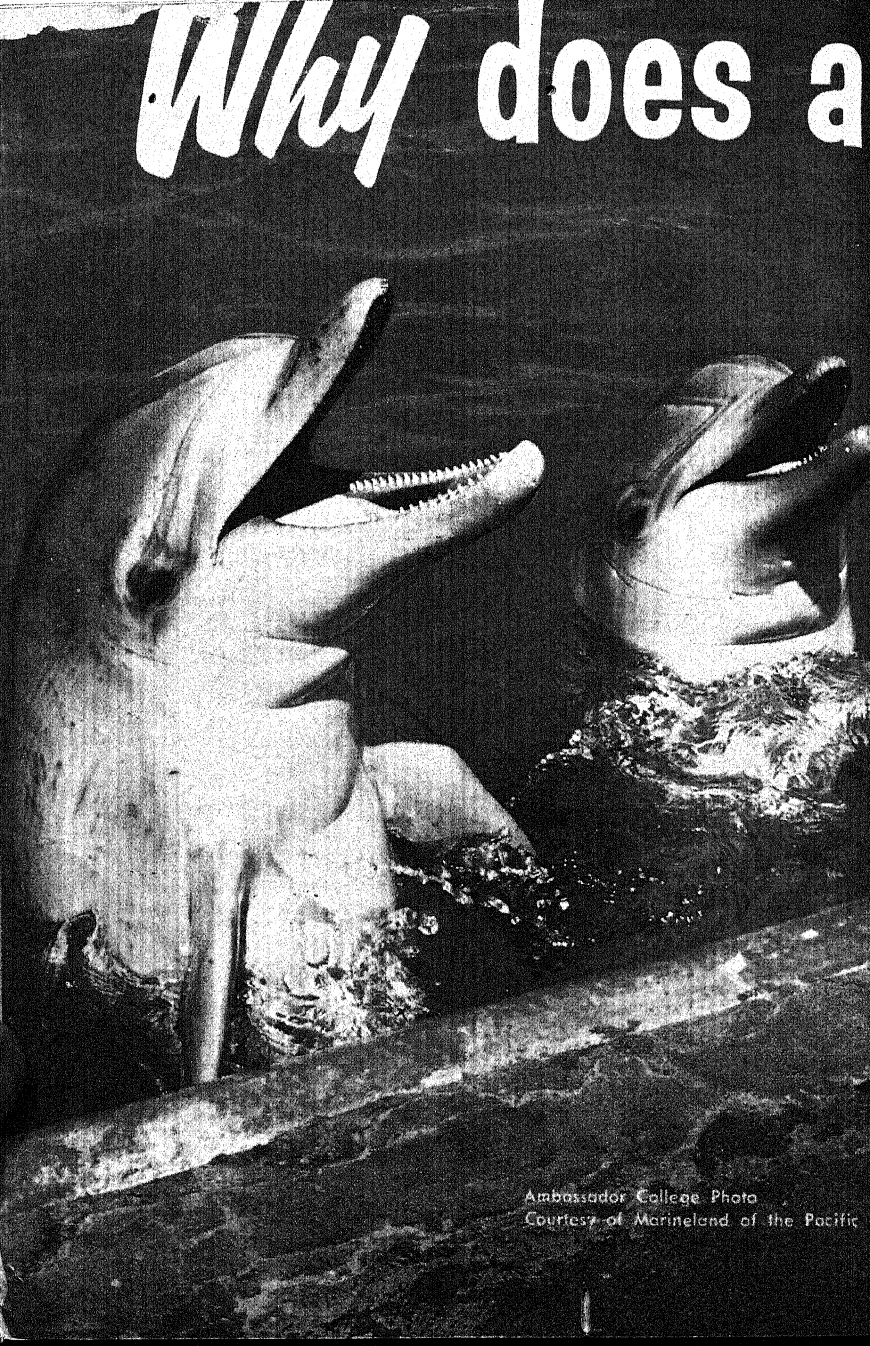
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Why does a



Ambassador College Photo
Courtesy of Marineland of the Pacific

dolphin GRIN?

Do Dolphins grin because they have Science baffled?

EVOLUTION says fish grew lungs and slithered ashore. Then many returned to the sea, changed their legs into flippers, evolved a built-in grin, became dolphins and whales.

But *did they, really*? Is there PROOF? Are dolphins grinning at such theories? And what about the origin of WHALES? This, too, perplexes Science.

Both dolphins and whales pose embarrassing questions regarding the evolutionary postulate.

The *Mixed-up Mammal*

Then again, WHO is really mixed up — the strange duckbill platypus of Australia, or the evolutionists trying to explain him? No animal has given rise to so much controversy among scientists. He has *too many* evolutionary innovations under one skin. Called a "living fossil," and a "patchwork mammal that time forgot."

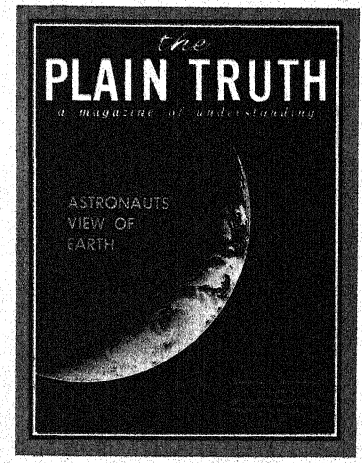
"BIZARRE." "Monstrous misfit." "Unbelievable." "An impossible patchwork creature," say evolutionists. Lays eggs and suckles its young at the same time. It's a mammal — it's a reptile — it's a fish — it's a fowl — it's a beaver-otter. It's CRAZY. Or IS IT?

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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By A. J. Aitken



DAVID McKEE

Since 1600, when a group of London merchants set up the East India Company, traders, administrators and soldiers have brought into English a host of new words from the subcontinent's many languages and dialects. All the words in the following test came from India. Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 8.

(1) **avatar** (av′ ă tă)—A: bright light. B: incarnation. C: alertness. D: great achievement.

(2) **bandanna** (ban dan′ ă)—A: fruit. B: gang. C: piece of music. D: coloured handkerchief.

(3) **catamaran** (cat ă mă ran′)—A: deluge. B: raft. C: disaster. D: monotonous chant.

(4) **chit**—A: deceit. B: conceit. C: short note. D: evasiveness.

(5) **coir** (koy′ ă)—A: coconut fibre. B: type of carriage. C: upland valley. D: clump.

(6) **cummerbund**—A: waist-sash. B: turban. C: beggar. D: secret society.

(7) **golconda** (gol con′ da)—A: treasure-house. B: canvas-roofed boat. C: temple. D: dirge.

(8) **juggernaut** (jug′ ă nawt)—A: alcoholic drink. B: terror. C: overpowering emotion. D: relentless force.

(9) **kedgeree** (kedg′ e ree)—A: type of shoe. B: short, curved sword. C: small anchor. D: fish dish.

(10) **kismet**—A: password. B: gold coin. C: destiny. D: desert wind.

(11) **kohinoor** (koh′ e nor)—A: paragon. B: lullaby. C: beauty. D: subservience.

(12) **mogul**—A: idiot. B: elephant-driver. C: rodent. D: grandee.

(13) **mufti**—A: hopeless blunder. B: plain clothes. C: eagerness. D: helplessness.

(14) **nabob** (nay′ bob)—A: miser. B: witty person. C: moneylender. D: rich man.

(15) **pariah** (par′ ree ă)—A: ugly person. B: villain. C: social outcast. D: domestic fowl.

(16) **pukka**—A: elegant. B: proper. C: slight. D: dutiful.

(17) **pundit**—A: clergyman. B: scoffer. C: sensible person. D: learned authority.

(18) **purdah** (per′ dă)—A: hopelessness. B: happiness. C: seclusion. D: ludicrous behaviour.

(19) **salaam** (să larm′)—A: low bow. B: kind of sausage. C: loud noise. D: dignitary.

(20) **topee** (toe′ pee)—A: rowdy party. B: hat. C: slipper. D: drunkard.



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ANSWERS TO

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power



(1) **avatar**—B: Incarnation; descent of a god to earth; manifestation, especially in human form; as, "Hitler, the most recent *avatar* of the spirit of militarism." Sanskrit.

(2) **bandanna**—D: Coloured handkerchief or head-square, usually spotted. Hindi *bandhnu*, a method of spot-dyeing.

(3) **catamaran**—B: Raft, originally of logs tied side by side, or of two boats fastened thus. Tamil *kattu-maram*, "tied tree."

(4) **chit**—C: Short note or letter; certificate; pass. Hindi *chitthi*.

(5) **coir**—A: Coconut fibre, used for ropes or matting. Malay-alam *kayar*, "cord."

(6) **cummerbund**—A: Waist-sash. Urdu and Persian *kamar-band*, "loin-band."

(7) **golconda**—A: Treasure-house; metaphorically, inexhaustible source of riches. "To the lover of words a dictionary can be a *golconda*." The old name of Hyderabad, legendary for its diamonds.

(8) **juggernaut**—D: Relentless force. Originally, Hindu idol annually dragged in procession on a huge cart, under which worshippers were once believed to have thrown themselves. Hence, any institution or idea which crushes all opposition or to which its followers are sacrificed. Hindi *Jagannath*, "lord of the world."

(9) **kedgeree**—D: Fish dish, usually fish re-heated with rice and eggs. Hindi *khichri*, a dish of rice boiled with lentils, butter and various other ingredients.

(10) **kismet**—C: Destiny. Persian *qismat*, "portion, lot, fate."

(11) **kohinoor**—A: Paragon; most superb of its kind. From the name of the famous Indian diamond, now among the British Crown Jewels. Persian *koh-i-nur*, "mountain of light."

(12) **mogul**—D: Grandee; tycoon; any great personage. The Great Mogul was Emperor of the Mongolian Empire of Northern and Central India, founded in 1526.

(13) **mufti**—B: Plain clothes, as worn by a person who also wears uniform. Perhaps because in dressing-gown, smoking cap and slippers, the nineteenth century Anglo-Indian was thought to look like a Mohammedan *mufti* or priest.

(14) **nabob**—D: Rich man. Urdu *nawwab*; originally a title of Mohammedan provincial governors in the Mogul Empire.

(15) **pariah**—C: Social outcast; a person shunned or despised. "Treating gipsies as *pariahs* solves no problems." Tamil *paraiyar*, a low caste in southern India.

(16) **pukka**—B: Proper; genuine; substantial and permanent; as, a *pukka* repair job. Hindi *pakka*, "cooked, ripe, mature."

(17) **pundit**—D: Learned authority; used disparagingly for a so-called expert on some subject; as, shallow television *pundits*. Hindi *pandit*, "learned man, scholar."

(18) **purdah**—C: Seclusion; especially, keeping women out of company. Urdu *pardah*, veil or curtain, as used to screen women from men or strangers.

(19) **salaam**—A: Low bow; elaborate or ceremonial greeting. Urdu, originally Arabic greeting, "Peace be unto you."

(20) **topee**—B: Hat. Originally used by Indians to describe pith hat or sun-helmet (*sola topi*) that Europeans wore in India. Hindi *topi*, "hat."

Vocabulary Ratings

16 or more correct ..... excellent
15–12 correct ..... good
11–9 correct ..... fair


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